

Entertainment

A full-page photograph of Tom Cruise and Jamie Foxx. Tom Cruise is on the left, wearing a black t-shirt and jeans, with his arms outstretched and a wide smile. Jamie Foxx is on the right, wearing an orange button-down shirt and dark pants, with a surprised or excited expression. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

#777 • August 6, 2004

83

WAYS TO MAKE AUGUST COOL

The Best
Movies, DVDs,
TV Shows,
Tunes, And
Books For
Your Summer
Vacation

#1
On Our
List

TOM CRUISE & JAMIE FOXX

SPECIAL REPORT

CULTURE WARS

New TV Shows
May Raise the Stakes


Start at \$299. PC and Mac:  iPod



The iPod. Remixed.

Apple's innovative new Click Wheel, Shuffle Songs at your

number of charge cycles and may eventually need to be replaced. Battery life and number of charge cycles vary by use and settings. See

fingertips, up to 12-hour battery life; and now 20GB for just \$299. PC and Mac:  iPod

www.apple.com/batteries for more information.



HEARTBREAKERS



Stars from
The WB's REBA
wear the new
Route 66 collection.
JoAnna Garcia in
100% cotton poplin
shirt \$15, lace
trim camisole \$8,
and vintage low
rise jean \$25.
Opposite page:
Steve Howey in
heathered henley
\$15. See them
Fridays at 9/8c,
only on The WB. See
the new Route 66,
only at Kmart.



© 2004 Citicorp (U.S.) Inc. and Citicorp USA, N.A. Citi, Citi with Arc Design and Live richly are registered service marks of Citicorp. The Thank You design, Thank You from Citi, and That's a card you can count on are service marks of Citicorp.



citi
Live richly.™

“Thank You”

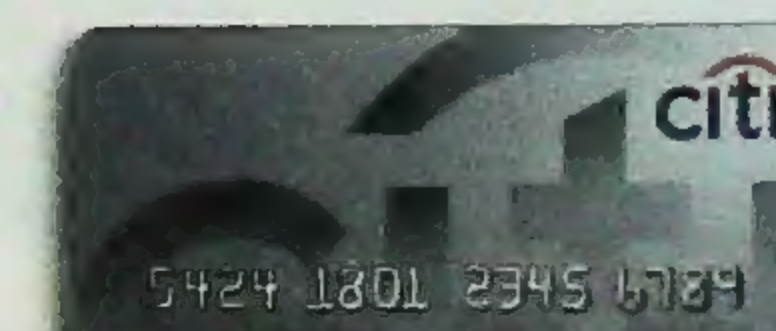
Introducing Thank You from Citi,
a new kind of rewards program.

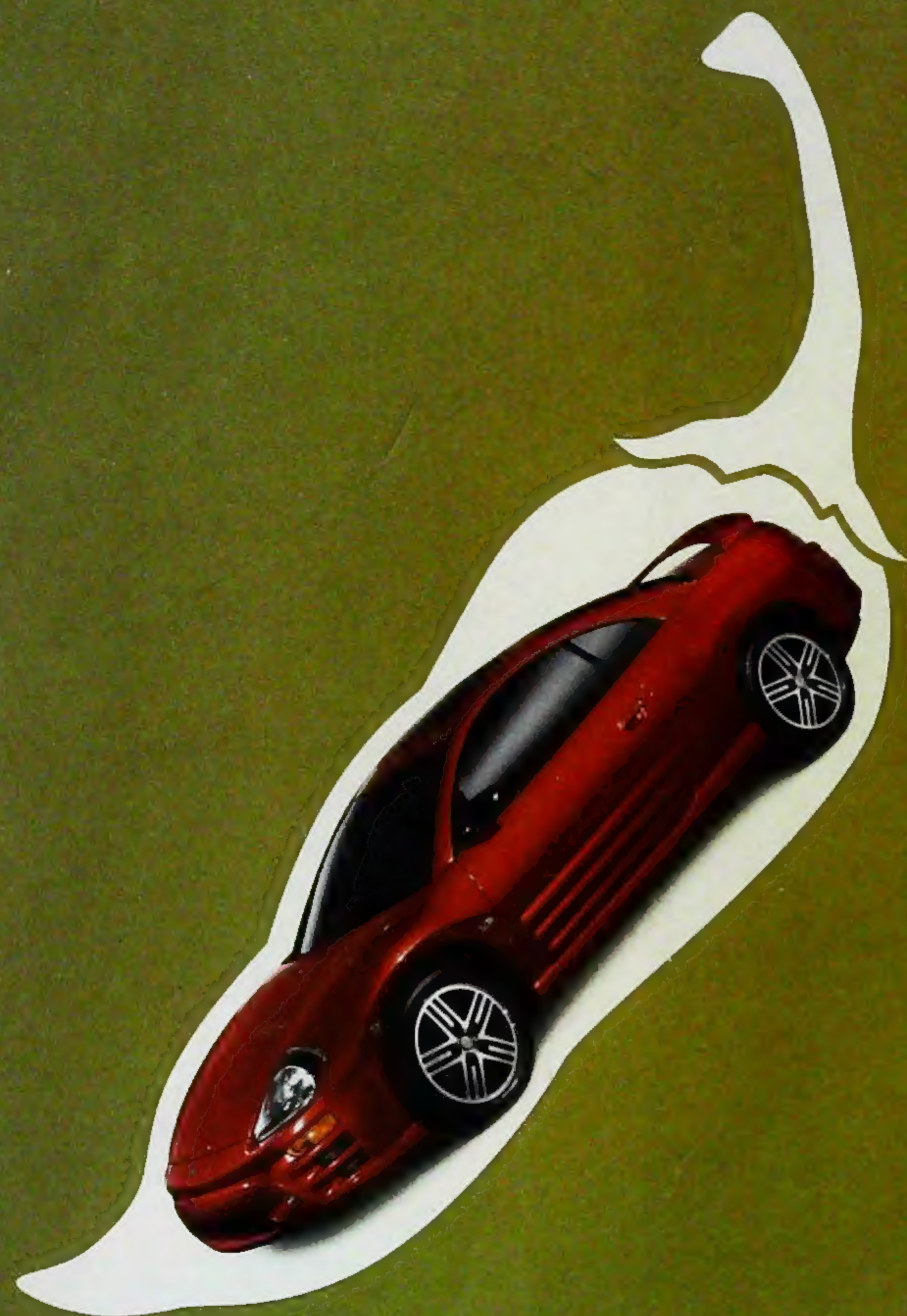
Electronics, books, clothes.

Get something great,
without a gazillion points.

Achievable rewards
that mean something.
Just our way
of saying thank-you.

Now that's a card you can count on.
Call now: 1-888-CITICARD.
citicards.com





With the most powerful V6 engine in its class, the Mitsubishi Eclipse can heat up even the dreariest of morning commutes. And with its sexy, sculpted exterior, the Eclipse is also sure to awaken everyone else — as you effortlessly pass them by. Get more at mitsubishicars.com.

ECLIPSE. PERFORMANCE. STARTING UNDER \$21,700.

10 | 100 10-YR/100,000-Mile
Powertrain Limited Warranty

**MITSUBISHI
MOTORS**
wake up and drive

*Based on AutoSource 2004 Sporty Coupe segmentation. 2004 Eclipse GTS (MT) shown. \$24,649. 2004 Eclipse GT (MT) starting at \$21,649 MSRP. Prices exclude \$595 destination handling (Alaska \$720), tax, title, license, optional equipment, etc. Vehicle availability may vary. Actual prices set by Retailers. **Retailer for Powertrain Limited Warranty details: 1-888-MITSU-2004

Entertainment WEEKLY

News + Notes

16 | Bond: Shaken and Stirred? Pierce Brosnan quits the 007 franchise...Denis Leary on his new dream job...
Hit List... Barbarella and Barbra at it again...The Deal Report...
Dude! The 10 best stoner movies of all time...First Look: *Sin City*...*Catwoman* couture...
The Shaw Report...Monitor.

Features

28 | 83 Things to Do in August Tom Cruise and Jamie Foxx serve up the No. 1 way to keep cool in August—check out their thriller *Collateral*—and we've got the other 30 days covered.

40 | See No Evil? Six months after Janet Jackson's fleshdance, the battle over prime-time indecency is about to explode. The FCC is issuing record fines and seeking to expand its authority. Are the networks scared? Not if you look at a fall lineup that features severed heads and kids with sex toys.
BY JAY WOODRUFF

48 | Behind the Pundits Everyone's talking about the witty quipsters who fuel VH1 shows like *Best Week Ever*. So who are these people?
BY SCOTT BROWN

52 | Jersey Boy *Scrubs* star Zach Braff revisits his roots and digs up a tender coming-of-age comedy called *Garden State*.
BY SCOTT BROWN

It's a scorcher! Thanks to Lindsay Lohan and friends, your August just got a little hotter (page 28)

ON THE COVER Tom Cruise and Jamie Foxx photographed for EW by James White in L.A. on July 26, 2004

Results reflect which beer has more flavor, not preference or smoothness. Taste for Yourself.
Being conducted by The Institute for Beer Studies, Rutgers, NJ. © 2004 Miller Brewing Co., Milwaukee, WI.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ CHOOSE ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

FLAVOR



THE MAJORITY OF BUD DRINKERS SAID MILLER
GENUINE DRAFT HAS MORE FLAVOR THAN BUD.

MGD IS ALSO COLD-FILTERED 4 TIMES FOR SMOOTHNESS.

TASTE FOR YOURSELF ★ MILLER ★ GOOD CALL

votemillerbeer.com



Entertainment WEEKLY

Reviews

55 | **Must List** Ten cool things to see/hear/read.

56 | **Movies** *The Manchurian Candidate* and *The Village*; also *She Hate Me*, *Thunderbirds*, *Garden State*, *Harold & Kumar Go to White Castle*, *Festival Express*, and *Intimate Strangers*. Plus: Ask the Critic.

64 | **DVD & Video** *13 Going on 30* and *Significant Others*; also *Outfoxed*, *Knight Rider: The Complete First Season*, *Hidalgo*, and *Ned Kelly*. Plus: James Darren, *Pennies From Heaven*, *Three Films by Renoir*; Ask the Critic.

69 | **Television** *The Amazing Race* and *Big Brother 5*; also *Rescue Me*, *American Candidate*, and *Ask the Critic*. Plus: Flex Alexander takes on Michael Jackson; What to Watch.

78 | **Music** The return of the EP; also *Kings of Convenience*, *Badly Drawn Boy*, and *Taking Back Sunday*. Plus: The Hives; vote on John Kerry; Who the Heck Is...Lil MaxSo?

84 | **Books** Alan Furst's WWII thriller *Dark Voyage*; also Jasper Fforde's romp *Something Rotten*; Ed McBain's new mystery, *Hark!*; and Barry Eisler's *Rain Storm*. Plus: Chick Lit 101.

12 | **Mail** Marlon Brando.

88 | **The Great American Pop Culture Quiz**
How much do you know about... summer entertainment?

News flash: Six months after Niplegate, the networks and the FCC appear headed for new collisions (page 40)



OFFICIAL RULES. NO PURCHASE NECESSARY TO ENTER OR WIN. A PURCHASE WILL NOT IMPROVE YOUR CHANCES OF WINNING. The Great American Pop Culture Quiz Sweepstakes ("Sweepstakes") is open to legal residents of the 50 United States and the District of Columbia age 18 or older as of 7/29/04. Sponsor: Entertainment Weekly, Inc., 1675 Broadway, New York, NY 10019. Employees of the Sponsor and its subsidiaries, affiliates, advertising, and promotion agencies and their immediate family members and/or those living in the same household of each are not eligible to enter. Subject to all applicable federal, state, and local laws and regulations. Void where prohibited by law. • To enter, hand print name, address, zip code, phone number, e-mail address (optional), and your answers to the ten (10) Pop Quiz questions on a 3" x 5" paper and mail it in a hand-addressed envelope with U.S. First Class postage affixed to: The Great American Pop Culture Quiz Sweepstakes, P.O. Box 9212, Medford, NY 11763-9212. All answers must be correct in order to qualify for the sweepstakes drawing. Limit one entry per outer mailing envelope. Mail-in entries must be postmarked between 7/29/04 and 8/4/04 and received by 8/11/04. Photocopied, illegible, or mechanically reproduced entries are not eligible. All entries and requests become Sponsor's property and will not be returned or acknowledged. Sponsor is not responsible for lost, late, damaged, misdirected, or postage-due mail/entries. • Prize/Approximate Retail Value ("ARV"): One Grand Prize: A special pack of 10 CDs and DVDs culled from this week's Pop Quiz (ARV: \$300.00). CD and DVD selection is at the sole discretion of the Sponsor. Odds of winning depend on number of eligible entries received, estimated at 1:90,000. • Grand Prize Winner will be selected in a random drawing from all eligible entries received. Random drawing will be conducted on or about 8/25/04 under supervision of an independent judging organization whose decisions are final. To be declared a winner, your answers to the sweepstakes Pop Quiz questions must be correct. Entrants whose entries contain the correct answers to the Pop Quiz questions will be deemed the winner in the order they were drawn. For example: the first entry drawn with the correct answers will win the Grand Prize. If no entries are received with the ten correct answers, then those entries that identify nine answers correctly will be eligible for the prize. If a similar scenario occurs after drawing entries to find all those that include nine correct answers and none are found, the same drawing procedures (to award the prize) will be used to determine if any entries were received that correctly answer eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two, or one question correctly. If no one guesses correctly, the prize will be awarded in a random drawing from all entries received. Grand Prize Winner will be notified by mail. Prize awarded within 30 days after receipt of prize notification. If the prize notification is returned as undeliverable, it will result in disqualification, and the prize will be awarded to an alternate winner in a separate random drawing. If the winner is otherwise eligible under these rules, but is nevertheless deemed a minor in his or her state of primary residence, the prize will be awarded in the name of winner's parent or legal guardian. No substitutions are permitted except if prize is unavailable, in which case a prize of equal or greater value will be awarded. Prize is non-assignable or transferable except to a surviving spouse. Winner is responsible for all federal, state, local laws and regulations. Any other incidental expenses on prize not specified herein are the sole responsibility of winner. Entry and acceptance of prize constitute permission to use winner's name, prize won, hometown, and likeness for online posting and promotional purposes without further compensation, except where prohibited by law. Grand Prize is guaranteed to be awarded. • Participating entrants agree to these rules and the decisions of the judges and the Sponsor, and release the Sponsor and their affiliated companies, and all other businesses involved in this sweepstakes, as well as the employees, officers, directors, and agents of each, from all claims and liability relating to their participation, acceptance, and use of prize. Winner assumes all liability for any injury or damage caused or claimed to be caused, by participation in this sweepstakes or use or redemption of prize. Sponsor is not responsible for any typographical or other error in the printing of the offer, administration of the sweepstakes, or in the announcement of the prize. • For Grand Prize Winner's name, (available after 9/30/04), send a self-addressed stamped envelope by 9/30/04 to: The Great American Pop Culture Quiz Sweepstakes Winner, c/o Entertainment Weekly, Inc., 1675 Broadway, New York, NY 10019. • Mail Preference Service: By entering, you may be contacted by the Sponsor or its advertisers. If you would prefer not to receive future mailings from our advertisers, or us please write to: Time Customer Service, P.O. Box 61041, Tampa, FL 33661-1041.

Entertainment WEEKLY ONLINE

EXCLUSIVE
DAILY
CONTENT



NEED A MAKEOVER?

A new season of the plastic-surgery show *Extreme Makeover* starts Sept. 23—but first, producers are casting about for "personable" folks who think they need

more than a few snazzy outfits to improve their looks. Interested? Find out how to apply to this and other reality series (*The Apprentice*, *American Idol*, and more) at ew.com/apply.



JOAQUIN'S PAST
He was unforgettable in *Gladiator* and *Signs*, but do you remember when Joaquin Phoenix was known as Leaf and starred as



REMAKES: DISCUSS THE TREND
Should classic movies be revamped for new generations or be left alone? Talk about *The Manchurian Candidate* (starring Denzel

Steve Martin's troubled nephew in *Parenthood*? Take a tour through *The Village* star's career at ew.com/joaquin.

TALK
ABOUT
IT!

Washington, above) and remakes in the works (Johnny Depp takes on Willy Wonka!) at ew.com/remakes.

www.ew.com

Three things you should know about ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY's website

1. It's updated every day with news and features that you can't find in the magazine.
2. It's made just for you. The only people who can see the site are ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY readers (and AOL members).
3. Here's how to visit:
 - **SUBSCRIBERS** Register just once, using the info on your magazine mailing label.
 - **NEWSSTAND BUYERS** Sign in with this Web access code: **manchurian**

"nothing on television is as smart, original and amusing"

—The New York Times

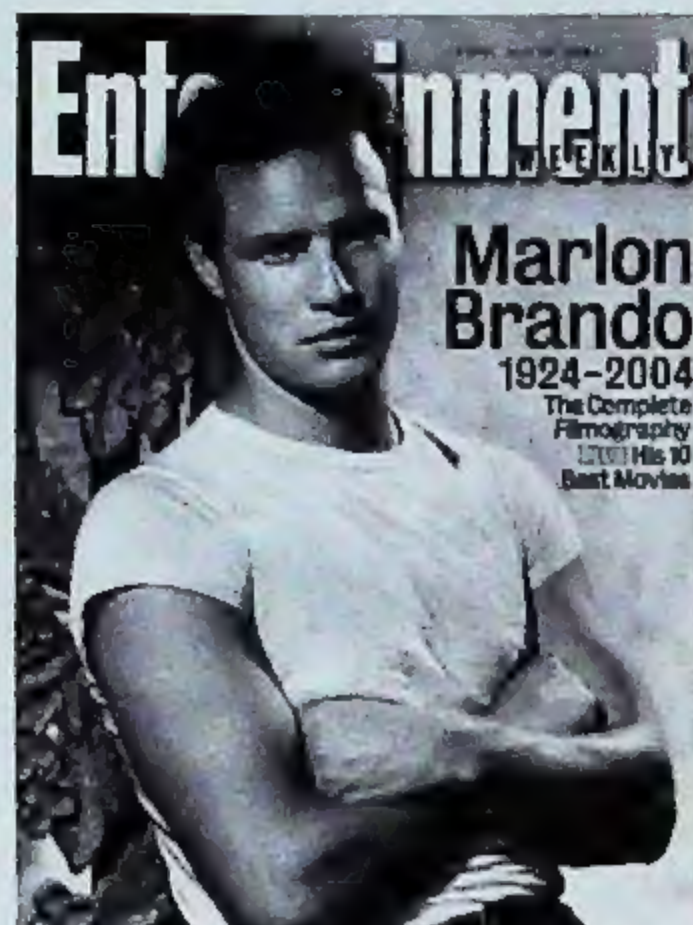
A NEW COMEDY SERIES

entourage

CATCH NEW EPISODES SUNDAYS AT 10PM/9C **HBO**

ENCORE OF THE FIRST 3 EPISODES ★ FRIDAY, AUGUST 6, STARTING AT 10PM/9C

© 2004 Home Box Office, Inc. All rights reserved. ® Service mark of Home Box Office, Inc.



"I am not old enough to have seen Brando in his younger years.... Evidently he was a hunk of burning love!"

GINI BUCHANAN
Bakersfield, Calif.

Brando Recognition

THE ONE AND ONLY TIME I have written to EW was to compliment you on the memorial cover of Katharine Hepburn. Well, you've done it again with the Marlon Brando cover! So that's what the stink was all about—he was gorgeous! I am not old enough to have seen Brando in his younger years, so I never understood what the big deal was. Evidently he was a hunk of burning love! Congratulations on another breathtaking cover.

GINI BUCHANAN
Auntiegin55@aol.com
Bakersfield, Calif.

I THOUGHT LISA SCHWARZBAUM did a wonderful job on the article about Marlon Brando's early years, capturing his inner feelings and work—making him a superstar and human at the same time. She also did a great job summing up the way he involuntarily influenced Hollywood as we know it today.

KIM NESTER
evenstarfaith04@yahoo.com
New Eagle, Pa.

I AM SADLY DISAPPOINTED IN you, EW. Your cover story read more like a Marlon Brando bashing than a tribute. Why would your writers craft such a

biased and cynical eulogy to "honor" an American legend? I will, however, preserve the cover. The photograph you chose captured the very essence of Brando as I will remember him: sexy rebel, creative genius, and humble revolutionary.

SUSAN CICCHINO
sc4oscar@worldnet.att.net
Burbank

THANKS FOR THE NICE ARTICLE and cool cover picture of the great Marlon Brando. However, regarding your list of top 10 Brando films, all I can say is "The horror, the horror." Including such borefests as *A Countess From Hong Kong* and *Burn!* is bad enough, but leaving off *Apocalypse Now*, maybe the greatest movie of all time, is unforgivable.

JOHN GOINS
johnngo@sbcglobal.net
San Bruno, Calif.

THANK YOU FOR THE EXCELLENT remembrance of Marlon Brando—especially for the summary of each of his films. I was pleasantly surprised to see *The Chase* and *Burn!* included on your notation of his 10 best films—always two of my favorites and unfortunately two of Brando's most overlooked performances. I was even more surprised that the issue with a

cover dedicated to Brando also contained a letter complaining about not having a cover to recognize Ronald Reagan's death. Need we be reminded that this is ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY? Brando was an amazing actor. Had Reagan not gone on to be an overrated President, who would even remember he had been an actor?

ERIC SIMIONE
Simdog410@aol.com
Boardman, Ohio

I STRONGLY DISAGREE WITH the reader who complained about you not placing Ronald Reagan (instead of Tom Hanks) on your June 18 cover. Reagan's strongest legacy does not lie within his acting—but within his presidency. EW is an entertainment magazine, not a political publication. If that reader wants to see our former president on the cover, she should look to TIME and *Newsweek*, not EW.

SHERRY L. BALE
skipunkgirl@aol.com
Chicago

The Hit Maker

I LOVED DALTON ROSS' TAKE on the Hit List (News & Notes). It's one of the few times that I've laughed out loud at a piece in a magazine, not counting my regular guffaws at his commentary in the Television section. Please keep him gainfully employed.

CHEL MICHELINE
chelm@gingerblue.com
Marco Island, Fla.

A Word's Worth

WHILE READING THIS WEEK'S movie reviews, I was reminded of the *Friends* episode in which Joey uses a thesaurus to replace every word (to a hilarious end) in a recommendation letter he writes for Monica and Chandler. Was it necessary for Owen Gleiberman to write of *Anchorman: The Legend of Ron Burgundy*, "Yet his stenorian tones and myopic gleam of authority are just a lightly packaged version of his off-camera singles-bar swagger," when what he really meant was "Ron Burgundy = unfunny crap"? Gravely, whilst yours truly remains overwhelmed via your astuteness, I emphatically inscribe the assessment subsequently with the intention that the arithmetic mean individuals originating in the cohesive territories of America will be capable of deciphering said magazine's estimations approximating the filmic depictions. Is that too much to ask?

SHERRY MANN
Carlisle, Pa.

CLARIFICATION: A chart of the 10 top-grossing documentaries that accompanied our "Moore the Merrier" story (News & Notes) deliberately omitted IMAX, comedy, and music documentaries such as *Everest*, *Space Station 3D*, *Eddie Murphy: Raw*, *The Original Kings of Comedy*, and *Richard Pryor Live on the Sunset Strip*. An explanatory footnote should have been included.

ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY welcomes feedback from our readers, via e-mail at ew_letters@ew.com or fax at 212-467-1223. All correspondence must include your name, address, and daytime telephone number. Letters may be edited for clarity or length.

Customer Service and Subscriptions
For 24/7 service, please use our website: www.ew.com/customer-service. You can also call 1-800-828-6882 or write to ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY at P.O. Box 30608, Tampa, FL 33630-0608.

Introducing Wheat Thins Take-Along Packs.

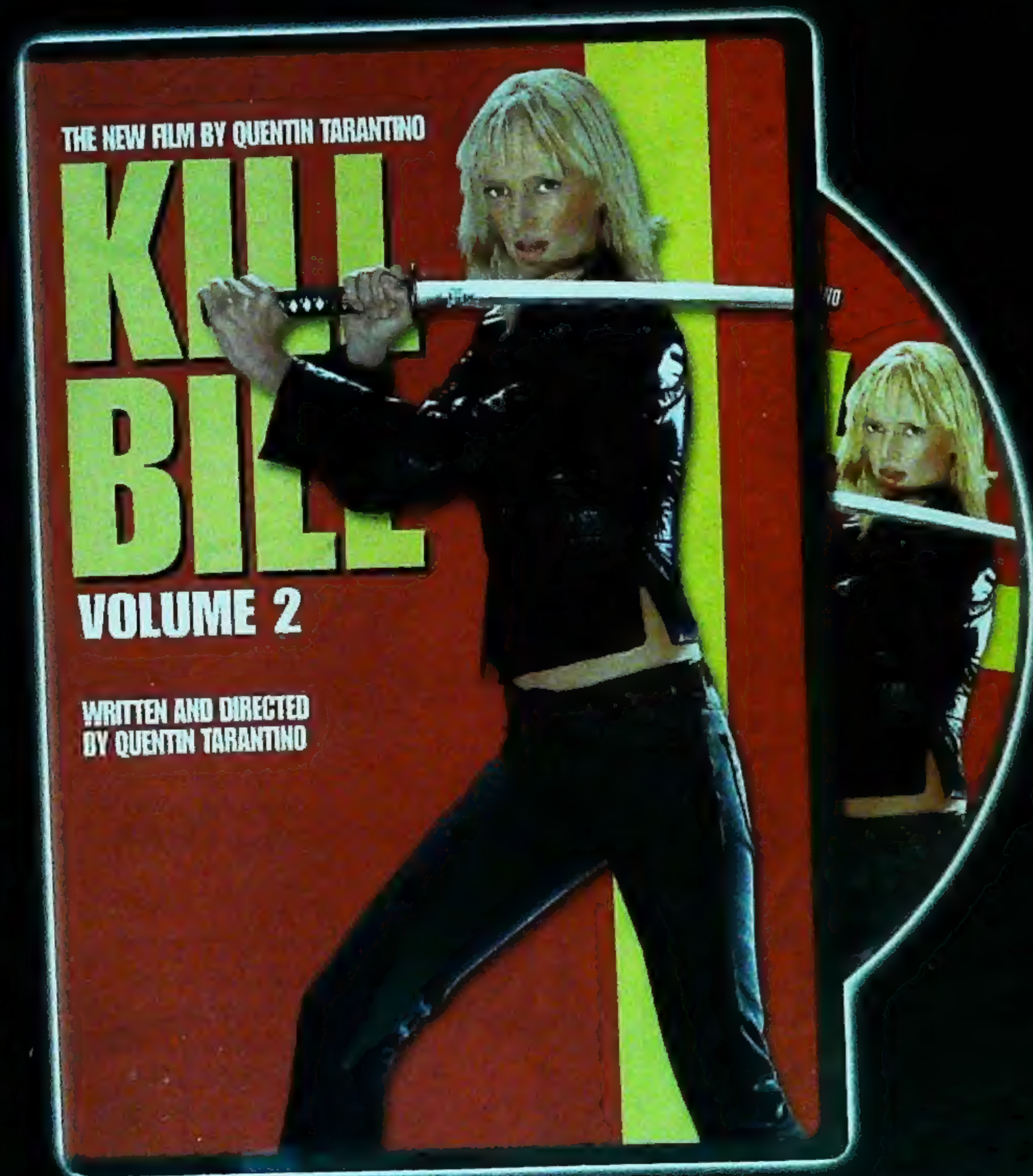


Take
one
for
a
Ride.



In the multi-pack section
of the cookie/cracker aisle.

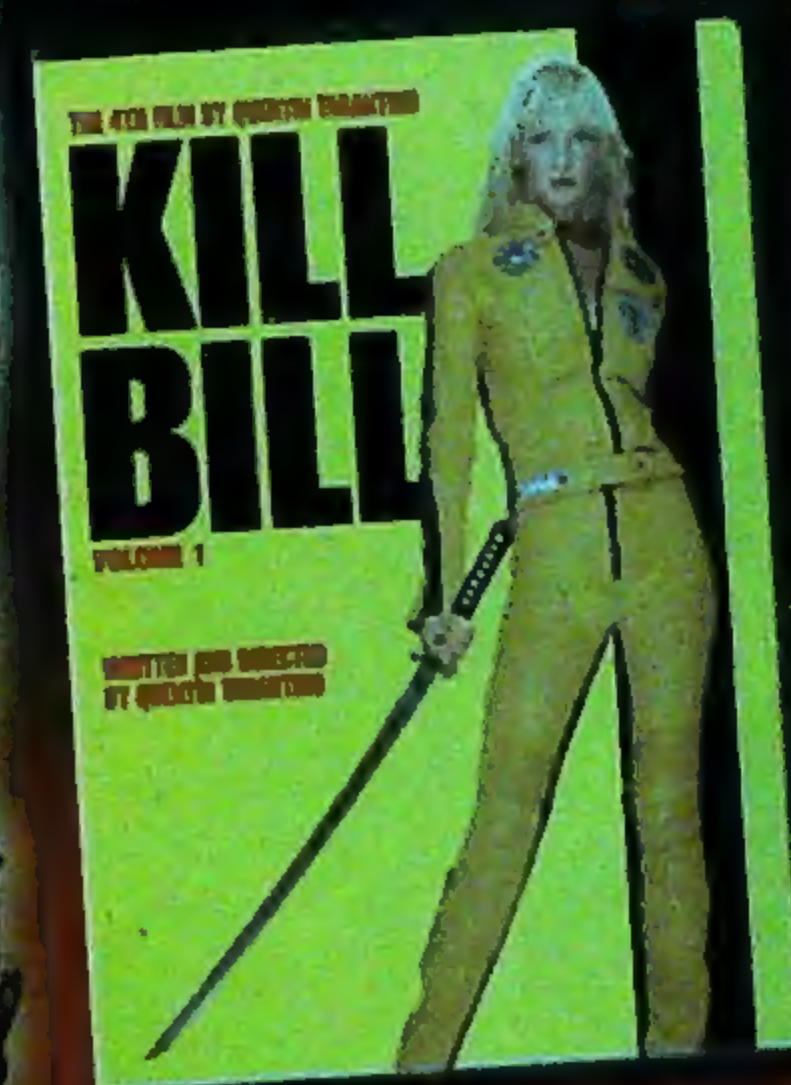
THE BRIDE IS BACK FOR THE FINAL CUT AUGUST 10 ON DVD!



The Whole Thrilling Tale Is Revealed



COMPLETE YOUR QUENTIN TARANTINO COLLECTION!



- BONUS MATERIAL INCLUDES:**
- The Making Of Kill Bill Vol. 1
 - Bonus Musical Performances By "The 5, 6, 7, 8's"
 - Quentin Tarantino Movie Trailers Including Kill Bill Vol. 2
 - And More!

BONUS MATERIAL INCLUDES:

- Quentin Tarantino Intros
- Deleted Scenes
- Behind-The-Scenes Featurette
- U.S. And Int'l Theatrical Trailers
- TV Spots
- Pulp Fiction Still Gallery
- Siskel & Ebert: "The Tarantino Generation"
- Award Ceremonies
- Documentary
- DVD-ROM Features
- And More!



BONUS MATERIAL INCLUDES:

- Quentin Tarantino Intros
- Deleted And Alternate Scenes
- Theatrical Trailers
- Jackie Brown On MTV
- Siskel & Ebert Jackie Brown Review
- Pam Grier And Robert Forster Movie Trailers
- TV Spots
- Still Galleries
- Reviews & Articles
- DVD-ROM Features
- And More!



NEWS

08/06/04

Pierce Brosnan says he's done with 007. Has the hunt for a new James Bond begun?
by Joshua Rich

BOND: Shaken?



HUGH JACKMAN



ERIC BANA



CLIVE OWEN



IOAN GRUFFUDD

THE ACTOR KNOWN AS BOND, JAMES Bond, says he's turning in his license to kill. "That's it," reports Pierce Brosnan. "I've said all I've got to say on the world of James Bond."

In an interview with EW, the 51-year-old Irish star answers the question that's dogged him since his last mission on Her Majesty's Secret Service, 2002's *Die Another Day*: Will he return for his fifth Bond movie? "Bond is another lifetime," he says, "behind me."

Before we jump the Walther PPK (Bond geek alert!), it's worth noting that contract disputes between Bond stars and EON Productions, which makes the movies, are as common as finding vermouth in 007's liquor cabinet. Speculation in the 1970s and '80s regularly had Roger Moore leaving the series, though he wound up sticking around for seven movies. Sean Connery famously sat out 1969's *On Her Majesty's Secret Service*, only to return for 1971's *Diamonds Are Forever* when he was paid the then-astronomical sum of \$1.25 million. This could be a bargaining ploy by Brosnan, who isn't under contract to EON; he's said to have tired of the series' increasingly silly scripts, and he may have priced himself out of the role. But there are rumors EON (which did not return calls for comment) severed ties with Brosnan; Bond movies tend to take on a new sensibility—and leading man—every decade or so, and Brosnan's been at it since 1995. Either way, says *Tomorrow Never Dies* (1997) director Roger Spottiswoode, "I was surprised that Pierce was even thinking of doing another one. He'd done it, he'd had enough—I was pretty sure he'd made enough money. And you know, they do become a trap."

A trap that has endured for more than 42 years, 20 installments, and five stars, hitting an all-time high with Brosnan, whose four Bond films have grossed more than \$1 billion worldwide. The actor instilled a new vigor into Ian Fleming's character, which by 1989—the year of Timothy Dalton's woeful *Licence to Kill*—was leaving audiences unstirred. And if Brosnan truly is done, then the England-based EON must find another star for the as-yet-untitled 21st Bond movie, for which there's already a script draft (production is set to start in January for a late-2005 release). Likely contenders include Brits Clive Owen, Ioan Gruffudd, and Gerard Butler, as well as Aussies Hugh Jackman, Heath Ledger, and Eric Bana.

"It's bizarre, it's incredibly flattering," the Welsh-born Gruffudd (*King Arthur*) recently



Halle Berry and Brosnan on the set of *Die Another Day*

told EW. All the same, he chuckled, talk of his chances amounts to "rumor"—it's a rite of passage for pretty much every young Anglo actor "to carry that mantle." For MGM's sake, the choice had better be wise: Bond is the perpetually for-sale studio's only consistent money-making franchise. (MGM had no comment.)

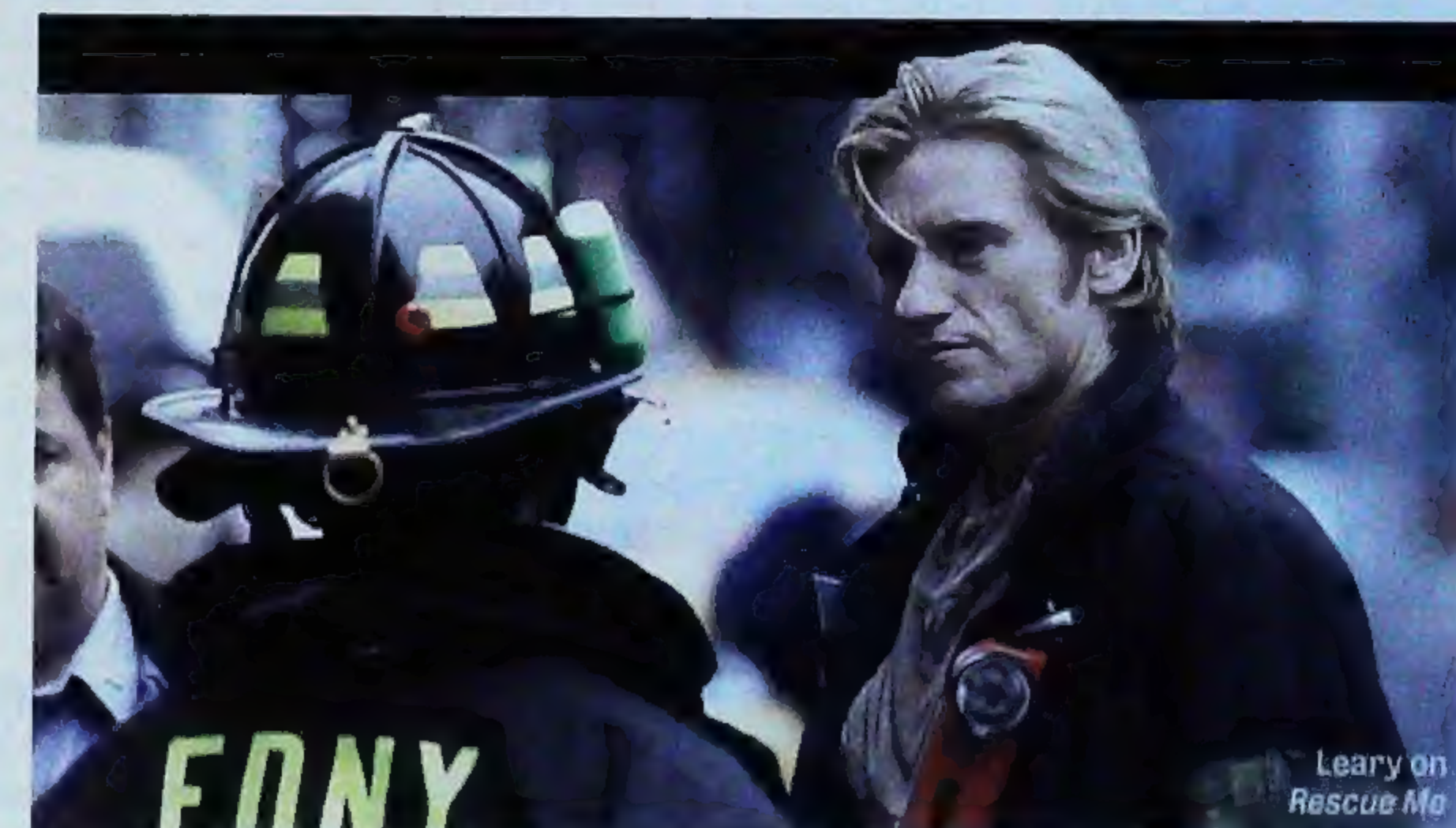
The trick, of course, is to find an actor at the right moment in his career to take on the role. The most successful Bonds—Connery, Moore, and Brosnan—have been able to carry the franchise but had nothing to lose by dropping everything for 007. Before trading wisecracks with M and Q, Connery was a little-known ex-milkman, Moore was an all-but-washed-up TV star, and Brosnan was a big draw...in TV movies like 1991's *Victim of Love*. Which rules out stars with more established track records, like Jude Law, Ewan McGregor, and Hugh

Grant, giving the edge to Owen, Bana, and Gruffudd. As for Jackman, it's been a dream: "While growing up, that was the role I wanted to play," he told EW in March. "I'm not going to compare it to Hamlet, but in a way it's the same thing. You want to put your stamp on it."

Brosnan has gone from having nothing to lose 10 years ago to risking a lot. His recent departures from action thrillers like Bond and 1999's *The Thomas Crown Affair*—including April's romantic comedy *Laws of Attraction*—have fared poorly. "That image goes with me," Brosnan says of his 007 persona, "for better or worse." Next up: another light film, the humorous heist tale *After the Sunset*, with Salma Hayek. "Pierce told me he wasn't going to do [the next] Bond," says *Sunset* director Brett Ratner, who values Brosnan's funny streak. "This guy is so professional, he's such a great actor. He'll give you anything."

Should this indeed be the end of playing James Bond, Brosnan has no regrets: "We went out on a high, and I look back affectionately at that time and doing those four movies." ■

Vote for the next 007 at ew.com/bondpoll.



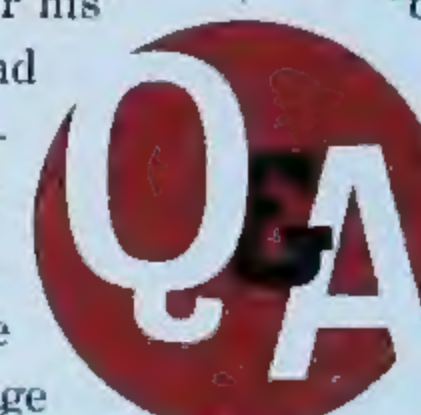
Leary on *Rescue Me*

DENIS LEARY GETS ALL FIRED UP

DENIS LEARY SEEMS TO HAVE FOUND the perfect character for his wisecracking persona and brash humor: *Rescue Me*'s wisecracking, brash Tommy Gavin, a New York firefighter still mourning the death of his cousin in the Sept. 11 attacks (see review on page 70). And after striking out in 2002 with the edgy critical fave *The Job* (ABC "left us

alone creatively, which was great," he says, "but they also left us alone in terms of marketing"), he seems to have found the perfect network: FX. EW talked with *Rescue* cocreator-cowriter Leary about landing his dream job. —Jennifer Armstrong

Your show is on basic cable, which means you can curse and get graphic



HitList

by Dalton Ross

- 1 **JIMMY BUFFETT HITS TOP OF THE CHARTS FOR FIRST TIME EVER** Proving once and for all that good things happen to people who sing lyrics like "Why don't we get drunk and screw/I just bought a water bed, it's filled up for me and you."
- 2 **THE SOPRANOS TO AIR IN 2006** Dalton Ross to cry in 2004.
- 3 **JENNIFER LOPEZ WILL APPEAR ON INSIDE THE ACTORS STUDIO** There was a nifty press release about it that was 485 words long—none of which started with the letter G and ended with the letter I. *Gigli*...I'm talking about *Gigli*, people (although *glitterati* didn't make the cut either).



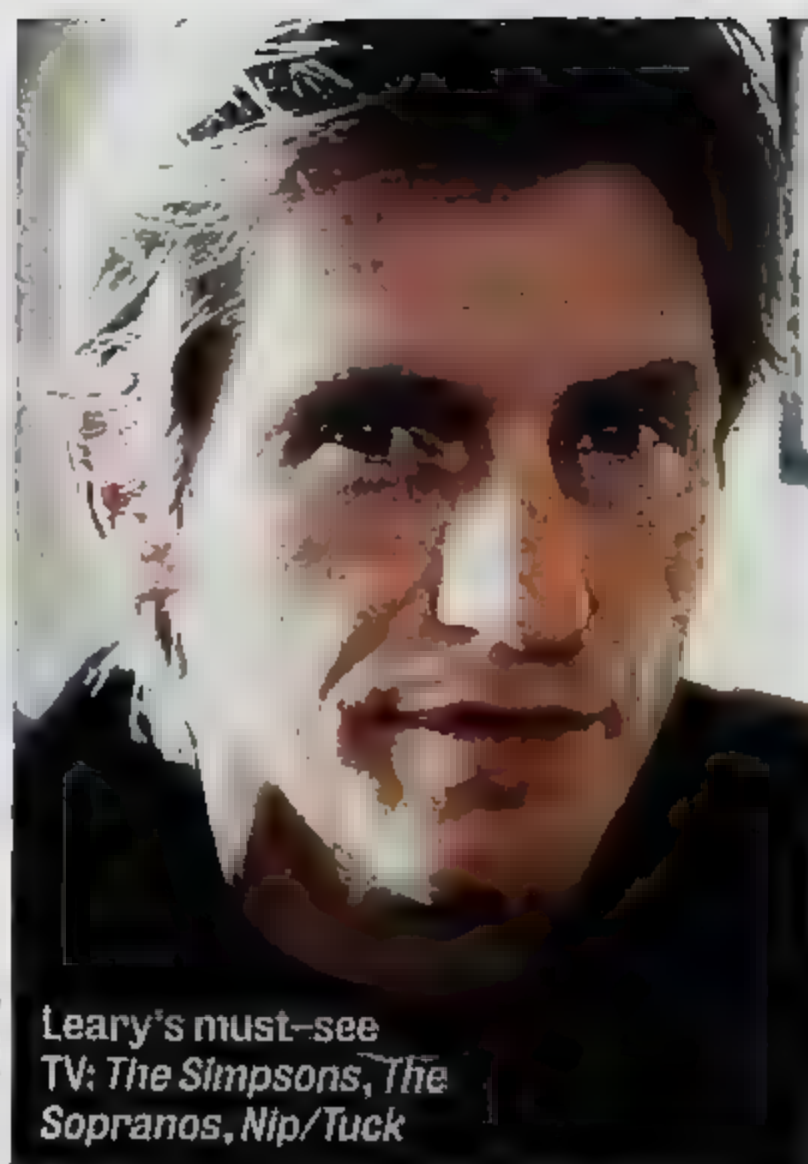
LANCE ARMSTRONG WINS SIXTH TOUR DE FRANCE This is great news. If for no other reason than it's kept Sheryl Crow busy and away from performing in the *Big Brother* house.

- 5 **CSI REHIRS GEORGE EADS AND JORJA FOX** Sure, *CSI* is swell. But how much better would it be if they televised Eads and Fox groveling for their jobs back?
- 6 **THE 9/11 COMMISSION REPORT TOPS AMAZON'S BEST-SELLER LIST** Dude, the National Commission on Terrorist Attacks Upon the United States are freakin' poets!
- 7 **BRANDY MAY HAVE LIED ABOUT BEING MARRIED WHEN SHE WAS PREGNANT** Which has sent shock waves through the music world, with reactions ranging from "Huh?" to "Oh..." to "Whatever, man—have you heard that Jimmy Buffett tune about the water bed?"
- 8 **U.S. MILITARY ADMITS GIVING FREE BOOB AND NOSE JOBS TO SOLDIERS** Now more than ever, hotness kills!
- 9 **STAR WARS: EPISODE III—REVENGE OF THE SITH** Cool title! Does that mean they kill Jar Jar? Or at least a few Ewoks?
- 10 **JOAN AND MELISSA RIVERS WON'T BE WORKING THE EMMYS' RED CARPET** Kleenex, anyone?

with sex scenes. Is there anything FX has said no to? If anything, they've asked us to push it further. Everything on the show is based on real stories from the FDNY guys that I know, and we want to keep it real.

Speaking of which, the July 28 episode featured everything from gay bashing to a firefighter getting a bikini wax. Ever worry about keeping it too real? The jumping-off point was a real newspaper article that came out here in New York about a retired firefighter who said that 20 of the guys who died in 9/11 were gay. Then I overheard a conversation between a couple of firefighters about metrosexuals and what they have been talked into believing women want them to do. I thought it was very funny. And I thought it would be an interesting place for all those macho guys to go. What's politically correct a lot of times is not funny.

What else can we look forward to this season? A lot of laughs and a lot of action and a lot of hot sex. There's the issue of his cousin's widow and whether she's going to start dating



Leary's must-see
TV: *The Simpsons*, *The Sopranos*, *Nip/Tuck*

again—and a mutual attraction between my character and her. Plus later on, we'll have a female firefighter assigned to our house.

And that means trouble? Most of the women placed in the fire department here in New York never passed the physical test. And a fat guy or a short guy, or anybody not passing the test in a life-or-death job, leads to friction.

What reaction have you gotten from firefighters about the show? For the most part we've gotten "Hey, you got it right." And you know you're doing it right when you get one or two guys who say, "Hey, you shouldn't be showing that on TV." ■

NECESSARY OBJECTS?

EW's Summer-Movie Product Watch

One goes crunch, the other...crunches numbers. This week, two different kinds of chips hit the big screen:



Lay's potato chips *Bourne Supremacy's* Matt Damon may be hiding in an exotic Indian locale, but he can't avoid these all-American snacks.



Apple computer chips Both *Bourne's* full-coverage agents and Halle Berry's barely covered Catwoman use Mac PowerBooks while sleuthing.



The first HDTV measured in feet instead of inches.
The new 6-foot LG Plasma HDTV.

THE 71" PLASMA HDTV

Okay, one inch shy of 6 feet to be precise. The point is, the new 71" Plasma from LG is big. Real big. With HD digital processing, your picture is crisp, clear and true to life. And LG's exclusive XD Engine™ outperforms other technologies by minimizing distortion and producing spectacular images. Plus, LG's performance-enhancing, proprietary technology ensures that this plasma will be entertaining you for many years to come. With LG, life is definitely good. Find out more about our full line of products at LGusa.com.

To receive HDTV optional set top box required. ©2004 LG Electronics U.S.A., Inc., Englewood Cliffs, NJ. LG Design and Life's Good are trademarks of LG Electronics, Inc.

Life's Good™ LG



The only additive is the fire you light them with.

Winston cigarettes are made with a blend of 100% tobacco—for a naturally smooth taste created by the earth, water and sun. A flavor unmatched by any additive.



ADDITIVE FREE • NATURALLY SMOOTH

Winston
LEAVE THE BULL BEHIND

INSIDEWINSTON.COM

WEBSITE RESTRICTED TO SMOKERS 21+

©2004 RJRT

The Deal Report BY GREGORY KIRSCHLING

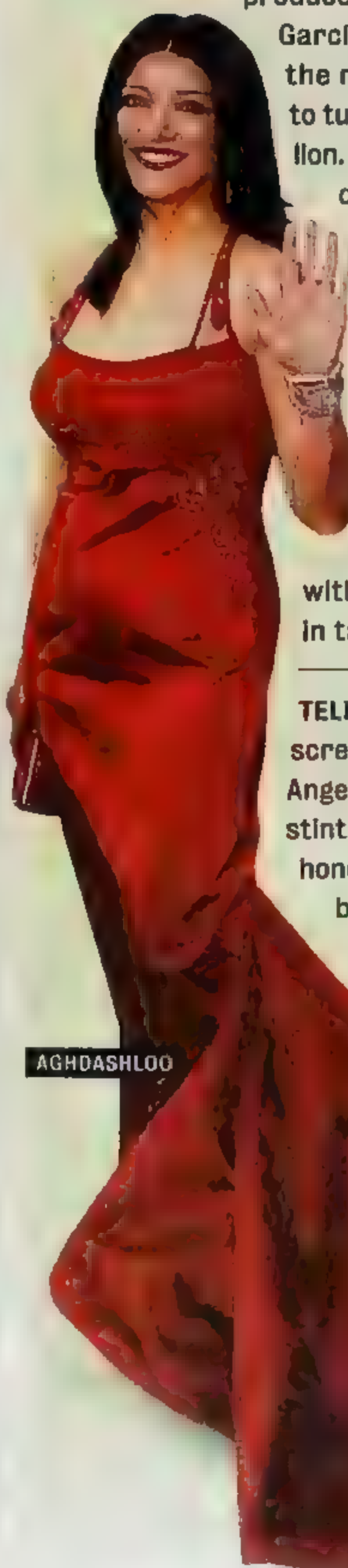
MOVIES Has your book club read that best-seller *Reading Lolita in Tehran* yet? The movie's on the way, and *House of Sand and Fog* show stealer Shohreh Aghdashloo is perfectly cast as the Iranian prof who teaches forbidden Western classics to seven female students. "When I was reading it," says Aghdashloo, who was born and raised in Tehran, "it took me on a journey that I deliberately chose not to take—back in 1979, when I left Iran." Aghdashloo, who likes Jane Austen ("I think she is the best writer of all"), also has a regular gig on 24 next season....

Re: good books. Gabriel García Márquez's *Love in the Time of Cholera* is the 1985 insta-classic about a man who waits fifty years, nine months, and four days for his true love. "It took me that long to get the rights," jokes producer Scott Steindorff, who faced down

García Márquez's "No! No! No!"s until the maestro finally sold him the chance to turn the book into a movie—for \$3 million. "It's worth every penny," Steindorff avows. "It's the greatest love story ever told!" Steindorff (*The Human Stain*) is also mounting a film version of T.C. Boyle's *The Tortilla Curtain*; he just signed Kevin Costner to play the California nature writer who hits an illegal immigrant with his car, and Meg Ryan is in talks to play his wife.



RYAN

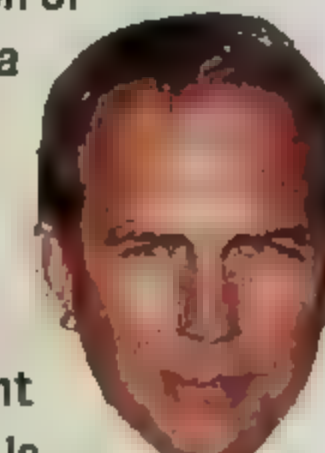


AGHDASHLOO

TELEVISION "I'm gonna visit the small screen," says *Waiting to Exhale* sultress Angela Bassett, revealing her upcoming stint on *Alias*. "I play an FBI/CIA head honcho who gives the girl"—that would be Jennifer Garner—"a hard time.

They were discussing the character as a man and they said maybe they could go for a woman.

And the creator"—that would be J.J. Abrams—"was like, 'Can't see it, can't see it.' And then somebody brought my name up and he said, 'Oh, I see it.' So he gave me a call, and he sounded so dear on the phone, and I said okay."



COSTNER



Streisand in *Meet the Fockers*; *Monster-in-Law*'s Fonda

Broad Appeal

Streisand and Fonda—two tough mothers

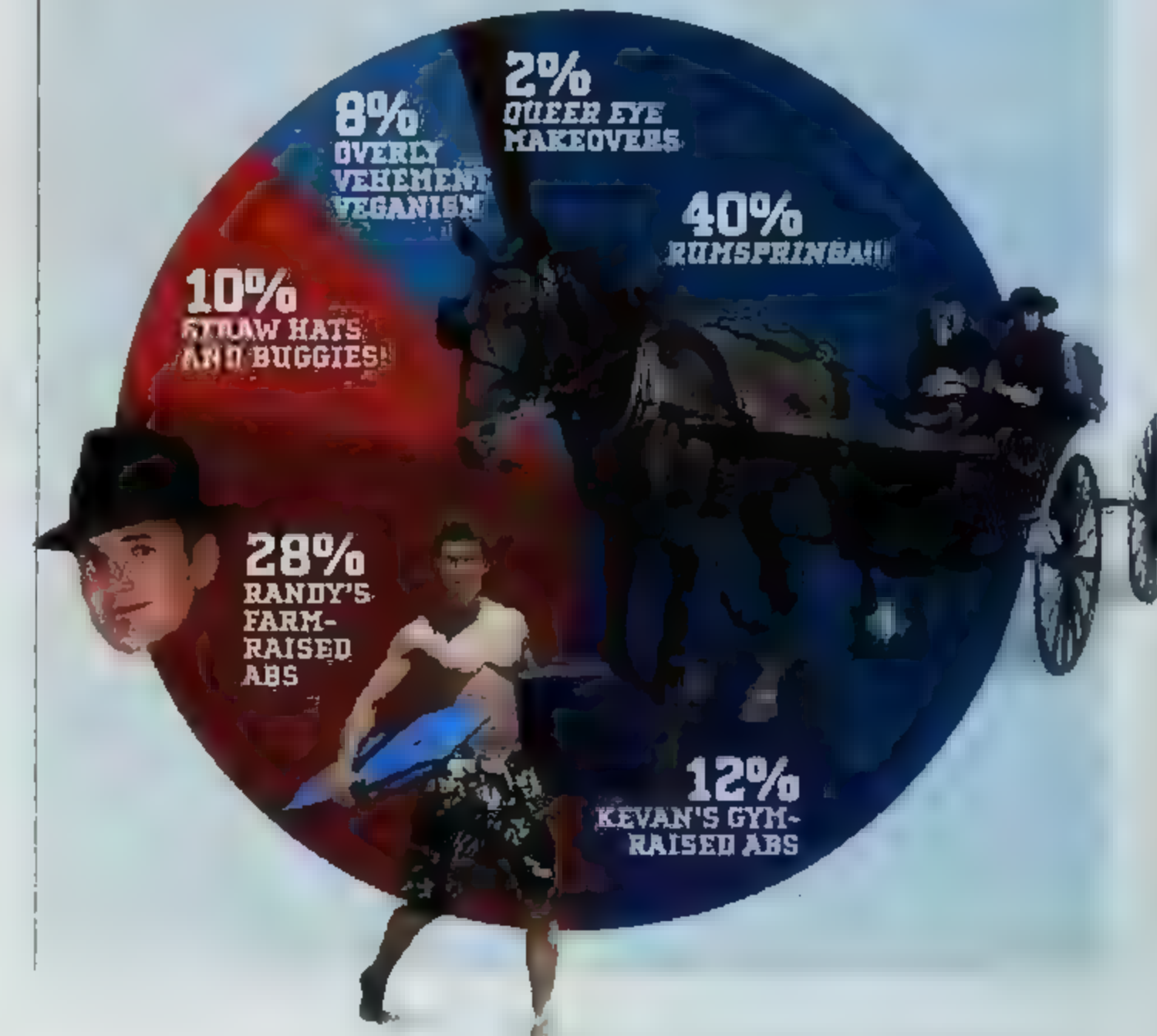
STEP OFF, VANESSA REDGRAVE! The *Nip/Tuck* diva's not the only ball-busting mother-in-law to be played by a legend. Incoming: Jane Fonda, Shirley MacLaine, and Barbra Streisand.

Fonda, who bolted the biz after 1990's *Stanley & Iris*, will return next year in *Monster-in-Law*, as a battle-ax who tries to push son Michael Vartan away from fiancée Jennifer Lopez. Shirley

MacLaine will step into the mummus of witchcrafty in-law Endora for summer 2005's *Bewitched*. And, in her first film since 1996's *The Mirror Has Two Faces*, La Streisand will play the sex-therapist mom of Ben Stiller in *Meet the Fockers* (Dec. 22). As the movie's trailer reveals, she'll be coiffed in retro, *A Star Is Born*-style ringlet curls. Ver-klemmt yet? —Steve Daly

THE PIE CHART

UPN's Amish-kids-on-a-break discover electricity, the ocean, and...hoochie clothes! A breakdown of our Amish in the City love:



LIGHTS BOX: 9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette by FTC method. For more product information, visit www.rjrt.com

No additives in our tobacco does **NOT** mean a safer cigarette.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.



Harold & Kumar;
(clockwise from top left)
Reefer Madness;
Lebovski; Fast Times; and
Dazed and Confused



Joint Ventures

Harold & Kumar follows in a long line of doobie-ous flicks

AS THE TITLE CHARACTERS of *Harold & Kumar Go to White Castle* (see review on page 60) take their first munchies-fueled steps on a journey toward burger nirvana, they join a proud American film tradition: the stoner movie. Not movies one gets stoned to (yes, yes, *The Wizard of Oz* goes with *Dark Side of the Moon*, we

know), but rather movies that show the life and times of pot smokers in all their gnarly glory. In honor of the occasion, we decided to compile a list of the Top 10 Stoner Movies of All Time. We were so anti-putting things in order, but our editor—in a totally bogus move—told us we had to apply ourselves. (Relax, man.) —Whitney Pastorek

1 DAZED AND CONFUSED (1993) Richard Linklater's slacker opus glides along on a buzz stoked by Aerosmith and carefree youth. You don't need to have a joint to hang with these Texas teens celebrating their last day of school...but, as Wooderson (Matthew McConaughey) would say, "it'd be a lot cooler if you did."

2 THE BIG LEBOWSKI (1998) The Dude (Jeff Bridges) is the greatest stoner in the history of film because the Dude abides, dude.

3 HOW HIGH (2001) Method and Red smoke weed planted in the ashes of a dead friend, and his ghost gets them into Harvard. Happens all the time.

4 FRIDAY (1995) On Friday, with nothing to do, Chris Tucker and Ice Cube get high, sit on a porch, and watch the ghetto

go by. That, and they learn some important life lessons.

5 HALF BAKED (1998) A rainbow coalition of celebrity cameos populates this whacked-out film that's sort of about Dave Chappelle dealing stolen medical marijuana and sort of about just hearing Jon Stewart say, "...on WEED!"

6 UP IN SMOKE (1978) Cheech and Chong bring their doobie-brothers act to the big screen, at one point illegally crossing the border in a van made entirely of reefer. Happens all the time.

7 SUPER TROOPERS (2002) A highway patrol pot caper involving a bear costume, syrup-drinking contests, and an Afghan cartoon monkey carrying coded Taliban messages. Come to think of it, this should probably be higher on the list.

8 REEFER MADNESS (1936) Ostensibly a terrifying cautionary tale about the dangers of marijuana-induced psychosis (with a poster that's become a dorm-room classic); really just more like *Our Town* on drugs.

9 FAST TIMES AT RIDGEMONT HIGH (1982) Jeff Spicoli (Sean Penn) is not quite the greatest stoner in the history of film (see Jeff Bridges, above), but his surfer-dude personality became an archetype that led to...

10 BILL & TED'S EXCELLENT ADVENTURE (1989), whose dumb-buddy vision quest enabled the existence of *Dude, Where's My Car?* from the director who now brings us *Harold & Kumar*. Most excellent, indeed.

Vote for your favorite stoner flicks at ew.com/stonermovies.

TWO GIRLS AND A GUY: A TANGLED CINDERELLA WEB

We're bad. We dug up a certain former love triangle to fill in the blanks (in red) of the "send a personalized message from Hillary" feature on acinderellastory.com. Is it our fault that this is how the message from Ms.

Duff (in her actual voice!) to her onetime sweetie came out?

"Once upon a time there lived a very special mack daddy named Aaron, who lived in an enchanting, magical,



mystical land called Florida. He wore only the finest clothes—like phony bling-bling that don't cost a thing—thing—and spent most of the time doing really adventurous things, like flirting with everyone who has a pulse. Clearly, something was missing until magically, he met the love of his life—a diva named Lindsay—who fell in love with his totally irresistible half-man, half-boy peach fuzz and then they lived happily ever after." —Timothy Gunatillaka



Duff in *A Cinderella Story*



FIRST LOOK FRANK MILLER'S *SIN CITY* There are movies based on comic books—and then there are comic-book movies. Case in point: 2005's *Sin City*. Director Robert Rodriguez relled so heavily on Frank Miller's stark, hard-boiled graphic novels that he asked the artist to codirect. This exclusive tease of Jessica Alba (who costars with Mickey Rourke, Clive Owen, and Bruce Willis) hints at the film's look—and its hotness. The *Honey* actress—who plays a sweet-and-sexy, lasso-twirling exotic dancer—says she honed her erotic writhing by watching Beyoncé's "Baby Boy" video: "She does this thing where she's dancing alone and kinda..."—here Alba wiggles in her chair. "I thought, 'If Beyoncé can shake her thing, I can shake my thing too.'" Consider us teased. —Jeff Jensen

➔ STYLE SHEET

The stars come out for...



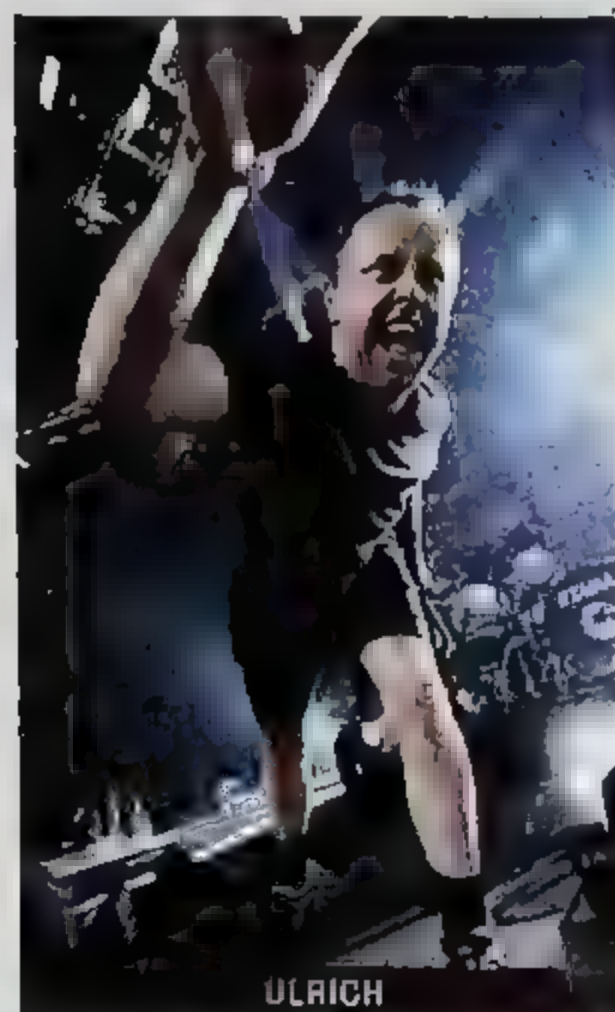
FRUIT OF THE WOMB Not since that whole Garden of Eden situation has an Apple caused such a craze. Of course, we mean Apple Blythe Alison Martin, 3-month-old trendsetter. Ever since Apple's mom, Gwyneth, started wearing a necklace featuring the fruit, jewelry compa-

ny Alex and Ani has been inundated with requests for the \$68 piece. "It's inspired me to do some more apple-designed things," says Alex and Ani's Carolyn Raffaellan, who received a personal thank-you note (on Apple's stationery, natch) from Gwyneth. "I'm going to make little Apple bobby pins and send them her way," Raffaellan promises. "As soon as she grows some hair." —Jessica Shaw



PALTROW

SLIM SHADY Sad but true: In the new rock doc *Metallica: Some Kind of Monster*, Lars Ulrich replaces hard partying with Napster bashing and grouple sex with group therapy. So how does the most famous heavy metal



ULRICH

drummer-turned-sweats-wearing dad convince us he still rocks? Wearing NYC-based designer Robert Marc's titanium specs (which start at \$325) is a start. Ulrich may not have bloodshot eyes to protect anymore, but at least his badass image is safe from fading to black. —Nancy Miller



The Shaw Report BY JESSICA SHAW

IN	FIVE MINUTES AGO	OUT
SCARLETT OVERLOAD	MISCHA OVERLOAD	J. LO OVERLOAD
VACATIONING IN CROATIA	VACATIONING IN ESTONIA	VACATIONING IN ROMANIA
TAP	FIZZY	FLAT



Meow Mess

When bad fashions happen to bad movies

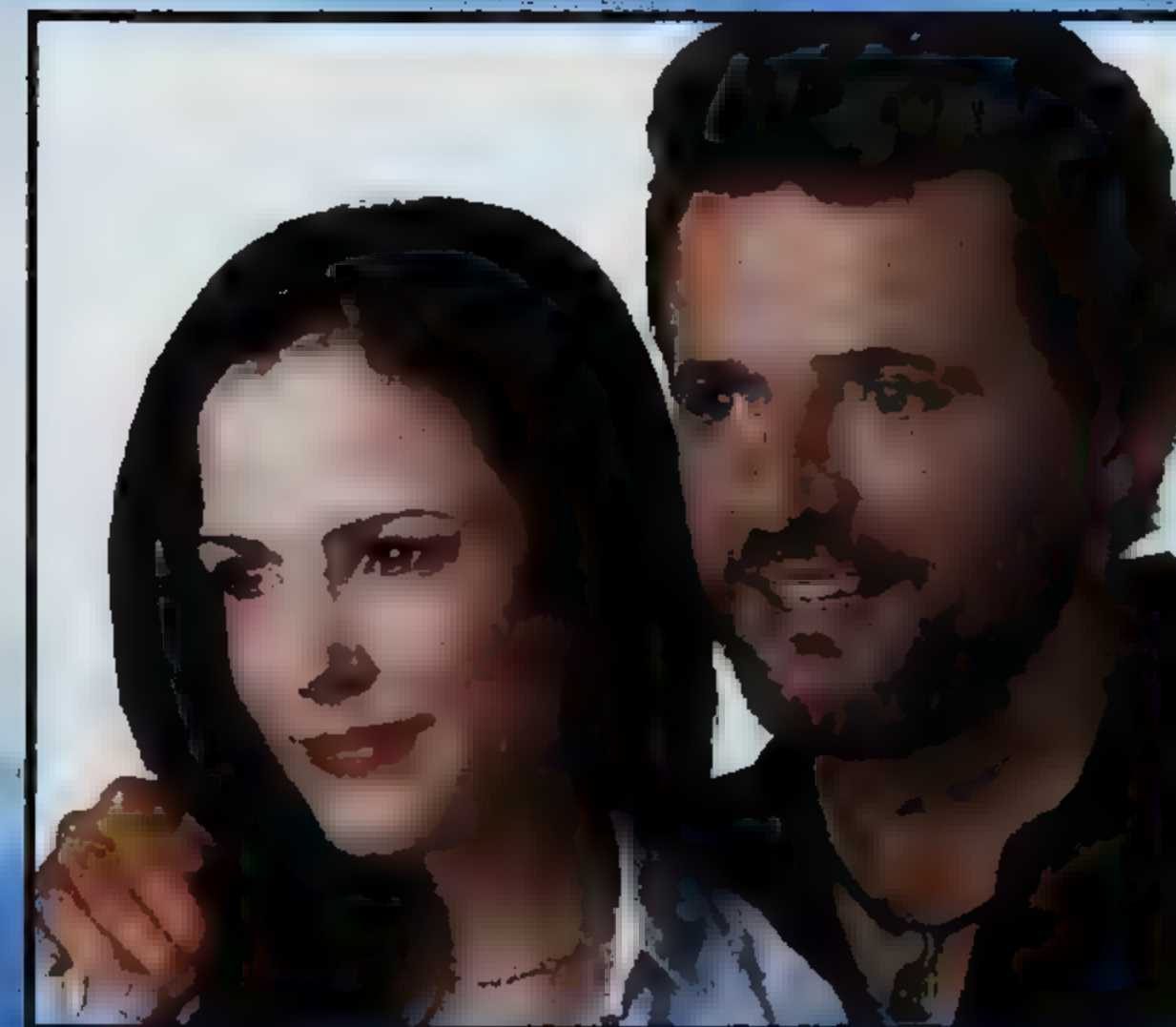
SERVE US UP A BOWL OF MILK because we simply cannot keep our claws out of Henri Bendel's new line of S&M—uh, we mean *Catwoman*—gear featuring items from Juicy Couture and Isabella Fiore. Will any fan be rabid enough to shell out \$595 for crystal-encrusted black satin stiletto boots (bottom inset), \$345 for a Catwoman-emblazoned handbag, or (hello?) \$250 for black gloves (top inset)

with diamanté claws? *Catwoman* star Halle Berry, of course, had nothing but good things to say about kitty couture. "I just wish I had a chance to do a fashion spread with all the cat costumes on," said the star, before lapping up White Russians and tuna hors d'oeuvres at Bendel's *Catwoman* window display party on July 21. How's that for feline grace? —Michelle Kung

GOLDEN GLOBE® WINNER

MARY-LOUISE PARKER

AIDAN QUINN



She fought to give her sons an ordinary life.

What they gave in return was extraordinary.

A LIFETIME ORIGINAL MOVIE

MIRACLE

Inspired by the true story of the winner in all of us.

RUN

PREMIERES
9PM/8C MONDAY, AUGUST 9

Lifetime
Television for Women

Monitor

MARRIAGES

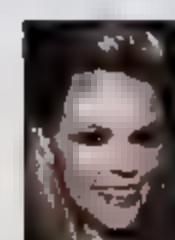


All My Children's **Natalie Cigliuti**, 25, married race car driver **Robert Rizzo**, 30, on July 24 in Newport, R.I. It is the first marriage for both.

EXPECTING

Harry Potter mastermind **J.K. Rowling** (below), 39, announced on July 24 that she is pregnant with her third Muggle. Rowling and husband Dr. Neil Murray, 32, have a son, David, 1, and Rowling has a daughter from a previous marriage.... Actress **Laura Dern**, 36, and rocker **Ben Harper**, 34, will greet their second child late this year. The tot will join sister Ellery, 2. Harper has two children from a previous marriage.

BIRTHS



Dixie Chick **Natalie Malnes**, 29, and actor **Adrian Pasdar**, 36, welcomed Beckett Finn Pasdar on July 14. He joins brother Slade, 3.... **Shar Jackson**, 28, ex-girlfriend of **Kevin Federline** (a.k.a. the soon-to-be Mr. **Britney Spears**), 26, gave birth on July 20 to their second child, a boy whose name has yet to be released, in Orange County, Calif. The pair's daughter is Kori, 2. Reps for

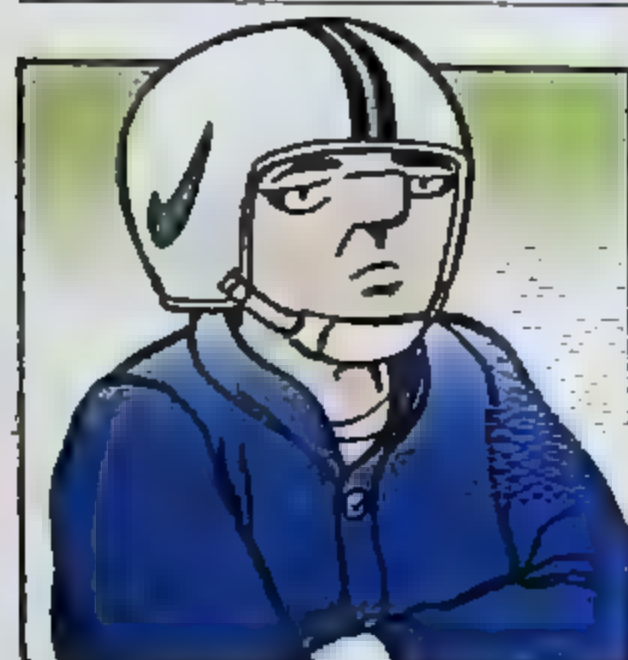


PREMIERE "I don't miss the hair," *The Manchurian Candidate's* Übermom **Meryl Streep** (with **Angela Bassett**) said on the red carpet July 22. "I miss the jewels I got to wear. But the hair is too D.C.-power-player for my everyday life."

Spears say that **Britney** "loves children" and will meet her eventual stepson "when the time is right."

RECOVERING

Mary-Kate Olsen, 18, was discharged from a treatment facility July 23. The minimogul had been receiving treatment for an eating disorder. Reps said the twin is "feeling very well."



DROPPED They're not political; they're just drawn that way. On July 21, a consortium of 38 mainly Southern newspapers that carry Continental Features-produced Sunday comics, voted 21-15 to drop Pulitzer Prize winner **Garry Trudeau's** perennially controversial *Doonesbury* from their weekly lineup. The left-leaning strip, which has recently featured football-helmet-wearing **B.D.** losing a leg fighting in Iraq, was launched in 1970.

She has until Oct. 29 to enroll.... Rapper **Ja Rule** (né **Jeffrey Atkins**), 28, turned himself in to Toronto police July 26 and was charged with assault causing bodily harm following an incident at a club last month. He was released on \$7,575 bail. His reps had no comment.... Actor **Robert Sorrells** (TV's *Gunsmoke*), 74, was arrested July 24 after allegedly walking into a Simi Valley bar and shooting two men, killing one. Sorrells, who could not be reached for comment, was charged July 27 with murder and attempted murder.

COURTS



On July 27, **Justin Timberlake**, 23, filed a libel suit against British Sunday tabloid *News of the World* following a story alleging that the singer cheated on girlfriend **Cameron Diaz**, 31. Reps for the paper have said it stands by its story. Timberlake was also later granted a partial restraining order against a paparazzi photographer.... **Clear Channel Communications**, the nation's largest holder of radio stations, filed a countersuit for more than \$3 million against **Howard Stern's** distributor, **Infinity Broadcasting**, on July 21, accusing the shock jock of refusing to comply with federal decency laws (Clear Channel paid a Stern-related \$1.75 million fine to the FCC on June 9). Stern's camp is suing Clear Channel for breach of contract to the tune of \$10 million, after Clear Channel pulled his show out of six markets.... Rocker **Peter Frampton**, 54, sued **Billabong International, Ltd.**, on July 20 for trademark infringement. He's seeking a restraining order against the Australian sportswear company, which has been offering a bikini with the singer's face on it and the words "Baby I love your waves!" Billabong reps declined to comment.... The 2003 deadly blaze at a Great White show in West Warwick, R.I.,

has prompted another lawsuit. On July 22, eight lawyers sued more than 46 defendants, including band frontman **Jack Russell** and club owners **Jeffrey** and **Michael Derderian**, in Rhode Island Superior Court on behalf of hundreds of victims and their families. The defendants have denied culpability.... Three months after his New Orleans homicide conviction was vacated, rapper **C-Murder** (né **Corey Miller**), 32, was charged July 22 in another attempted murder. Prosecutors in



Baton Rouge, La., claim the rapper can be seen on videotape struggling with a jammed gun as he attempts to shoot two men during a dispute at a club in August 2001. The musician's lawyer says his client "unequivocally denies" the new charges, which carry a sentence

of 10-50 years. C-Murder remains in jail pending a possible new trial in the New Orleans case.

DEATHS

Actress **Georgine Darcy** (below), 68, best known as Miss Torso in Alfred Hitchcock's 1954 thriller *Rear Window*, of natural causes, July 18, in Malibu, Calif.... **Richard Ney**, 87, best-selling author of books on finance, film actor (*Mrs. Miniver*), and briefly the husband of **Greer Garson**, of heart disease, July 18, in Pasadena.... Tenor saxophonist **Illinois Jacquet**, 81, who played with jazz legends including **Lionel Hampton**, **Count Basie**, and **Cab Calloway**, of a heart attack, July 22, in Queens. —*Whitney Pastorek and Michelle Kung, with additional reporting by Carrie Bell*

A HIGH SCORER

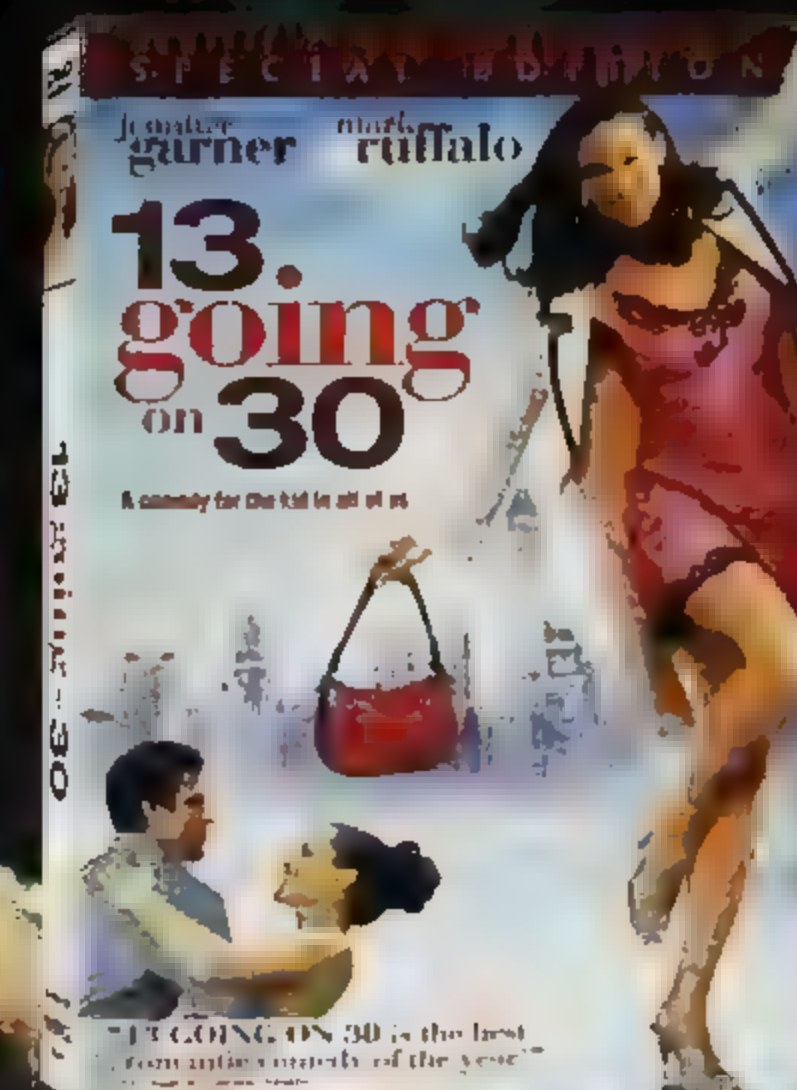
Film loses an exceptional composer



Jerry Goldsmith's melodies were heard in more than 170 movies and have been on permanent playback in the minds of millions thrilled by films as diverse as *Star Trek*, *Hoosiers*, *Alien*, *Planet of the Apes*, and *L.A. Confidential*. "His chameleon adaptability," says longtime friend, composer **John Williams**, "was a prerequisite to longevity and success in Hollywood."

Goldsmith, 75, who died of cancer July 21 in Beverly Hills, originally wrote music at CBS, where he started, inauspiciously, as a typist in 1950. Beholden to no distinct sound or style, he switched seamlessly among genres, garnering 18 Oscar nods and one win, for his spooky scoring of 1976's *The Omen*. "We used to call him Gorgeous," says Williams, who lists Goldsmith among his all-time favorite film composers. "He was the golden boy, a beautiful presence. His music had a freshness, and he had a freshness." —*Joshua Rich*

"a terrific date movie!"



Special features include: deleted scenes, bloopers, commentaries, featurettes, music videos and more!

www.13goingon30.com

REVOLUTION STUDIOS

COLUMBIA PICTURES

PG-13

Available at Target

www.13goingon30.com

Motion Picture © 2004 Revolution Studios Distribution Company, LLC. All Rights Reserved. © 2004 Layout and Design Columbia TriStar Home Entertainment. All Rights Reserved.



83 THINGS TO DO IN AUGUST

JAMIE FOXX

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES WHITE

FRIDAY AUGUST

TOM CRUISE AND JAMIE FOXX glow and gleam in the sleek, dark Los Angeles cityscape conjured in director Michael Mann's *Collateral*. Cruise as Vincent, a hitman out to snuff five lives in 10 hours, and Foxx as Max, the cabbie who gets Vincent as his nightmare fare, riff off each other like the jazz rhythms that punctuate the soundtrack. Jada Pinkett Smith completes the trio in a film that features one of summer's most exciting action finales. The package is a pure, unexpected summer pleasure about, as Mann says, "a stone sociopath." Here's how Foxx and Cruise pulled it off.

STAY LOOSE "I'm pretty malleable," says Cruise. You supply his big hearty laugh—you can hear it, can't you? "When a director like Michael Mann [auteur of *Heat* and *Manhunter*] comes to me and has a whole vision—how Los Angeles is going to be a full-fledged, down and dirty costar in this thriller; how I'm going to have gray hair and wear this tight suit to communicate that I mean business; how I'm going to have this darkly ironic sense of humor with Jamie just a few seconds after I've killed someone—that's a vision I want to be part of."

MAKE THE JOB YOUR VACATION

"Michael Mann's got everything thought out," says Foxx, "but he lets you in on the playing, too. It

Cruise and Foxx serve up the No. 1 way to keep cool in August—check out their thriller *COLLATERAL*—and we've got the other 30 days covered

TOM CRUISE



THINGS TO DO IN AUGUST

told him I knew Max—he's a specific guy who lives in Ladera Heights [an L.A. neighborhood]." Cruise's Vincent wasn't as familiar: "I enjoyed shooting—I'd never fired a live round before.... And it was fun to find the cracks in Vincent's behavior—a guy who's doing very bad things at the moment when he's falling apart inside." Cruise also liked mixing it up with an actor whose method was different from his own. "The first meeting I had with him, Jamie did his Ray Charles." (Fox's biopic *Ray*, about the late soul great, opens Oct. 29.) "It was both awesomely moving and I pissed myself with laughter. Just the way Jamie likes it." **PRETEND TO TAKE SOME DOWNTIME** Summertime, and the livin' ain't exactly easy for Foxx, who's prepping for a comedy special, *Travelin' Man*. "You know the best way to try out new material? Sit around with your boys and talk the jokes, like conversation. If they laugh, you sneak into the bedroom, get the pad and pencil and say, That one goes into the act." **AND ALWAYS SUPPORT YOUR COSTARS** Forget Cruise plugging his next projects (we'll do it for him—a *War of the Worlds* remake and *Mission: Impossible 3*). He's recommending some new tunes: "Have you heard Jada's music? Will may be rap, but she's, like, hard rock." His promise: "Her stuff will blow you away." Our promise: So will the 80-plus items we've dug up to get you through the (once) slowest month of the year. —Ken Tucker

SATURDAY AUGUST 7

Revel in Mark Ruffalo

Rent the *Collateral* costar's films *You Can Count on Me* and *13 Going on 30*. Skip *In the Cut*. Everyone makes mistakes.



SUNDAY AUGUST 1

Have an Owen Gleiberman Film Festival

The Girl Can't Help It (Unrated, 99 mins., 1956, VHS only), *Summertime* (Unrated, 100 mins., 1955), *Woodstock* (R, 240 mins., 1970), *Summer* (Unrated, 98 mins., 1986) There isn't a party movie more perfect than *Girl* (above), Frank Tashlin's succulent rock & roll trashfest. *Summertime* may be the greatest Katharine Hepburn weeper you've never seen (she plays a spinster who finds love and—yes!—sex in Venice), and *Woodstock*, which unfolded 35 years ago this month, is still the 1960s chronicle. Finally, if you're ending your *Summer* fling, rebound with Eric Rohmer's 1986 masterpiece. It's the ultimate movie about the perils of going on vacation...alone.

MONDAY AUGUST 2

Have a Lisa Schwarzbaum Film Festival

The Tall Guy (R, 92 mins., 1990), *Truly Madly Deeply* (PG, 108 mins., 1991), *See the Sea* (Unrated, 52 mins., 1997) The first two (*Guy*, above; *Truly*, below) offer hilarity about sex and mush about romance at speeds suitable for late-summer attention spans. The last is for anyone burning with summer-house envy. François Ozon's Frenchly creepy beachside thriller will convince you never to step off urban pavement again.



Wednesday August 4

SEE OR MAKE SOME MUSIC

Liz Phair and Avril wannabe Katy Rose kick off the Chicks With Attitude tour in Chicago. Hillary Duff hits Indianapolis. Farewell-tour vets Cher and KISS wave more last goodbyes in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, and Atlanta, respectively. John Mayer and the American Idols play Cincinnati. If you think you can sing better, try out for the next *AI* in Cleveland. More auditions: Aug. 8 in St. Louis, Aug. 18 in D.C., Aug. 28 in Orlando, and Aug. 31 in New Orleans. —Ryan Dombal Paris and Nicole prove *The Simple Life* is not worth living in the season 2 finale at 9 p.m. on Fox. BTW, *Gidget* debuted on DVD yesterday—why don't you own it yet?



TUESDAY AUGUST 3

PAM ANDERSON BARES ALL

PAMELA ANDERSON HAS BEEN AT THE TOP of the heap, the bottom of the heap...and then there's her career. A *Playboy* pinup, Tool Time gal, occasional video star, and bathing beauty, Anderson is now adding author to her résumé, with the publication today of *Star* (Atria Books, \$24), a novel about a buxom blonde who's...well, see aforementioned description. We interrupted Anderson in the middle of trying to dismantle her fire alarm to ask her about the life of a novelist. —Rebecca Ascher-Walsh

EW You cowrote *Star* with a ghostwriter. I've never heard of a ghostwriter on a novel.
PA Well, there are things I don't really know

about, like a beginning, a middle, and an end.
EW Why a novel?

PA Simon & Schuster said they'd do anything, and I said, "What about fiction?" And they said, "What about a roman a clef?" And I'm like, "Who's that?"

EW Were the sex scenes hard to write?

PA It was interesting. I thought, "Okay, I'm just going to write them," and I forced myself. And then I called my editor and she goes, "I think I'm the only editor in the history of publications who has to put batteries on her expense report."

EW Do you feel more exposed as a writer than as an actor?

PA I don't think I can expose myself more than I already have to the world!

THURSDAY AUGUST 5

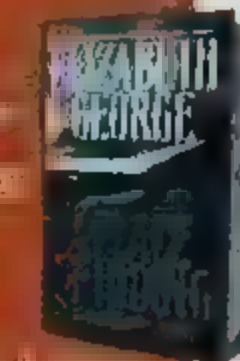
Do Some Beach Reading

PAUL KIRK'S CHAMPIONSHIP BARBECUE (The World's Common Sense, \$14.95, 1992) Your way to good times with 57 recipes—smacks melted from the world of barbecue. —Nora Miller



A PLACE OF HIDING

Elizabeth George (May 1994, 304 pages) The American and one of the best-selling authors of the last 10 years, George's novel is a mystery about a woman who is found dead in a room.



TRADING UP

Bushnell (May 1994, 304 pages) A novel about a woman who is found dead in a room.



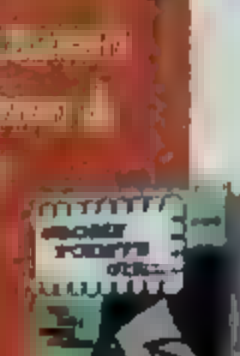
THE BRASS WALL: THE BETRAYAL OF ORDER

Cover Detective (May 1994, 304 pages) A novel about a woman who is found dead in a room.



GROSSE POINTE GIRL

Francine Prose (May 1994, 304 pages) A novel about a woman who is found dead in a room.



STAR

Pamela Anderson (Atria Books, \$24) A novel about a buxom blonde who's...well, see aforementioned description.





**MONDAY
AUGUST 9**
Catch
'Growing
Up Gotti'
at 9:30 p.m.
on A&E.
At 10 p.m.,
pick up
the phone
and call
your
mother.
Thank her
profusely.

WEDNESDAY AUGUST 11

Since You're Already in a Violent Mood...

YOU SKIPPED *THE CHRONICLES OF RIDDICK* (SEE SATURDAY'S S rule), but don't miss *The Chronicles of Riddick: Escape From Butcher Bay* (Xbox, VU Games, Mature). Vin Diesel flexed his entrepreneurial biceps by founding a videogame company to produce this shoot-'em-up, a prequel to the film. As Riddick, you're thrown in an intergalactic prison and must pull off the biggest jailbreak since *The Great Escape*. The game (unlike the movie) is a blockbuster—largely due to its gritty photo-realistic graphics, which rival any special effect that we've seen on the big screen this summer. —*Geoff Keighley*
PLUS Visit the *Amish in the City* at 8 p.m. on UPN. Or, if you're under 12, check out the Teen Choice Awards at 8 p.m. on Fox.



SUNDAY AUGUST 8 JOIN AN 'ENTOURAGE'

ADRIAN GRENIER, A.K.A. THE TEEN HOTTIE FROM *DRIVE ME Crazy*, seemed destined to be a footnote to such late-'90s heart-throbs as James Van Der Beek and Freddie Prinze Jr. Now Grenier (above, right) is a superstar—or at least acts like one—playing Vince Chase in HBO's new Hollywood spoof, *Entourage*. —*Jessica Shaw*

EW Now that you have a series, I hope you have your own entourage.
AG I guess I do. The friends I have are friends I've had since high school, and I vowed to them—you can put this in print—that I would share the wealth if I ever got to that point.
EW Anyone drop your name to score make-out sessions?
AG I'd like to think my friends are smarter than that. I know they wouldn't do it in front of me. At least I hope they wouldn't.
EW Vince name-drops a company on *Jimmy Kimmel* to score a free home entertainment center. Any product you want to mention?
AG I really want a Gibson SG. Do you think they'll hook me up?
EW If not, there's always your fat *Entourage* paycheck.
AG First, it's not very big. And it's HBO, which is notorious for being cooler and hipper and thus cheaper. I've learned that's the equation: Cooler + Hipper = Cheaper.



Tuesday August 10 WATCH THE TRAILER-HOME FIGHT SCENE IN 'KILL BILL 2' NINE OR TEN TIMES

It is, perhaps, the most badass bit of swordplay in Quentin Tarantino's glorious *Kill Bill* saga. (The Vol. 2 DVD is released today.) Uma Thurman and Daryl Hannah, locked in a mobile home with a poisonous snake, go at it with a lamp, a toilet bowl, a TV antenna, a can of tobacco spit, and, of course, Hattori Hanzo swords. —*Daniel Fierman*
Put away the DVD and watch *The Amazing Race* on CBS at 10 p.m.



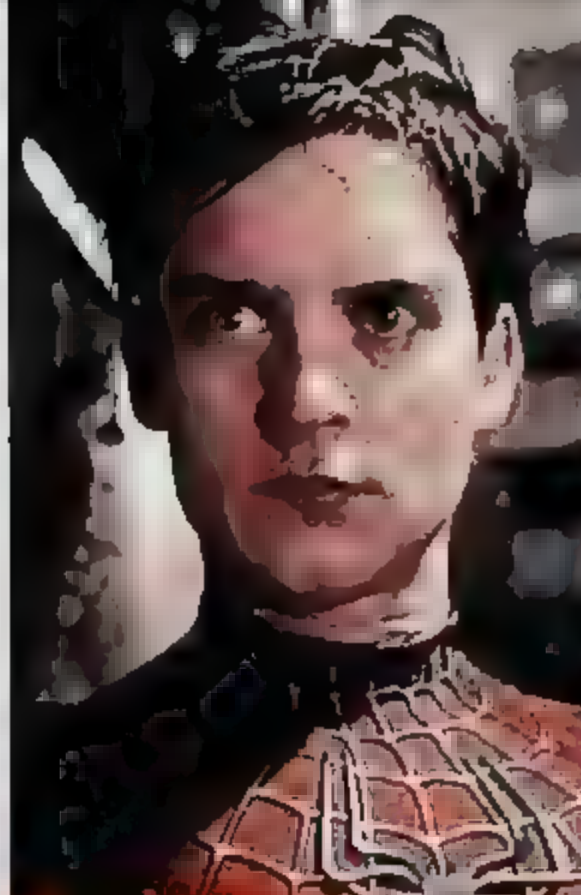
THURSDAY AUGUST 12 MAKE IT A LINDSAY LOHAN NIGHT

NO, YOU'RE NOT LOST IN A TEENAGE BOY'S HALLUCINATION. Lindsay Lohan really is everywhere: as a go-to host (*SNL*, MTV Movie Awards); a gossip column staple (She turns 18!); a singer (her Kim Carnes rasp graces the *Princess Diaries 2* soundtrack); and of course, the preeminent teen queen (our picks: *Confessions of a Teenage Drama Queen*, now on DVD, and *Mean Girls*, out Sept. 21). We asked Lohan how she's surviving the dog days. —*Nicholas Fonseca*

Screw Atkins—take up the NASCAR diet Lohan called us from L.A., where she's filming a starring role in *Herbie: Fully Loaded*, an update of the hippie-era adventure set in the world of NASCAR. She'd just zoomed through a few laps at the Richard Petty Driving Experience, a traveling race-car romp that puts inexperienced roadies on the track. (Go to 1800bepetty.com to see when it'll be near you.) "I learned that race-car drivers go around 200 times in one race, and they lose seven to eight pounds each time because it's so hot in the car." A pause. A sigh. "I didn't lose seven to eight pounds, though!"

Work yourself into a lather "I've been watching soap operas in my trailer during the day," says Lohan, whose first acting role—wayyyy back in 1996!—was as *Another World's* little Alli Fowler.

Make it a bumpy night Rent *All About Eve* and *Taxi Driver*. Lohan will exec-produce and star in a version of Lynn Messina's chick-lit novel *Fashionistas*, but what she really wants to do is remake the bitchy *Eve* with "people that I actually look up to in the industry." Like? "Juha Roberts." And maybe Jodie Foster, whose breakthrough turn in *Taxi* remains a personal favorite. "If I did that now?" she asks. "People would call me a slut and use it against me. But I'm growing up! I need to experiment and see where those kinds of roles take me."



SATURDAY AUGUST 14 Ssssee Some Ssssummer Ssssinema Notice how most of this season's best films ssstart with 'S'? Catch the 'Spider-Man' ssssequel, 'Super Size Me,' 'Saved!', or 'Shrek 2.'

SUNDAY AUGUST 15

Greece Lightning

NBC's presentation of the Tape Delay Games enters day 2 from Athens as Bob Costas & Co. attempt to add suspense to events whose outcomes have already been revealed on the Internet. (To be fair, some thrilling matches will still be aired live, like USA vs. Croatia in...water polo!) Michael Phelps (below) continues his quest to equal Mark Spitz's seven swimming gold medals. Weight lifters hoist objects the size of Hyundais. And TiVos malfunction as millions of men replay footage of the Brazilian women's beach volleyball team. —*Joshua Rich*



FRIDAY AUGUST 13 Can You Eat Ribs To This? Make A BBQ Mix CD

Franz Ferdinand *The Dark of the Matinée*
► Alicia Keys *You Don't Know My Name* (Reggae Remix)
The Killers *Somebody Told Me*
Angle Stone *I Wanna Thank Ya*
Nina Sky *Move Ya Body*
The Cure *The End of the World*
Scissor Sisters *Take Your Mama*
Kaskadee *Steppin Out*
Jadakiss *Hot Sauce to Go*
Simple Kid *Staring at the Sun*
Air *Cherry Blossom Girl*

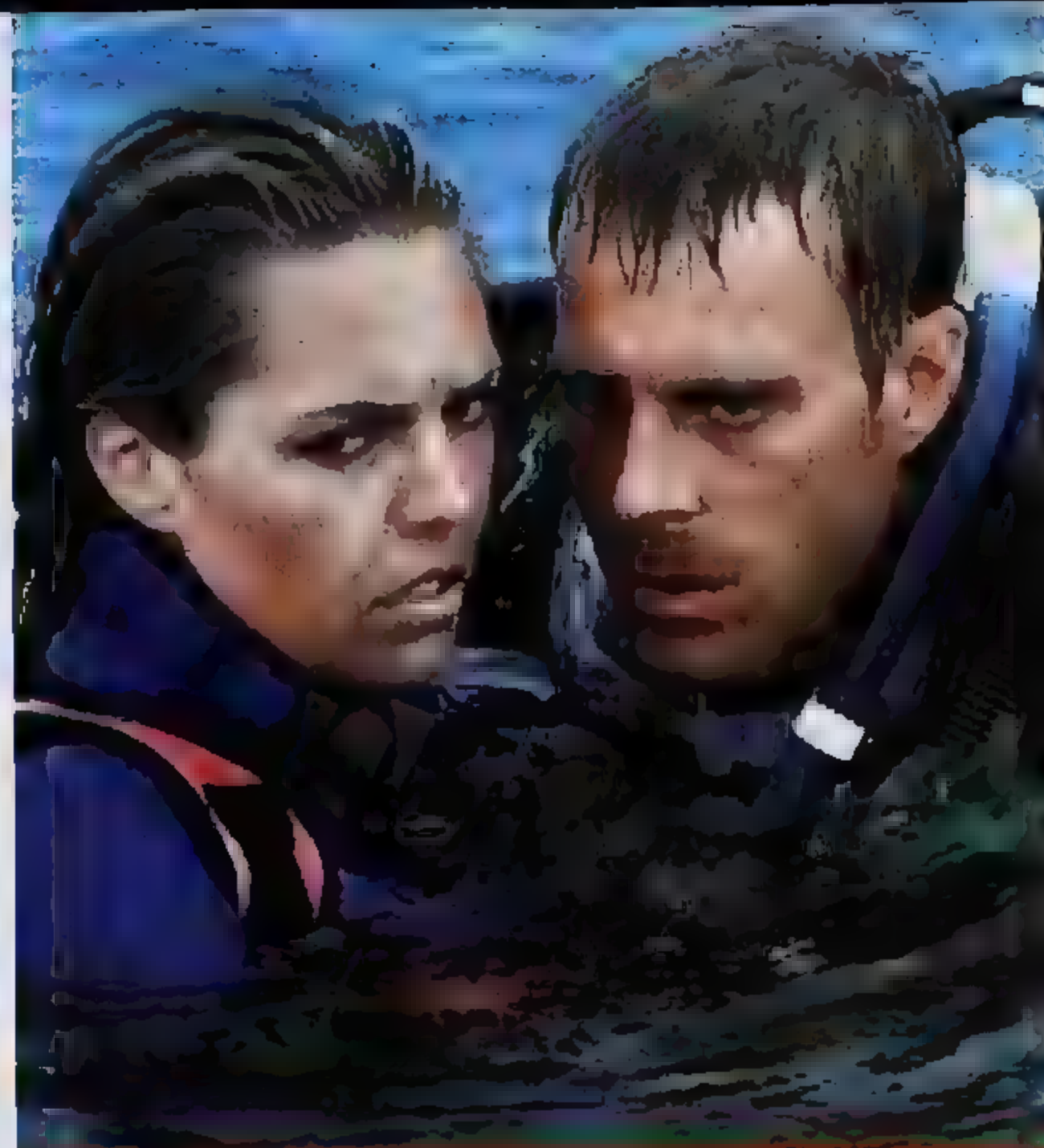


**MONDAY
AUGUST 16****Read
Something
Highbrow...**

Monk has been spilled over the exploits of Gandalf, seen and her on-wire-baking companion, Alice B. Toklas, out days with such refined sensuality as in Monique Truong's debut, **THE BOOK OF SALT** (Mariner, \$35). Imagining their epicentric partnership through the eyes of Binh, a young-day Vietnamese soul who answers an ad in a Paris paper in the 1930s, Truong threads a ready cloth of yearning and lust, transporting the reader with fever-dream intensity to places of infinite beauty and sorrow.

...and Lowbrow

in **THE BIG LOVE** (Little, Brown, \$21.95), Alison's relationship columnist at a small Philly newspaper, reevaluates when her longtime love goes out to get mustard and doesn't return. Not only did she think he was The One, but she was also using him as material for her column. Sarah Dunn moves between truth and death, making her debut light enough for the beach but heavy enough to keep you thinking on the plane ride home. —Moby, Ryan Schilling, and Jennifer Armstrong



FRIDAY AUGUST 20
Go See 'Open Water' Divers.
Sharks. And no boat. Maybe it's
time to cancel that vacation.



**Wednesday
August 18**
**CHEAT ON
OPRAH**

Sure, we love her, but who wants to wade through her summer book-club pick, Tolstoy's densely packed (albeit divine) 1877 novel *Anna Karenina*. Instead rent MGM's 1935 version starring Greta Garbo or Fox's 1948 film with Vivien Leigh; they both capture the author's tragic tale about a neglected mother who has a doomed affair with a ne'er-do-well Russian count. To do penance for Oprah, use the 438 hours you saved to watch reruns of her show. —Michelle Kung



THURSDAY AUGUST 19
**Make New
Friends**

My closest confidants are Butterbutt and Hellumholly, but I've never met them. The only light my skin receives is from the glow of my PC screen. I care deeply about uncovering the identity of the nose picker who rubbed a booger on Will's shoulder. I am a *Big Brother 5* live-feed junkie who shells out \$24.95 to keep tabs on BB's prefab IKEA house. You can find me at cbs.com. —Lynette Rice



TUESDAY AUGUST 17
Visit a Record Store

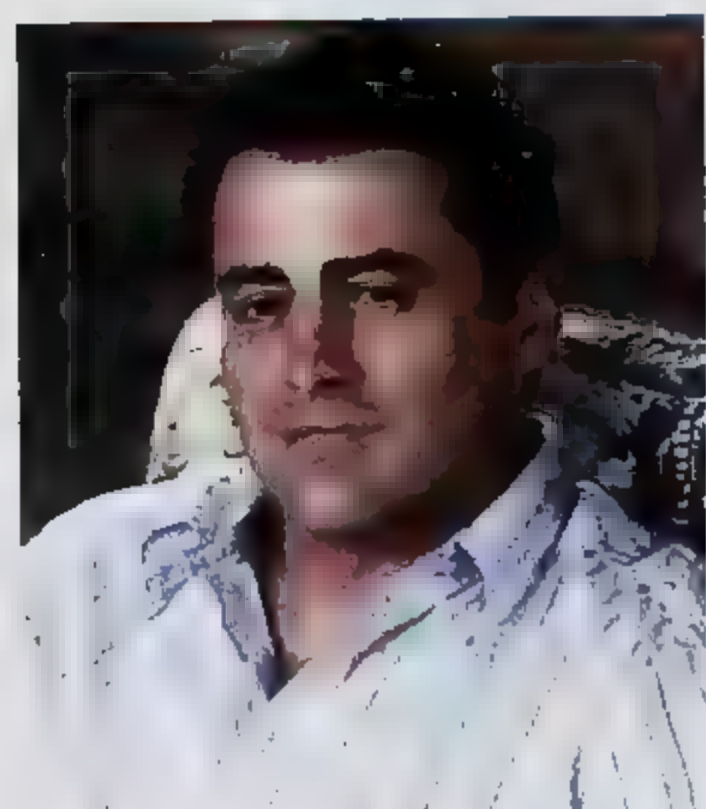
BLOCKBUSTER CDs AVOID AUGUST LIKE A RESTAURANT WITHOUT AC, so try something off the beaten path. On *Name of This Band Is Talking Heads* (1982), hear David Byrne and the gang evolve from dorky punks to a fierce art-rock band over two discs of live material recorded between 1977 and 1981. Also, try the latest from L.A. group Rilo Kiley; their wistful indie pop is the beatific sound of a late-summer sunset. —Michael Endelman
PLUS At 9 p.m., fantasize about landing a new beau (*The Player*, a multiculti take-off on *The Bachelorette*, airs on UPN) or living in *Summerland* (the season finale of The WB's hit also airs). At 10 p.m., FX's *Nip/Tuck* has separation anxiety when real-life conjoined twins Lori and Reba Schappell play conjoined twins. Um, did we mention *The Amazing Race*?

Funny how an Oreo
tends to make milk disappear.



OREO

Milk's Favorite Cookie.



**TUESDAY
AUGUST 24**

More Olympics fun!
Take a shot every time
NBC plugs *Joey*. Pass
out at 8:26 p.m.
(And three words:
The Amazing Race.)

**WEDNESDAY
AUGUST 25**

Remember those
books you bought on
August 5? Read 'em!

**THE
DEAD
ZONE**

SUNDAY

AUGUST 22

Take a Walk
In a Park
Play
Scrabble.
Change a
burned-out
lightbulb.
Or if you're
very, very,
terrifically
bored,
watch the
'Dead Zone'
finale
on USA.

SATURDAY AUGUST 21

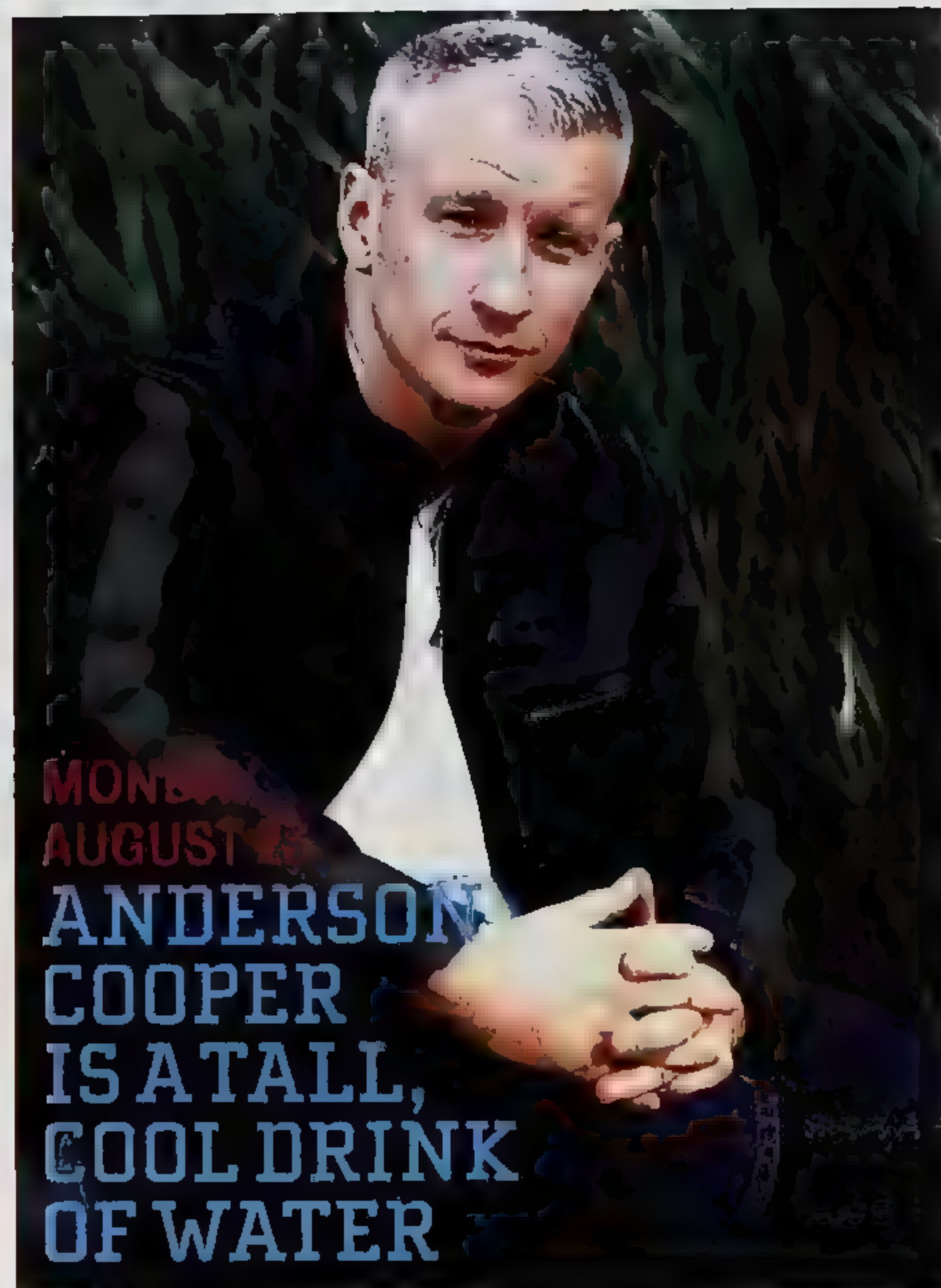
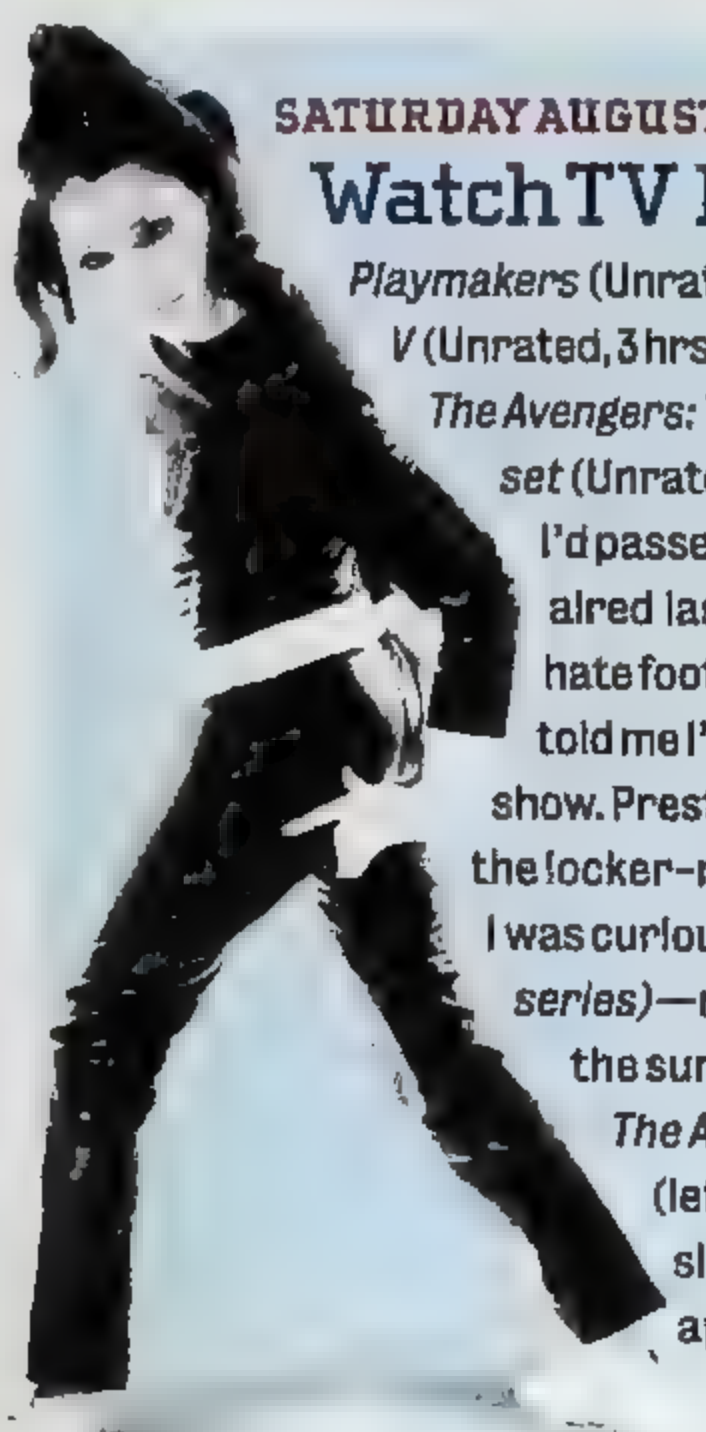
Watch TV Like Ken Tucker

Playmakers (Unrated, 8 hrs., 4 mins., 2003)

V (Unrated, 3 hrs., 18 mins., 1983)

The Avengers: The Complete Emma Peel Mega-
set (Unrated, 48 hrs., 33 mins., 1965-67)

I'd passed on the ESPN series when it
aired last year because—well, because I
hate football. But enough people I respect
told me I'd missed a good short-lived
show. Presto: I'm renting it and getting into
the locker-room hugger-mugger. Similarly,
I was curious to see *V* (*The Original TV Mini-*
series)—never watched it before. To make
the summertime even hotter, watch
The Avengers, 16 discs of Diana Rigg
(left) at her leather-clad '60s
slinkiest, containing all her
appearances on the cool spy show.



**MONDAY
AUGUST 23
ANDERSON
COOPER
IS A TALL,
COOL DRINK
OF WATER**

ANDERSON COOPER HAS AN URGENT TENOR VOICE AND SALT-AND-
pepper hair begging to be mussed. He also puts on a terrific, in-
sightful news program—*Anderson Cooper 360°*, weekdays at 7
p.m. on CNN—dotted with an occasional *Simpsons* reference. Here's the
37-year-old ("I'm clinging to that") and ex-*Jeopardy!* champ ("I'm going
to take Ken Jennings") on war, HBO, and this headline. —Henry Goldblatt

EW What's the most compelling news story out there right now?

AC Iraq is a really compelling story. I was just over there.... It's easy to
get caught up in the bombings in the headlines and not focus on the
bigger picture of how it's going overall. I left more optimistic than I had
been going into it based on what I had seen on television.

EW What's the most compelling story about you right now?

AC I've got nothing. The biggest thing in my life was that I got a haircut
that was too tight on the sides. In my world, that's massive.

EW What's keeping you occupied in August?

AC It's pathetic how much of my life is centered on HBO. I haven't
gotten into *Entourage* yet, but I'm still into *Six Feet Under*. I also get
obsessed with weird little things: *Primer Impacto* on Univision puts the
ab in tabloid. The lead story is whatever gruesome video they happen to
have. One day it was a horse hit on the side of a road in Peru.

EW Sex symbol: gift or burden?

AC Are those the only two choices?... I'm glad there's a fetish group for
those who like skinny, gray-haired people in their late 30s.

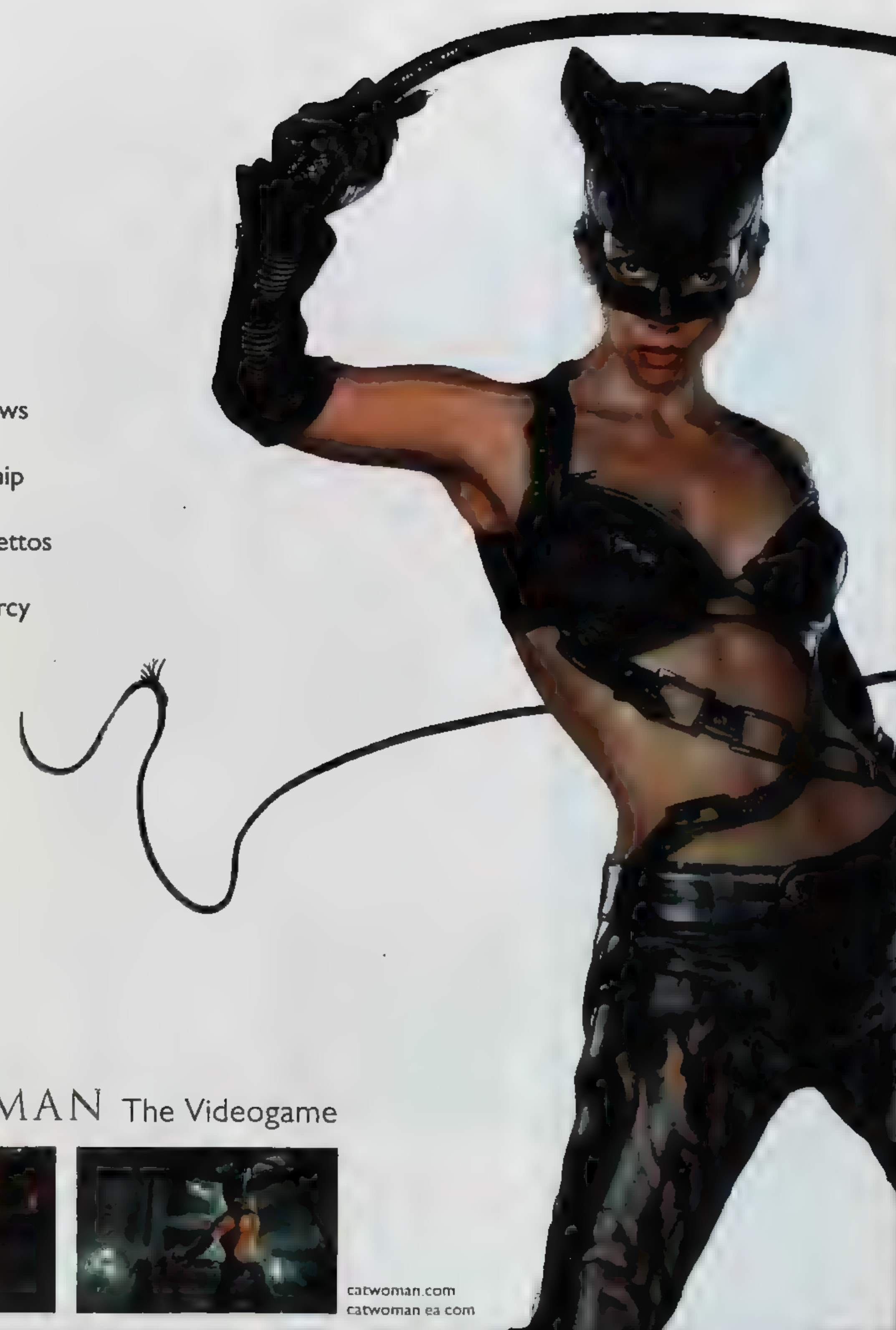
EW What do you make of descriptions like "Anderson Cooper is a tall,
cool drink of water"?

AC I don't see headlines. I don't read about myself.

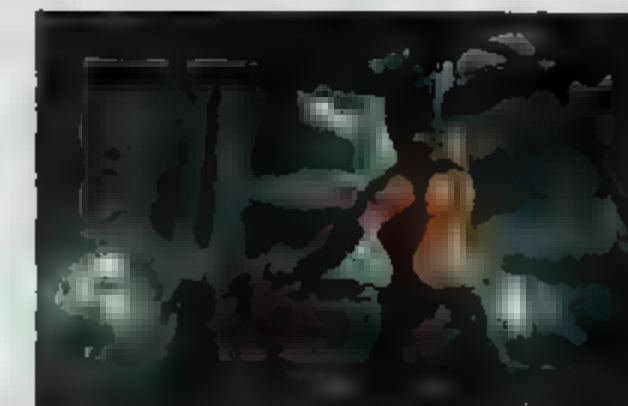
EW Will you read this?

AC Probably not.

- ☒ Claws
- ☒ Whip
- ☒ Stilettos
- ☐ Mercy



CATWOMAN The Videogame



catwoman.com
catwoman.ea.com

Unleash her feline fury on anyone who crosses her path. This cat's not just out for the night. She's out for revenge.



Violence
Mild Language

GAME BOY ADVANCE

PlayStation 2



Challenge Everything



THINGS TO DO IN AUGUST



SUNDAY AUGUST 29 WATCH MTV'S VIDEO MUSIC AWARDS

WHERE Miami's American Airlines Arena

WHY Because for the first time in its 23-year history, the irreverent, celeb-heavy spectacle will be taking place somewhere other than New York or L.A. "With the Republican National Convention in New York, we looked at Los Angeles, Memphis, Atlanta," says exec producer Sallie Frattini. "Miami is always sizzling and very much in line with what viewers want to see."

WHAT To be announced.

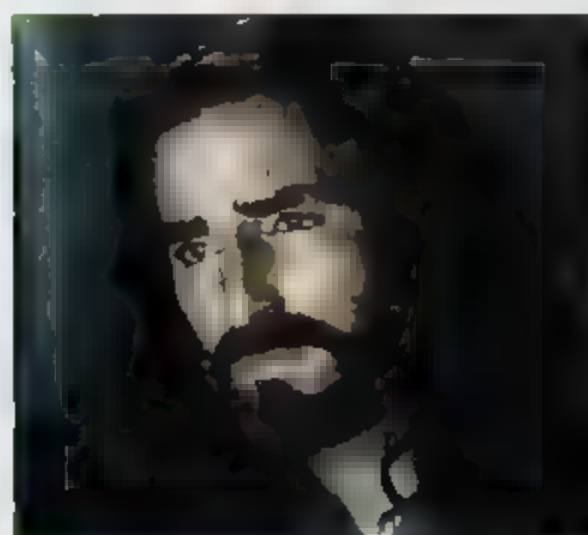
WHO Usher, Kanye West, Hoobastank, Jet

WHAT In keeping with the tropical theme, MTV will build a four-and-a-half-acre park of "greens and trees" that will serve as the red-carpet area. Stars will access the VIP line via yacht, boat, and seajet. Says Frattini: "It'll start along the waterways of Miami and we'll have crew in the water." Note to stylists: Make sure your clients' outfits aren't see-through when wet. —Clarissa Cruz



THURSDAY AUGUST 26 Surf Datalounge.com

IT'S THE IDEAL OF THE INTERNET "COMMUNITY"—A CHAT OVER THE back fence with your neighbor. That is, if your neighbor is the funniest, bitchiest, most opinionated, gayest guy in the hood. For those of us hooked on the Data Lounge's gossip message board, the lure isn't only the variety of topics, which range from "What kind of underwear is Jake Gyllenhaal wearing?" to "Has anyone here changed their name to something really pretentious?" (posted by someone who, brilliantly, calls himself Kyan), or the prattle about politics, sex, and health, or more fantasy about the private lives of Elijah Wood and Mariska Hargitay than is healthy or sane. It's the responses, full of verve and venom, that keep us coming back. (Even an aggrieved whine about the lack of free soda refills in restaurants can yield 800 scathing replies.) Warning: Heterosexuals, Republicans, and the humor-impaired may want to lurk before they leap. Like most DL posters, we'll sign this... —Anonymous



TUESDAY AUGUST 31 In a divine coincidence, *The Passion of the Christ* and season 1 of *Touched by an Angel* are released on DVD.... By the way, there's this show called *The Amazing Race*.

MONDAY AUGUST 30 More Openings

Jane Pauley's talk show premieres with the biggest launch ever. Somewhere Rolonda Watts and Gordon Elliott wonder where it went wrong.... Hottles Maria Sharapova and Andy Roddick equal tennis fun for everyone in the U.S. Open on the USA Network.... And *The Complex: Malibu* (think *Melrose Place* meets *Trading Spaces*) premieres on Fox at 8 p.m.



FRIDAY AUGUST 27 Do Something You're Ashamed Of Buy 'Saved by the Bell: the College Years' on DVD.

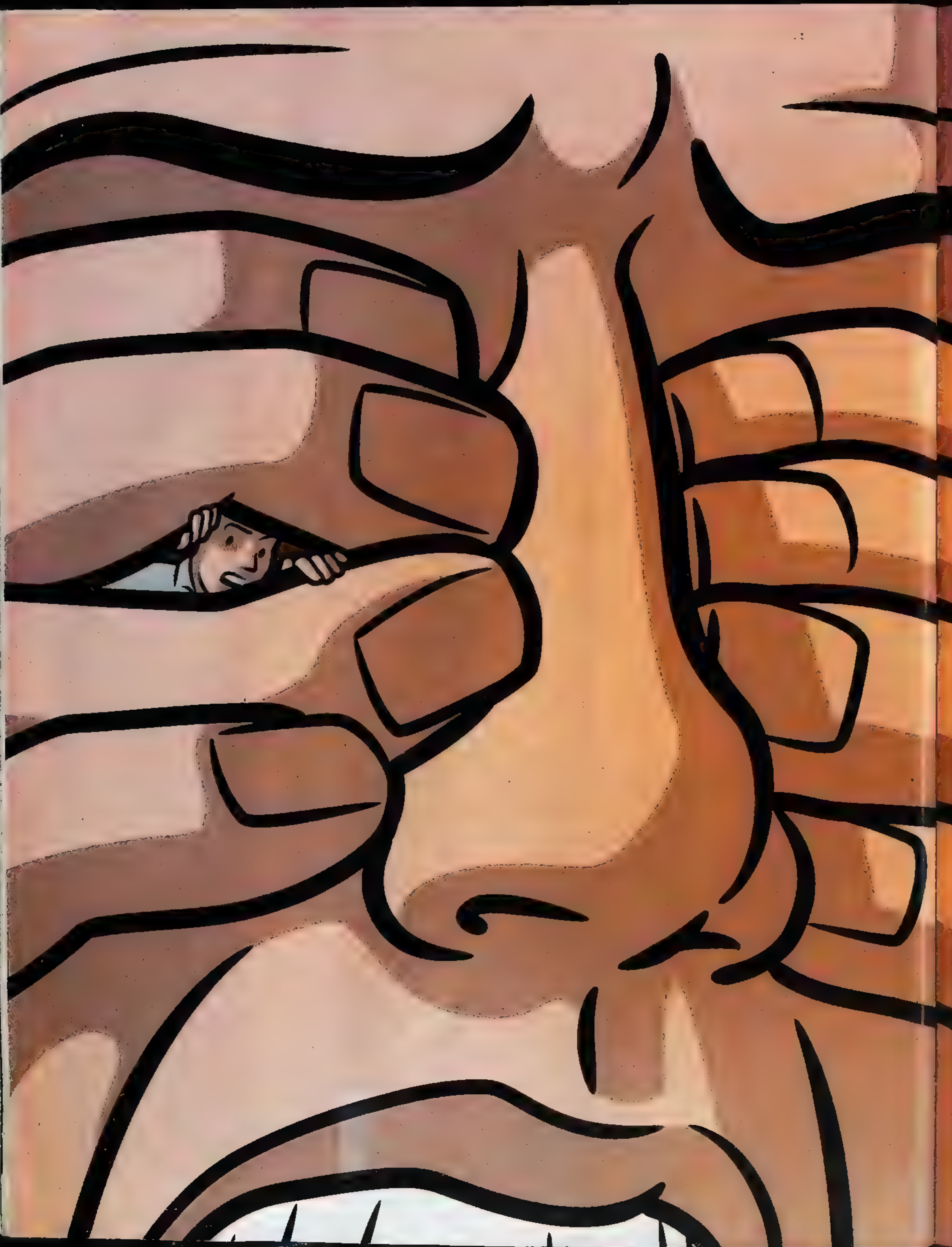


SATURDAY AUGUST 28 Do Something You're Proud Of Get money advice from Suze Orman at 9 p.m. on CNBC. Use the dough you saved to replace the TV you kicked in out of frustration.

Smirnoff Watermelon Martini
1.5 oz. Smirnoff Watermelon Twist™ Vodka
Splash of Cranberry
Splash of Sour Mix
Shake and strain into a chilled martini glass
Garnish with a sliver of watermelon



Drink responsibly
1.5 oz. per serving



[SPECIAL REPORT] Six months after Janet Jackson's fleshdance, the battle over prime-time indecency is about to explode. The FCC is issuing record fines and seeking to expand its authority. Are the networks scared? Not if you look at a fall lineup that features severed heads and kids with sex toys. [BY JAY WOODRUFF]

SEE NO EVIL?

IT'S NOT EASY TO SHOCK TINA FEY. AS *SATURDAY Night Live's* head writer and "Weekend Update" anchor, she's an expert at walking the tightrope between audience and censors. Yet Fey was stunned when, searching the Internet for lyrics to a Richard Rodgers song from *South Pacific*, that sunny musical from the good old days, she logged onto iTunes to find that the title she was seeking had been edited to read "C--k-eyed Optimist." • "I thought it was kind of funny," Fey says. "Right now there's this overarching caution



Everwood's
Berlanti;
Bozell (inset)



over the previous 10 years combined. Meanwhile, Congress is fine-tuning legislation that could increase the FCC's fining power to as much as \$3 million per incident.

Now, after several months of relative silence, broadcasters are beginning to push back. Viacom copresident and co-CEO Les Moonves recently threw down the gauntlet while

about anything that might be construed as even remotely offensive."

No kidding. Welcome to the United States of Hysteria, where post-war trope-malfunction censors have been flagging everything from a glimpse of an 80-year-old patient's breast on *ER* to such decades-old hit songs as Elton John's "The Bitch Is Back" to words like *damn* and *urnate* on Rush Limbaugh's syndicated radio show. It's a wonder CBS didn't feel compelled to edit the title of its May-sweeps special to *The D-k Van D--e Show Revisited*.

It may come to that, as both sides of the culture wars fire the latest salvos in a conflict that is unlikely to yield a "Mission Accomplished" banner any time soon. So far this year, the Federal Communications Commission has issued over \$2.5 million in fines against broadcasters who've violated its decency standards—according to the Center for Public Integrity, that's more than the proposed fines

A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE CULTURE WARS



399 B.C.

Socrates is condemned for corrupting the youth of Athens by teaching individuality. Drinks hemlock. No wonder his pupil Plato would later advocate censorship.



1534

Martin Luther translates the Old Testament into German for common folk. The Bible stays on the best-seller lists for the next 470 years.



1541

Michelangelo unveils nude figures on Sistine Chapel fresco; Pope Pius IV later has loincloths drawn over the dangly bits.

U.S. Bill of Rights secures freedom of speech, religion, and the press—though nine years later, the Alien and Sedition Acts threaten imprisonment for improper political speech.

1789



1863

Edouard Manet's nude painting *Le Déjeuner sur l'Herbe* (like 1865's *Olympia*) scandalizes Paris society. Such prudes, those French!

D.W. Griffith's pro-KKK film *The Birth of a Nation* debuts, becoming the most frequently banned in history (at least until 2001's *Freddy Got Fingered*).

1915



1934

The Production Code is established to protect filmgoers from such obscenities as cow udders and childbirth.

Sen. Joe McCarthy's anti-Commie crusade begins, leading to House hearings to out Reds in Hollywood. Hundreds are blacklisted.

1950



Down the Tube



SOME OF THIS FALL'S NEW PRIME-TIME SHOWS MAY raise the eyebrows of culture warriors:

Commando Nanny (THE WB) A twentysomething guy becomes a nanny, fending off the flirty advances of the oldest teenage daughter.

Desperate Housewives (ABC) A frustrated housewife sleeps with her teenage gardener.

Hawaii (NBC) In the pilot for this 8 p.m. show, island cops tracking a serial killer find four rotting severed heads in a duffle bag and a fresh one in a kitchen sink.

Joey (NBC) The *Friends* spin-off pumps up breast-implant jokes about Drea de Matteo's Gina Tribbiani, a single mom who got pregnant in high school.

Lost (ABC) The pilot—likely to be toned down before airing—kicks off with a vividly violent plane crash on a remote beach. One bloody survivor staggers too close to the engine and is sucked in; another snorts drugs.

Veronica Mars (UPN) High schooler Veronica snaps photos of adulterers outside motels while moonlighting for her PI dad—and has a flashback of being drugged and sexually assaulted at a party.

stash of catnip while cleaning—sure to attract many young eyeballs at 9 p.m., though perhaps not as many as it would have had NBC Universal TV president Jeff Zucker decided to schedule it at 8 p.m. And on The WB's *7th Heaven*, long embraced by cultural conservatives as an oasis of old-fashioned virtues, college-age Simon will become the first Camden kid to just say yes to premarital sex.

Heading into the homestretch of a particularly divisive presidential campaign, Hollywood and Washington are set on a collision course. As one famous former TV pitchman (and President) might have said, "Here we go again."

BRENT BOZELL IS FIGHTING TO defend the innocence of American children. A 49-year-old father of five, Bozell is the founder of the Media Research Center, one of the groups that lobbied CBS to pull *The Reagans* from its November sweeps schedule; he also heads the Parents Television Council, which used grassroots strategies to put a bullet in what would have been the fourth televised Victoria's Secret jigglefest and is now targeting FX's *The Shield* and *Nip/Tuck*.

"There is this thing called innocence," Bozell says, "which a 10-year-old has, a 12-year-old has, a 15-year-old has. Even an 18-year-old. Wouldn't it be wonderful if Hollywood insulated them from the wretchedness of adulthood and let them relish their glorious innocence? Instead, Hollywood does just the opposite, using smashmouth, in-your-face messages that oftentimes kids can't even comprehend."

Bozell has never tried to hide his political orientation. A nephew of William F. Buckley Jr., he was the national finance chairman for

Hollywood can drag society into the cultural gutter, so too can it take society out of that gutter, if it wanted to."

No doubt some philistine wandered the streets of Athens muttering similar words after seeing the first performance of *Oedipus Rex*. Yet, in fairness to Bozell and others who share his low opinion of much of contemporary entertainment, Athenian audiences (presumably *adult* audiences) had to walk to their local amphiplex to

experience Oedipus' tale of incest and self-mutilation. "Parents shouldn't have to stand over the TV set with a shotgun defending their families from it," says Bozell. "It's the other way around. You're an invited guest in that living room. Behave like an invited guest, especially when you're using the public airwaves. It's a federal law that you have to, or you lose your rights to those airwaves."

That's the theory, anyway. But the FCC's definition of indecency is notoriously vague, and historically its enforcement has been, at best, capricious: In 70 years, the agency has yet to revoke a single broadcast license on the grounds of indecency. Nevertheless, some members of Congress, such as Sen. John Breaux (D-La.) and Rep. Joe Barton (R-Tex.), would like to do a lot more than just up the dollar amount of indecency fines. They want to extend the FCC's purview beyond the traditionally defined public airwaves of broadcasting, and rope in cable and satellite TV as well. "Eighty-five percent of homes get their television signals from cable or satellite," says FCC commissioner Michael Copps. "Most viewers, particularly children, don't recognize the difference as they flip channels between broadcast stations and cable channels."

When Washington rhetoric suggests that even premium channels like HBO deserve FCC scrutiny (as Breaux implied during Senate hearings in February), cable execs begin to sound like they're seeing the apocalyptic climax of *The Day After Tomorrow*. Says Showtime CEO Matt Blank: "It's not rational to tell somebody who knows exactly what Showtime is, and has been paying for Showtime, that you come under certain restrictions. You've got gigantic



Bill Maher

[HOST OF HBO'S 'REAL TIME']

In 1983 I said "sucks" on 'The Tonight Show.' The phrase was "The airport sucks." After I got off the stage, everyone was ashen-faced. They were all like, "You can't say 'sucks' on TV." Three days later, Johnny said it. I had stupidly, naively tested the waters and the dam didn't break. Nobody called, the world didn't come to an end.

First Amendment and constitutional issues there. It's just not logical. Showtime's community is not the 50 states that we serve. Our community is the 14 million homes that subscribe to us. And that's about as clear a definition as you could have of community, because these are people who choose to be part of that community."

The FCC doesn't even actually monitor the airwaves—"You'd need a building bigger than the Pentagon to monitor everything that's on TV," says Bozell—but instead responds to complaints from viewers via letter, phone, and e-mail, which means a lone retiree in Florida can make life miserable for a network. And the number of complaints to the FCC about TV and radio broadcasts has skyrocketed from 111 in 2000 to 240,342 in 2003 (this year's Super Bowl show generated more than half a million).

"It's funny how many complaints we get from people who clearly aren't subscribers," says Blank, whose channel recently acquired rights to Michael Moore's *Fahrenheit 9/11*. "I don't think consumers really want censorship. They want to be protected from things that they don't expect to see on TV, and frankly, that the people who put things on TV didn't expect to see."

and younger daughter to the small snowcapped community that his wife once adored. The show includes a cast of fully realized, quirky characters, focuses on loving families, celebrates loyalty among friends and decency among neighbors, and features gentle pacing that's closer to *The Waltons* than *NYPD Blue*.

And yet the show is hardly a PTC favorite. In fact, when it debuted in the time slot following perennial PTC fave *7th Heaven*, Bozell's group singled it out as the absolute worst network-TV program on prime time that week. While the PTC has since applauded the show's complete lack of gratuitous violence, it has continued to issue warnings to parents who might feel offended by content that touches on such subjects as nonmarital sex and abortion.

Berlanti grew up Catholic in Rye, N.Y. "We were Italians in a town of WASPs," he says over lunch at the Warner Bros. commissary. "Economically, we weren't doing as well as 90 percent of the people in the community. I worked in a men's clothing store and the video store and a gift shop. I was a gay kid isolated in a small conservative town."

Berlanti, 32, looks like an undergrad who just rolled out of bed—tousled brown hair, face unshaven, the faux-slacker getup of faded striped polo shirt, frayed white jeans, and sneakers. He studied playwriting at Northwestern and didn't come out until he was 23 and living in L.A. One of his spec scripts caught the eye of *Dawson's Creek* creator Kevin Williamson, landing Berlanti a writing gig on The WB's then-flagging teen drama. Berlanti eventually became the show runner, acquiring a taste for quiet, thoughtful, issues-driven story lines—and antagonizing TV's



Chuck D

[PUBLIC ENEMY RAPPER]

No one should be able to check out Howard Stern until they're over 16 years old. I mean, for real. The assumption that children can handle anything is made by people who don't have kids or don't give a damn about them. I don't want the government controlling what I can say, but I know my boundaries.

decency patrol. He supervised the story arc that brought one of the show's characters out of the closet, culminating in prime time's first romantic gay kiss between male teens. The episode generated headlines and prompted rebukes from the PTC (which frequently lumps homosexuality, oral sex, pornography, and masturbation in with various other so-called "kinky practices" its analysts tabulate during prime time).

Berlanti's not sure what effect current sensitivities might have on his creative parameters moving forward. "I don't know if I would be able to get away with [Everwood's] abortion episode this year," Berlanti says. "Some of the stuff got in under the wire of all this scrutiny." While the FCC worries him, he's even more concerned about putting himself at a competitive disadvantage to reality shows or cable. "I don't want to be the show that feels a generation old. I want to be the show that feels like it's on the verge of the next generation."

Jordan Levin, former CEO of The WB, has seen a chilling effect. "Because indecency laws are so ill-defined, there's a paranoia that has crept into the creative process about simply doing story lines that deal with sexuality or drug use or abortion," he says. "The

creative talent fears that because they may question a conservative agenda, they may become punished as a result."

BUT PUNISHED BY WHOM? NETWORK EXECUTIVES CLAIM to be wary of the FCC, but in fact corporations have also been laying down the law. In June, the FCC fined Clear Channel \$1.75 million, but it was Clear Channel that then fired

The devil's music made them do it: Florida police instruct Elvis Presley to stand still while he performs; in '57, ABC drops Alan Freed's *The Big Beat* after Frankie Lyman dances with a white girl.



1955

1964

Louis Malle's film *The Lovers* leads Supreme Court Justice Potter Stewart to declare of obscenity: "I know it when I see it." Which suggests it's possible he looked frequently.

Elizabeth Taylor shocks moviegoers by saying "goddamn" and "bugger" in *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*



1966



1972

Maude chooses abortion; George Carlin records seven dirty words you can't say on air (but we can't reveal 'em).

Charles Rocket is fired after saying the F-word during a *Saturday Night Live* broadcast. Great career move, Chuck!

1981



1991

Wal-Mart refuses to sell "adult" material. Except guns and ammunition.

Candidate Bill Clinton likens rapper Sister Souljah to former Klansman David Duke; Madonna publishes *Sex*. Chief complaint: the graphic photo book's shabby binding.

1992



1993

NYPD Blue is a hit despite 57 ABC affiliates' refusal to air the nudity-laced debut. Somehow, Dennis Franz becomes a sex symbol.

Howard Stern—resulting in dueling lawsuits by the King of All Cash Cows and Clear Channel. (Infinity Broadcasting later expanded its syndication of Stern's show to include most of the markets where Clear Channel had carried him.) Ted Koppel announced plans to honor the American dead in Iraq by reading their names, and Sinclair Broadcast Group preempted *Nightline* on its eight ABC affiliates. Concerned about provoking the NFL and thereby complicating future negotiations over broadcast rights, ESPN dropped its gritty pro football drama *Playmakers* and blocked the producers from shopping the show elsewhere.

The FCC is sworn to uphold the public interest, and the First Amendment places powerful limits on how far the FCC can go. Corporations are sworn to uphold shareholder interest, yet there's no protection against the self-censorship that can occur in the interest of avoiding costly controversy. "You can't blame a corporation for wanting to maximize profits," says documentary filmmaker R.J. Cutler (*The War Room*, *American Candidate*). "That's what corporations do. They are not moral entities. They are like sharks. But you do want to shake your fists and stomp your feet and create a lot of noise when a society that is defined by freedom of the press and freedom of expression, when those things are handed over to a small number of gigantic multinational corporations who are going to reduce those freedoms to their own corporate interests."

But Jeff Bewkes, chairman of the entertainment and networks group at Time Warner (EW's parent company), dismisses the argument that media consolidation is stifling free expression: "There's



Dennis Miller

[HOST OF CNBC SHOW]

People, by and large, are willing to accept that TV is a pretty racy place now. I think you gotta pick out three things a year where you can unequivocally say to parents, "Don't worry, you can watch this with your kid." If Howard [Stern]'s allowed to do [his] things, we should be able to watch a Super Bowl without seeing a breast.

a lot more diversity at all levels—more points of view and more representation of different lifestyles and cultures than there ever was 20 or 30 years ago." As for corporate censorship, Bewkes argues that most decisions about programming are more akin to editing than censorship: Executives decide what works for their audience in much the same way magazine editors decide whether to run an article.

"Ultimately the market is a very good censor," says Showtime's Blank. "We know when people don't like things; we know when they like things."

BUT MARKETS CAN BE TRICKY beasts, hard to read, and subject to change. And while Brent Bozell dreams of turning back the clock to a Norman Rockwell world that never actually existed, even some Hollywood conservatives think such fantasies are a waste of time. "The '50s aren't coming back," says screenwriter and director Lionel Chetwynd (*DC 9/11*, *Ike*). "The sense of social rectitude and moral propriety, that ain't coming back. That's done. What we're talking about now is what is going to be the permissible level of indecency."

Still, something is definitely going on. Twenty years ago, *Sixteen Candles* was a teen box office hit. Practically the first words out of Molly Ringwald's mouth were "I can't believe this. They f---ing forgot my birthday." The movie, which also featured nudity and an extended joke about date rape, was rated PG. These days it would probably earn an R. Chetwynd, citing the success of Mel Gibson's *The Passion of the Christ* and the *Left Behind* apocalyptic thrillers, as well as the outcry over Janet's stunt, believes we're witnessing the emergence of a new

mainstream, a "radical middle" that's pushing popular culture to the right.

Maybe. But is this the same mainstream that's embraced *Queer Eye for the Straight Guy* and turned *The Sopranos* and *Will & Grace* into hits? That's enabled *Fear Factor* and *Survivor* to become two of the most popular shows among children ages 2 to 11? The same mainstream that patronizes Hooters and feeds the multibillion-dollar-per-year porn industry? What, exactly, is the mainstream? The mass of people poised between the loudmouths on either end of the spectrum? (The conservative side certainly doesn't have the market cornered on hysteria: It's the PC crowd that typically aims to get Mark Twain banned from student libraries and claimed Mel Gibson's passion play would drive rednecks into a frenzy of cross burnings. The score of that contest? Rednecks, zero; Mel, 600 million.) The whole notion of "the mainstream" is pure rhetoric, an abstraction, a huge metaphorical catchall for that broad swath of activities and beliefs most of us manage to enjoy without getting ourselves arrested.

Brent Bozell believes it's important to protect children. Greg Berlanti believes it's even more important to communicate with them. The space between those two beliefs is the battleground for



Dr. Laura Schlessinger

[HOST OF RADIO TALK SHOW]

When I was a kid, everything on TV was ultimately a morality play. Even 'All in the Family.' Even humor adhered to certain standards.

the culture wars now being waged in Hollywood, Washington, and our living rooms. And neither side seems inclined to give much ground.

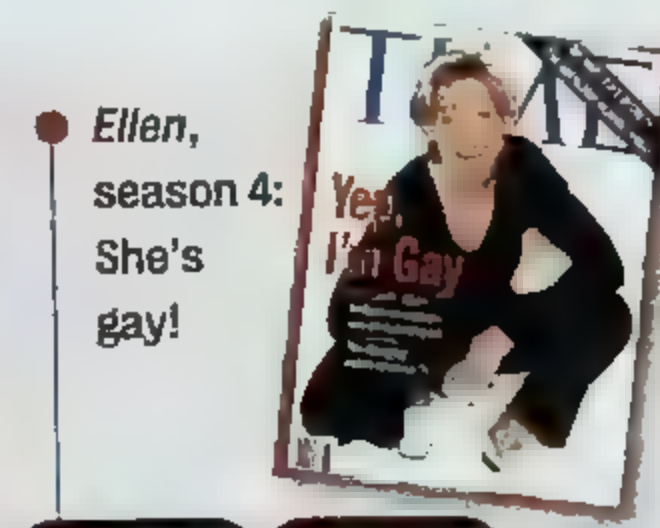
While Bozell continues to agitate for a more activist FCC, artists like Berlanti continue to nudge at the boundaries of expression, just as artists always have. And network execs, increasingly desperate to stanch the flow of viewers heading to cable, continue to test the tolerance of regulators by airing these edgy story lines during prime time. This fall, Berlanti will launch a new WB show, *Jack & Bobby*, a faux documentary about a future U.S. president being raised in the present by a single mom who spends a good deal of her time sequestered in her den, smoking dope. And as the folks at the PTC boot up their laptops to protest, here's something else for them to consider: Berlanti has also written an episode of

Everwood in which fifth grader Delia stumbles upon single-mom neighbor Nina's vibrator. Dr. Andy tells his young daughter it's just a foot massager. Will anyone really be surprised if a more vigilant FCC doesn't buy that explanation? ■ (Additional reporting by Jennifer Armstrong, Liane Bonin, Raymond Fiore, Sean O'Heir, Lynette Rice, Missy Schwartz, Allison Hope Weiner, Alynda Wheat)



1995

Two Oklahoma teens go on a murderous spree after repeatedly viewing *Natural Born Killers*, prompting a (failed) lawsuit against Oliver Stone.



Ellen, season 4: She's gay!

1997



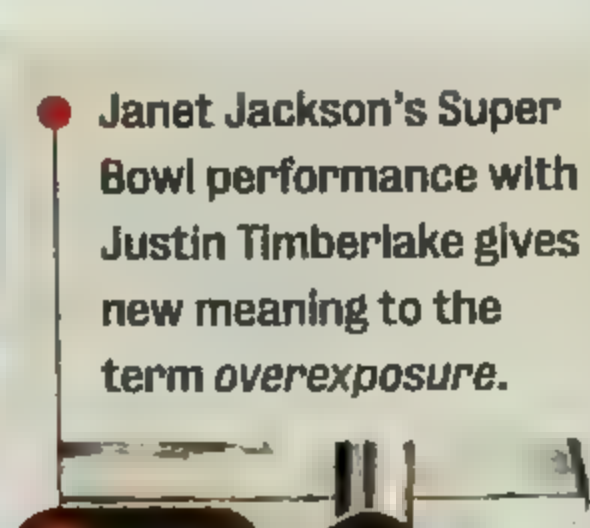
Ellen, season 5: She's canceled!

1998



1999

V-chip, promoted by then Vice President Al Gore, debuts, allowing parents to limit their children's consumption of sensitive TV material. It remains in limited use. As does Al Gore.

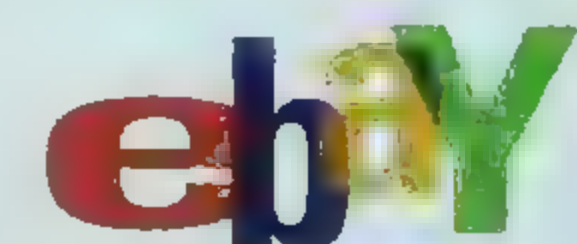


2004

Janet Jackson's Super Bowl performance with Justin Timberlake gives new meaning to the term *overexposure*.



Rewind. Fashion-forward.
Whatever it is you're looking for, do it eBay.

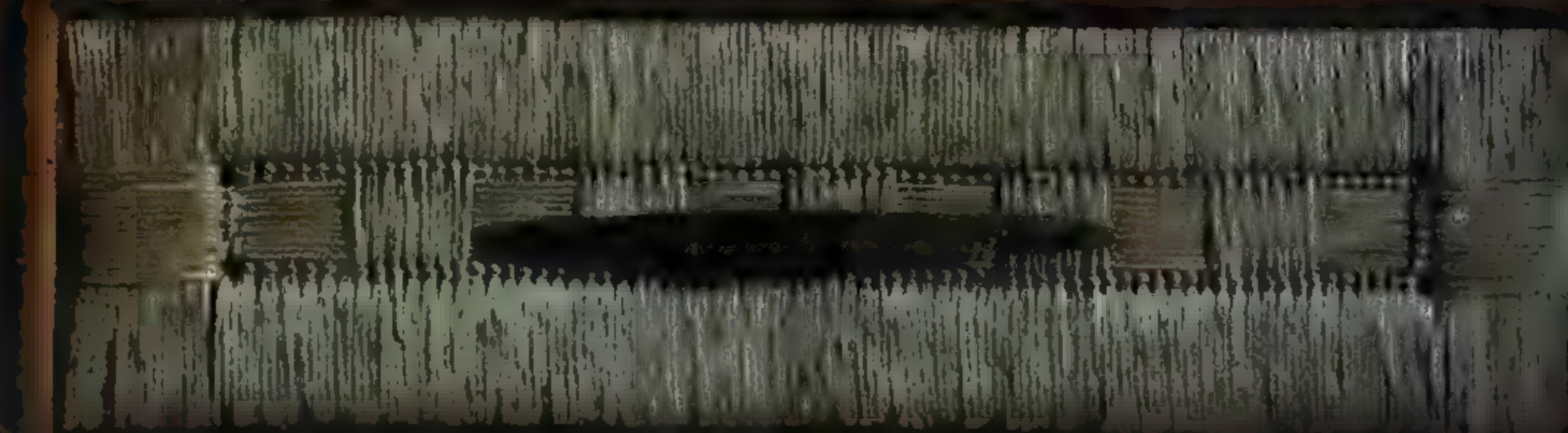


BEHIND THE PUNDITS

"GAP TOOTH!" PAUL SCHEER GETS THAT ONE A lot. It's screamed affectionately in public parks, from moving automobiles, on the sidewalk, in the subway. In the past few months, Scheer, 28, an intermittently starring actor-comedian-writer from New York City, has become someone people feel comfortable accosting. He's a star...of sorts. He gets fan mail and amorous instant messages from strangers. Even Ashlee Simpson joked that he should "call me—I'm legal!" Perhaps you see his picture on the facing page and sense that you know him. Maybe from college. Maybe from work. Or maybe, just maybe, from those endless hours spent plopped in front of VH1, listlessly absorbing instant nostalgia for the events of the previous seven days. Which brings us to the other thing people regularly shout at Scheer: "Best Week Ever!"

EVERYONE'S
TALKING
ABOUT
THE WITTY
QUIPSTERS
WHO FUEL
VH1 SHOWS
LIKE *BEST
WEEK EVER*.
SO WHO
ARE THESE
PEOPLE?

BY SCOTT BROWN



On clip-and-panel shows like *A2Z*, *I Love the* [insert recent decade], and *Best Week Ever*, VH1 has demonstrated a commitment to using every part of the pop-culture buffalo. In the process, the network has reaped a summer-ratings bonanza: The premiere of *I Love the 90s*, for example, drew 1.2 million viewers. But more importantly, it's spawned a new class of media being, fast displacing Bug Eaters and Doofus Woosers in the pantheon of TV meta fame. They are the Droll Hipster Pundits (DHPs), those snarky, increasingly prominent nobodies who now infest your TV set. "I'm always surprised when people recognize me," says Scheer, who just a year ago paid his rent by distributing CompuServe promo CDs on Rollerblades. "One girl ran down the street to get my autograph, and I told her, 'It's not worth it. There are millions of people more famous than I am.'"

Well, sure. Consider *Queer as Folk* star Hal Sparks and *Daily Show* alum Mo Rocca, both of whom are better known in some circles for their quip parades on *I Love the...* than for their primary careers. And the ubiquitous Michael Ian Black (*Ed*, *Spy TV*, *The State*) acknowledges that he's more or less identified with VH1 programming, "for good or for ill—probably for ill." Rubbing elbows with these C-listers are a fast-rising batch of Z-listers, a pool of unknowns scoring ever-growing amounts of airtime: Jessi Klein, Christian Finnegan, Chuck Nice, Michael Colton, and John Aboud, to name just a few. Household names? Hardly. Household faces? Getting there.

This latter group is drawn, in large part, from an incestuous underground comic scene that performs for the New York City comedy cognoscenti in grungy downtown venues. They are not, in other words, your typical cable commentators. "They seem like real people," says VH1 talent-development manager Jim Kozloff, who deplors the glossy products of the traditional casting machine. For years, Kozloff has sought out quirkier, scruffier talent in less traditional spots like New York's Upright Citizens Brigade Theatre—where Scheer regularly performs with other improv comedians you'd recognize from VH1. (The network's new series *A2Z*, for example, depends almost entirely on UCB folk.)

TALK STARS

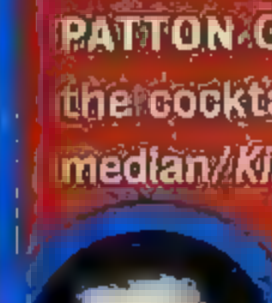
THREE YOU MIGHT KNOW



MICHAEL IAN BLACK This ex-*Ed* actor is head talking head: "I'm in the A list of C-listers." **BEST LINE EVER** "Gay? George Michael? Not the frontman for Wham! Surely you jest!"



HAL SPARKS Stars in *Queer as Folk*; claims he can order a turkey burger in Wooklee ("Aagh Unghungh!"). **BEST LINE EVER** "[Madonna] wore underwear outside her clothes, like someone who'd been struck by lightning."



PATTON OSWALT "I'm like the king of the cocktail parties now," says the comedian/King of Queens actor of his pundit success. **BEST LINE EVER** On Jermaine Jackson's son Jermaine: "Why not just name this kid 'Jer-mama'?"

AND THREE YOU MIGHT NOT

PAUL SCHEER "People are like, 'I like the gap in the teeth.' Thanks. I've only been avoiding talking about that since forever." **BEST LINE EVER** "Jessica Simpson saved America from a 98 Degrees reunion [by] keeping Nick busy with housework."

RACHAEL HARRIS The former *Daily Show* co-host's favorite gig was *I Love the 70s*. "Sadly, I was so addicted to *Donny & Marie*." **BEST LINE EVER** On Donny Osmond being a little bit rock & roll: "No, you're not. You're Mormon."

JESSI KLEIN Punditry's downside: "Friends always want to talk about this stuff. After a while I'm like, 'Can we talk about Iraq?'" **BEST LINE EVER** On *Showbiz Moms & Dads*: "It's the fun side of child abuse." —Whitney Pastorek



Kozloff says some L.A.-based managers of better-known stars poke fun at the talent he's assembled, but the network defends its approach. "We didn't reach out to the standard world of TV talking heads," says MTV and VH1 entertainment president Brian Graden. "As a consequence, many of them weren't famous. But we were fine with that. It's about what you say, not whether or not you're recognized." That attitude creates an atmosphere of good-natured one-upsmanship. Before a taping, the talking heads get a bundle of news summaries and joke ideas e-mailed to them from the producers. Then they sit in a midtown Manhattan studio that resembles a large storage closet and pontificate like the wind. Some prepare loads of material in advance. Others, like Scheer, jot down a few notes and riff. Either way, a producer and a writer are on hand to offer suggestions and help craft punchlines. Regulars are paid around five hundred bucks a week. Those who've been on only once or twice often get paid absolutely nothing. Not that anyone's complaining. "Being on *Best Week Ever* has done enormous things for me," says Klein, 28, a self-described "smart dumb person" with "some sort of liberal-arts degree" and a day job as director of development at Comedy Central. She's parlayed her *BWE* work into appearances on the *Toddy* show and other

programs. "It's been an enormous amount of exposure, even though you're only on TV for eight seconds a week," she says. "I'm sitting next to Matt Lauer and Carson Daly, talking about J. Lo, and I'm like, 'How the f— did I get here?'"

But not all of the pundits are having the best week ever. "The exposure hasn't really changed my life," says the 35-year-old Upright Citizens Brigade comic Brian Huskey, a *BWE* regular. "A few people, including some at VH1, have asked what this has done for my career. It worries me. I mean, are there movie contracts being passed around that

I should know about?" There aren't. "No one's going to watch these shows and say, 'I must have him for *Schindler's List 2*!'" says Black, 32. And so far there's no guaranteed link between punditry and hireability...for anything except more punditry. "As a credit on a performer's reel, I don't really consider it," says Comedy Central talent director Naomi Krauss. "I can't figure out if anyone really cares what a mid-level comic thinks about Britney Spears' engagement."

Of course they do! A better question is, Do they care what a mid-level comic thinks about this story? Ever eager to please, Scheer punditizes on the piece you just read: "If this bumped an article on *Trading Spouses*, I'm pissed!" Scheer pumps out six more punchlines, then pauses. "Point me in a direction if I'm missing the mark." ■

AFTER 27 FILMS, YOU THINK YOU KNOW HIM.
THINK AGAIN.

ENTERTAINMENT EXCLUSIVE

AN INTIMATE INTERVIEW WITH TOM CRUISE
FEATURING: ROB REINER, RON HOWARD, TONY SCOTT, SYDNEY POLLACK, JAMIE FOXX AND PAULA WAGNER | **SUN AUG 1ST 9PM**

Check out our favorite Tom Cruise moments at Eonline.com

©2004 E! Entertainment Television, Inc. "E!" is a registered trademark of E! Entertainment Television, Inc. All Rights Reserved.

JERSEY



BOY

'SCRUBS'
STAR ZACH BRAFF
REVISITS HIS
ROOTS AND DIGS
UP A TENDER
COMING-OF-AGE
COMEDY CALLED
GARDEN STATE.
BY SCOTT
BROWN

ZACH BRAFF—*SCRUBS* STAR, MINOR MOPE ICON, AND NOW WRITER-director—is not one to break down bawling in public. But every man-child has his limits. Braff, 29, found his last January, when he came to the Sundance Film Festival with *Garden State*, a rain-washed New Jersey quirkfest with foundations in *The Graduate* and *Harold and Maude*. As the screening concluded and Braff took the stage (to enormous applause), “someone asked if my parents were in the audience,” says the filmmaker. “I asked them to stand up. And when they did...I just started crying.”

Can you blame the guy? Imagine, for a moment, all those surreal “cinematic” journal entries you’ve kept since puberty, brought to life on screen, then sold to not one but *two* Big Indie studios, Fox Searchlight and Miramax (who split domestic and international distribution, respectively). “I’ve collected stories ever since high school, anecdotes of suburbia,” says Braff. “[The movie] doesn’t really follow any three-act structure. Which is cool, because I would have failed a screenwriting class if I’d turned it in.” No matter. “It’s the essence of indie filmmaking,” enthuses Steve Gilula, Searchlight’s president of distribution. “It didn’t come through a studio committee system. He put a lot of things on the screen that we’d never seen before.”

Such as: a grave-robbing hipster, a leg-humping Seeing Eye dog (a tough bit of casting, Braff admits), and a giant ark teetering on the edge of a strip-mined abyss. Amid these oddball set pieces, *Garden State* (see review on page 59) follows Andrew “Large” Largeman, a starving actor suffering from near-catatonic malaise in L.A. When his mother dies, he lopes Jerseyward to face some old demons, chief among them his icy psychiatrist father (Ian Holm). Minus the gothic touches, Large is Braff three years ago: “Out of work, depressed, and homesick for Jersey. Now that I’ve got a job out there, I don’t abhor L.A. as much as I used to.”

The “job” he’s referring to is *Scrubs*, NBC’s acclaimed hospital sitcom. Braff, upon landing the role, impulsively quit waiting tables. “Then I found out we weren’t going to be starting *Scrubs* for four months, and I sort of panicked. I didn’t have any money, and I was scared I’d quit too early. But then I figured it was a sign to stop procrastinating and really sit down and write the script.”

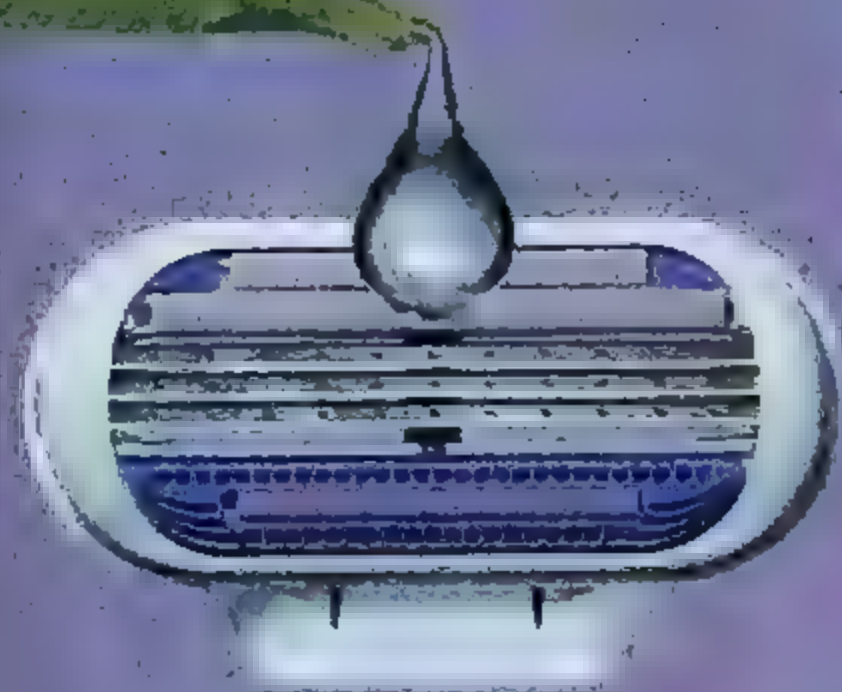
It wasn’t his first foray into filmmaking. In film school at Northwestern, Braff won a grant and made a 25-minute short about an overpopulated future. The flick didn’t pass Sundance muster, but it did help him fill out *Garden State* with top-drawer talent like Holm, Peter Sarsgaard (who plays Large’s ne’er-do-well Jersey pal), and Natalie Portman (as his nutty, intuitive squeeze). But the real selling point was the script. “I think it’s pretty obvious about me as an actress that when I’m bored, I do a really horrible job,” the *Star Wars* princess says candidly. “It’s sort of shitty of me. But we all know that when you’re obsessed with your work, you do your best.” Portman says Braff was basically looking for “Maude Jr.”—an analogue to the life-loving Holocaust survivor (played by Oscar winner Ruth Gordon) in one of Braff’s favorite films, *Harold and Maude*. “She has the same effect on this character who’s numb to the world.”

30-SECOND BIO

HOMETOWN South Orange, N.J.
FIRST MOVIE ROLE Woody Allen’s *Manhattan Murder Mystery*, at 10, playing the spawn of Woody and Diane Keaton. And you wonder where he gets his insight into neurosis.
AN IMPORTANT STAGE In 1998, Braff appeared in a production of *Macbeth* directed by *Bring In ‘Da Noise, Bring In ‘Da Funk*’s George C. Wolfe—who cameos in *Garden State*.
BIG BREAK In 2001, he was cast as J.D. Dorian on *Scrubs*.

Garden also shares the achy soundtrack sensibilities of the angst classics Braff adores, with tunes by Coldplay, the Shins, and (thank you, Mrs. Robinson) Simon & Garfunkel. All obtained on an indie budget. How? Braff simply showed the artists the movie, and they let the tracks go “for basically nothing.” Pretty impressive. But Braff isn’t laying claim to timelessness just yet. “It’s flattering,” he says, laughing off the early, *Graduate*-level comparisons. “But I don’t want to disappoint people. It’s not that good.” Well, there’s always plastics. ■

Read more about *Garden State* at ew.com/garden.



Divinely Smooth

New Intensive Moisture™ Strips enriched with natural aloe and botanical oils — for divinely smooth skin.

Divinely Close

New Comfort-Coated™ Blades for an incredibly close and comfortable shave — even around sensitive curves.

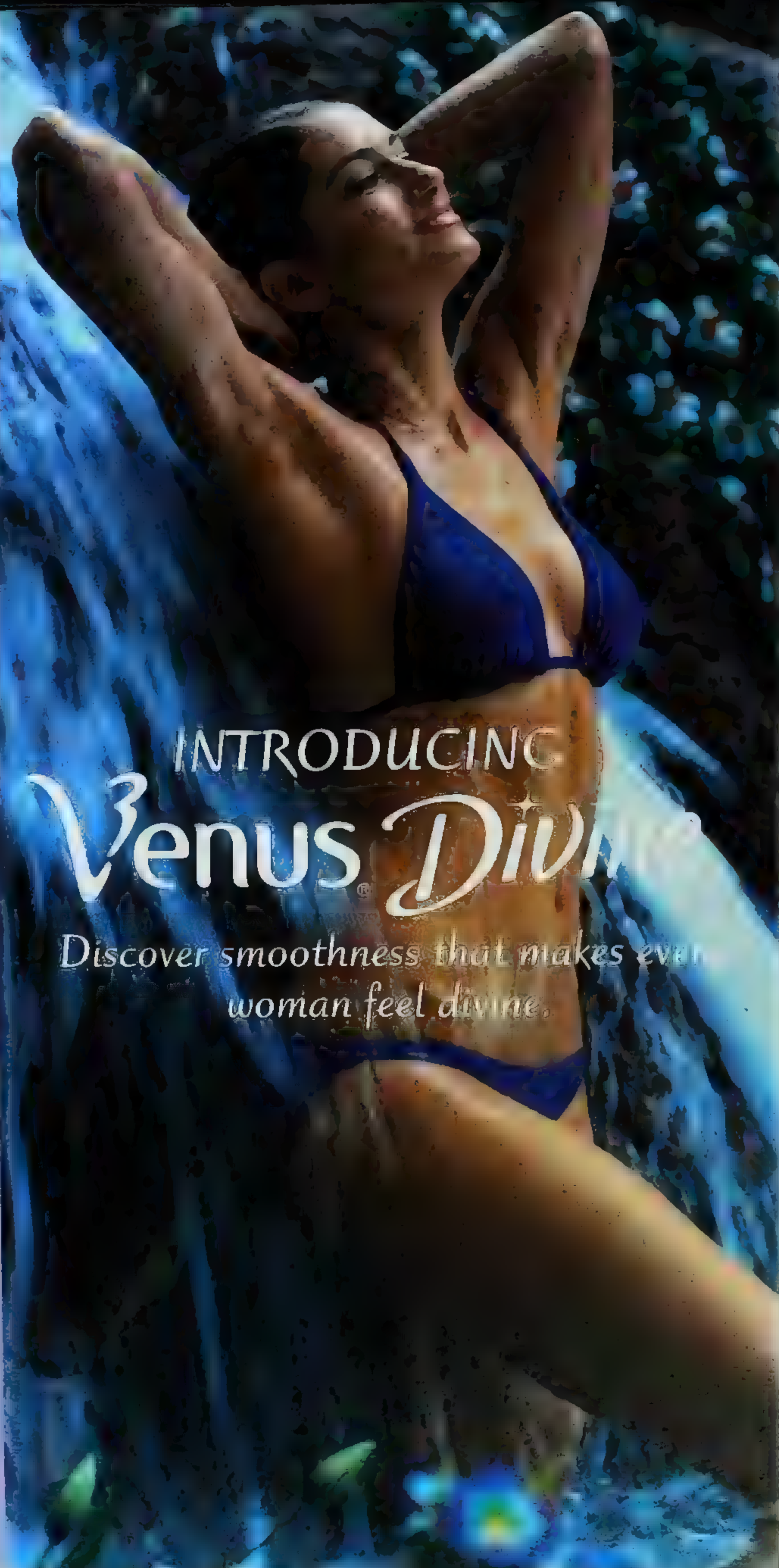
Divinely Comfortable

Because every inch of a goddess is divine.



Reveal the goddess in you.®

www.GilletteVenus.com



INTRODUCING Venus Divine

Discover smoothness that makes every woman feel divine.

ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY

08/06/04

The Must List

Politics, puppetry, and 8 other things we love this week



1 | THE BOURNE SUPREMACY
The talented Mr. Damon provides the edgy psychological core to this exciting and unexpectedly gripping spy thriller.



7 | ARRESTED DEVELOPMENT and JOAN OF ARCADIA
Catch the Emmy nominees in reruns if you missed their debut seasons on Fox and CBS.

8 | "SOMEBODY TOLD ME," the Killers A sly summertime hit that sounds like Duran Duran sprinkled with a healthy dose of Las Vegas sparkle.

6 | THE ASSISTANT The ML would sleep in Andy Dick's garage and wash his Hummer too, if it meant watching the genius of deadpan self-mockery in action. Luckily we can catch him on MTV's reality spoof instead.



9 | "THIS LAND" This animated online short (www.jibjab.com) offers equal time to our presidential candidates—equal time, that is, to skewering the big targets that are John Kerry and George W. Bush.

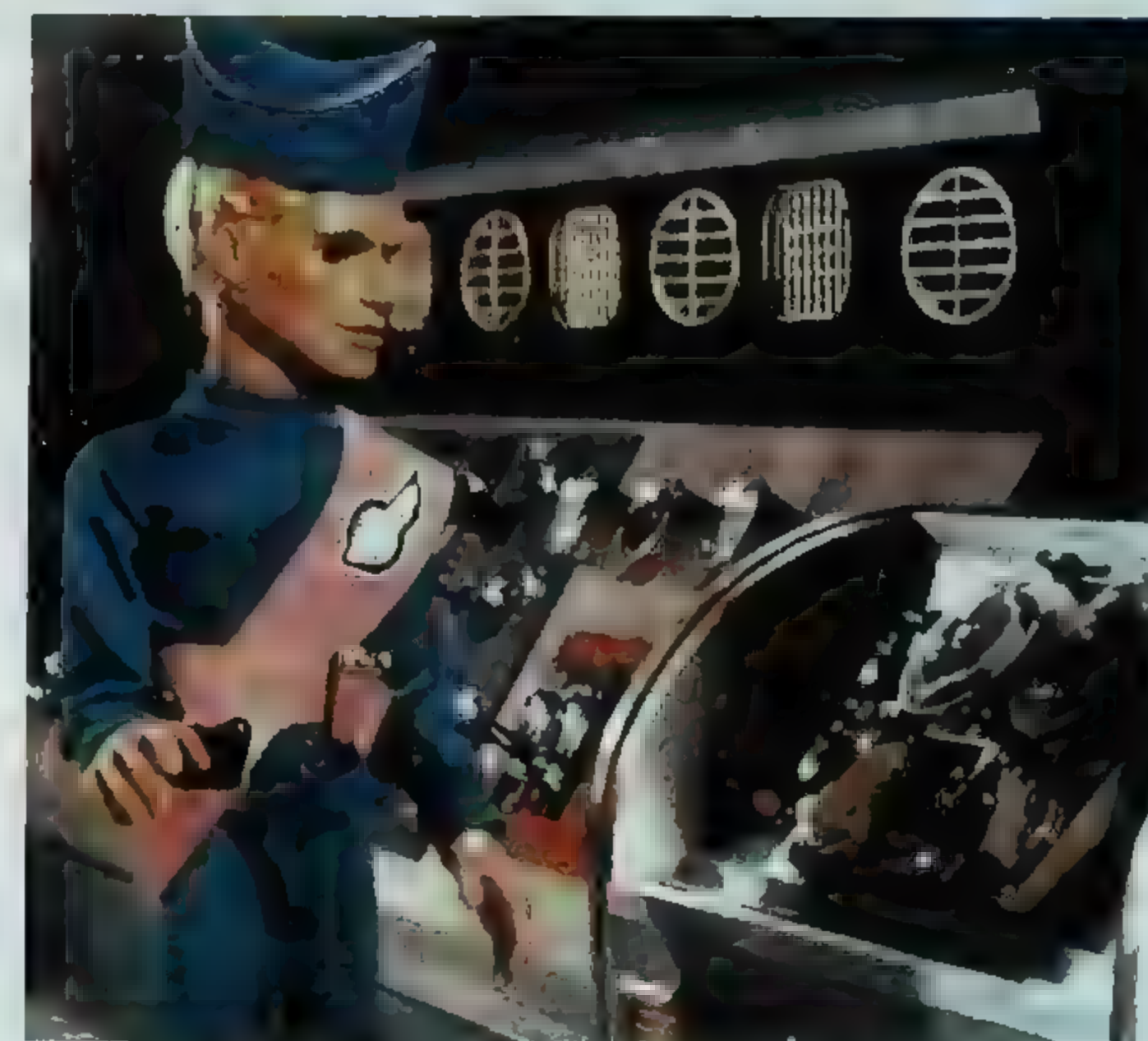


2 | THE SELF-DESTRUCTION HANDBOOK
The antidote to Dr. Philed world, with lessons like "12 Steps to a Drinking 'Problem.'"

3 | BLUEBERRY BOAT, the Fiery Furnaces Eleanor and Matt Friedberger blend melodies that are alternately searing and soaring, with word-play that is both eclectic and electrifying.

4 | JAWS, by Peter Benchley
Celebrate the book's 30th anniversary by reading that naughty chapter your parents wouldn't let you see back then.

5 | NIP/TUCK
Engrossing plastic-surgery scenes, complex characters, and Julian McMahon's backside—the FX hit looks suspiciously perfect in season 2.



10 | THUNDERBIRDS ARE GO
Behold the strange (and seemingly narcotic) wonders of Supermarionation in a new deluxe International Rescue Edition DVD.

+Movies



Mr. Washington goes to...um...Washington

Election Daze

The Manchurian Candidate revisits old stumping grounds with half the original's punch. by Lisa Schwarzbaum

Denzel Washington, Meryl Streep, Liev Schreiber
R, 130 mins. (Paramount)

As timing goes, the release of *The Manchurian Candidate* is right on the beat. Jonathan Demme's garishly colored remake of John Frankenheimer's nightmarish black-and-white 1962 Cold War chiller based on Richard Condon's classic 1959 novel arrives in a 2004 season of high-pitched presidential nominating conventions held in nervous big cities and 9/11 commission findings released to an anxious public. A climate of strident political partisanship mixed with fears about terrorist threats provides *Perfect Storm-*

worthy conditions for a scary summer flick about mind control and corporate conspiracy. For grim absurdist relief, there are the machinations of Meryl Streep as an infernal U.S. senator bearing a hilariously undeniable physical resemblance to the junior U.S. senator from New York, Hillary Rodham Clinton; for a dash of the neo-rococo, there are the visual tics and fillips of the director who presided over *The Silence of the Lambs*.

But what this *Manchurian Candidate* for a new generation makes up for in timing, it lacks in discipline and edge. Even without comparing the production with Frankenheimer's taut, mad-

paranoid illogical beaut (after all, a movie ought to be judged on its own merits), the new version balloons to such bloated proportions of global conspiracy theory and tricked-out action sequences that the bracing sting of cautionary satire is dulled. Compare this *Candidate* with the



Bad Girl of the Week

TÊA LEONI

Who says crime doesn't pay? The *Naked Truth* star is in talks to replace Cameron Diaz as Jim Carrey's fellow felon in a remake of the 1977 caper comedy *Fun With Dick and Jane*.

original, on the other hand (after all, the remake of such a famous period piece benefits from an appreciation of the original), and the new doesn't compare with the shock of the old.

In the original, U.S. soldiers were ambushed in the Korean War and hypnotized by sneaky Communists capable of turning properly brainwashed men into obedient automatons with the mere shuffle of a deck of playing cards; now the ambushed Americans are in Kuwait in 1991, their free will overruled by microchips secretly implanted under their skin. Back then Frank Sinatra played the restless, nightmare-prone soldier Ben Marco, just on the edge of figuring out what really happened to him and his men during the war; now Denzel Washington does the honors, the actor's default righteous passivity robbing Major Marco of some essential heat. The role of fellow platoon member and rising politician Raymond Shaw has been passed from the languorous Laurence Harvey to the more excitable Liev Schreiber; and Streep picks up the terrifying mantle of maniac mother so famously worn by Angela Lansbury.

"The real danger [in this country] comes from suspending civil liberties," Jon Voight intones as a principled politician on the side of liberal values, in one of the passing references to present-day issues of privacy and national security through which the script by Daniel Pyne (*The Sum of All Fears*) and Dean Georgaris (*Pay-*

check) teases us with relevance. Yet opportunities to comment forcefully—passionately, bravely—on issues of contemporary importance, whether about governmental intrusion into the lives of private citizens or manipulation of the electoral process, are diffused and, ultimately, lost amid an excessive interest in, say, the hermetic decor of Marco's depressing apartment.

Frankenheimer blended bitterness with satire in his portrayal of the Communist menace. In Demme's retelling, apart from the appearance of outspoken liberal talk-show host Al Franken as a neutral network reporter, the leavening humor is limited to Streep's severely zany, broomstick-a-flyin' characterization of Sen. Eleanor Prentiss Shaw, political dragon lady and gorgon mom. Hair molded into a Hillary-short, ready-for-battle coif, Streep bites with mischievous fury into her role, the quintessential monster pol of our era played by America's quintessential chameleon movie star of a certain age. Speaking kinder-gentler-type rhetoric about wanting to make the country "safer, braver, stronger" while browbeating every man around her, her Senator Shaw carries the entire promise of the movie's excitement on her shoulders.

And although Streep does great things—sometimes just by the way she chews on ice cubes in a restaurant—the actress cannot schlep this picture on her own. Schreiber, too, throws himself strenuously into his work. But absent Harvey's lighter psychological touch in the original, Raymond Shaw's torments shade into actorly exercises. *The Manchurian Candidate* is meant to creep us out by building on a foundation of paranoia just this side of solid. Demme builds his model on stilts of fancy that let too much hot air blow through. **B-**

THE VILLAGE

Joaquin Phoenix, Bryce Dallas Howard, Adrien Brody
PG-13, 107 mins. (Touchstone)

Director Shyamalan twists again with disappointing results

What an irony—and ■ shame—it would be if *The Sixth Sense* turns out to be the movie that first made and then ruined the career of M. Night Shyamalan. A filmmaker of superb technical facility and emotional

Unbreakable and *Signs* in what may come to be known as the "Gotcha!" quartet, you may find yourself poking and prodding the narrative for its first half hour, mentally combing each scene in search of what's not being expressed. That's not a great way to approach a film, but in fairness, the surface of *The Village* does not, initially, offer many rewards. Set in a 19th-century Northeastern rural community, it's written in ■ style somewhere between faux *Crucible* and an elementary-school tour of Amish country. Be-

wholesome, and the world Shyamalan creates is so quaintly "simple" in a way that urbanites often ascribe to the rural, that one longs for the other shoe to drop, if one exists. Since this is an M. Night Shyamalan film, prayers are answered in the form of an unseen presence—terrifying creatures who are said to live in the surrounding woods, in an uneasy truce with the villagers that depends on neither species breaching the other's borders.

If by now you're thinking that surely something else must be go-



They call me mellow yellow

control, Shyamalan floored audiences with the ending of his 1999 thriller, the rare film twist that was genuinely unexpected without being in the least dishonest. It's not his fault that the public has approached each of his subsequent movies as narrative piñatas that will spill forth their secrets if only they can be cracked.

But audience expectations alone can't be blamed for the fact that Shyamalan's movies seem increasingly to be mapped from their endings backward. Watching *The Village*, which follows

nigh town elders led by Edward Walker (William Hurt) preside over the village's business while the young ones frolic and go a-courtin', and a romantic quadrangle begins to emerge: Walker's impetuous daughter Kitty (Judy Greer) is in love with stoic, awkward Lucius (Joaquin Phoenix), who in turn is smitten with Kitty's blind sister Ivy (Bryce Dallas Howard), who's adored by mentally handicapped Noah (Adrien Brody, in his first role of any heft since winning the Oscar for *The Pianist*). The tone is so chokingly

ing on here, well, who could blame you, since the writer-director himself has conditioned you to tweeze every line and frame for-ensically? What really lurks within those woods is (fear not: no spoilers here) a very mixed bag. It gives nothing of the plot away to say that there's a fine line between an "Aha!" and an "Oh, brother!" Whether you feel *The Village* crosses that line may hinge on whether you think Shyamalan's screenwriting ability is beginning to lag behind his skill as a director. *The Village* offers

genuine surprises and a few haunting images, thanks primarily to his exquisitely precise sense of pace, mood, and framing (the brilliant cinematographer Roger Deakins proves invaluable here) and his evident fondness for actors. As a director, Shyamalan gets fine work from Phoenix, whose ability to convey emotion with limited language serves the film effectively, from newcomer Howard, who brings steely resolve and dynamism to what turns out to be a pivotal role, and from stage veterans like Cherry Jones and Jayne Atkinson in small parts.

Less successfully used is Hurt, whose abiding taste for inserting...random...pauses...into his lines feeds Shyamalan's biggest weakness as a director, namely, a tendency to treat his own dialogue as holy writ. With each moment directed and played to maximize a sense of portent, *The Village* feels airless (and sometimes eye-rolling solemn) in ways that can't be pinned entirely on its isolated-and-surrounded plot; it has the hermetic quality of a talented filmmaker bouncing ideas off the inside of his own skull. When those ideas are great, the result is *The Sixth Sense*. When those ideas are "Hey, maybe the alien invader could be allergic to water!" the result is *Signs*. In the case of *The Village*, it's not fair to talk about the plot yet, but it is reasonable to suggest that, with the road into these woods threatening to turn into a creative dead end, Shyamalan may want to think about making his next movie with a twist beginning—a new writer. **B-**

NOTE *The Village* was reviewed by editor-at-large Mark Harris from a print without final color correction after Buena Vista declined to schedule a screening for critics that would permit EW to run a timely review.



Mackie and Q-Tip represent the 718

SHE HATE ME

Anthony Mackie, Kerry Washington, Dania Ramirez
R, 138 mins.
(Sony Pictures Classics)

Spike Lee forgot the s, plus his entire sense of good taste

A bad scene staged by Spike Lee has a ring like no one else's. It usually centers on people shouting at one another, with a

stiff pomposity of language that rises in proportion to the righteousness of their ire. The recrimination and rage, the bellicose sourness, make it sound as if the yellers were puppets acting out the director's distemper. Counterpointing the scene will be one of those lush yet limpidly morose Terence Blanchard jazz scores that Lee seems to slather over every film he makes. Doesn't he ever long for a different sound, a different mood? I think that Lee

has done extraordinary work in the last 10 years (*Clockers*, *Bamboozled*), but when he goes wrong, he goes very wrong, and he has never gone as wrong as he does in *She Hate Me*. This is one of those destined-to-be-legendary disasters in which the awful scenes don't just pile up. They crash into each other, like runaway boxcars hurtling off of different trains. The damned music keeps playing, too. In *She Hate Me*, it's like a dirge for the demise of Spike Lee's good sense.

Lee's hero is John Henry Armstrong (Anthony Mackie), known as Jack, a hot young vice president at a newfangled multi-tentacled corporation. At the beginning, Dr. Schiller (David Bennent), the company's visionary researcher, leaps out of a high-rise office window after learning that the AIDS vaccine he invented was rejected by the FDA—and, what's more, that the corporation's accounts have been raided by its corrupt executives. As the office implodes, Lee merges the scan-

dals of Enron and ImClone, yet in such a literal, reductive, stilted-TV-movie way that he does little more than assert his desire for topicality. After stumbling onto some ominous paper shredding, Jack is inspired to blow the whistle, and the result is he gets tossed out of the company and frozen out of his personal bank accounts.

How convenient it is, then, that Fatima (Kerry Washington), the ex-girlfriend who ditched him when she discovered that she prefers women, picks this very moment to come knocking at his door, asking—no, demanding—that he make both her and her lover pregnant for \$10,000 apiece. Since he needs the cash, he agrees after a few feeble protests. Nothing about the way that any of this is staged is believable: It's Lee's "cute" yet paranoid fantasy of child-hungry yet emasculating lesbians reducing the corporate modern male to the status of stud horse. Before long, all of Fatima's lesbian friends are lining up to have intercourse with Jack. They taunt him and call him things like "bitch boy," but they all want that magic sperm!

What on earth is Lee saying in *She Hate Me*? That Jack, in getting screwed by the corporation, has been reduced by society to the status of degraded man-whore? The only one we see exploiting Jack is Jack. What's truly ugly about the film is that without any apparent irony, it appears to buy into the most hideous possible stereotype of black men as simultaneously the most coveted and the most dehumanized of sexual beings. With its walking-sperm-bank antihero, its stony fashionista lesbians (who, naturally, all dug having sex with Jack), and its turgid lessons in the pornography of economics, *She Hate Me* manages to be at once racist, homophobic, utterly fake, and unbearably tedious. This time, it's Spike Lee who's doing the bamboozling.

F—Owen Gleiberman



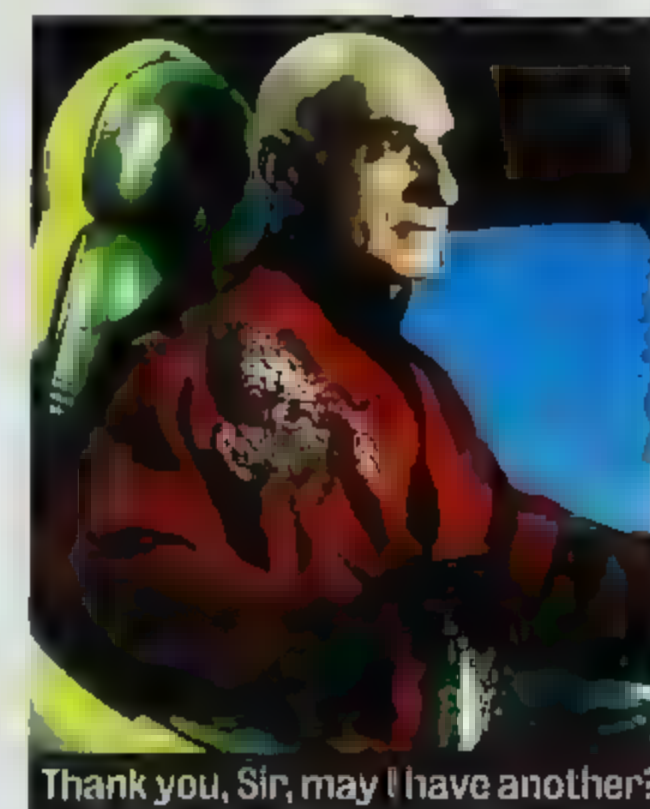
Want to see my matching boxer shorts?

THUNDERBIRDS

Bill Paxton, Ben Kingsley, Brady Corbet
PG, 95 mins. (Universal)

The best intentions can't get this kids' movie off the ground

In adapting the 1960s Supermarionation-animated British TV show as a live-action kids' movie, Universal hasn't kept that much, but at least the show's fabulous retro catchphrase "F-A-B!"



Thank you, Sir, may I have another?

rides again. Consisting of five rocket-ship-flying young men and their widowed billionaire ex-astronaut father Jeff (a clenched-jawed Bill Paxton), the film's "International Rescue" team lets loose "F-A-B!"s like crazy over the course of the film, and without fail its upbeat cheesy wholesomeness is always good for a smile.

Long may "F-A-B!" live on, even as this mild update slips into the movie-history remainder bin. In a transparent attempt at attracting the youth vote (or at least all the tykes who saw the *Spy Kids* films), the movie strands Paxton and his four oldest on a spaceship and leaves it to a high-fiving trio of uninteresting kids, including Brady Corbet as Paxton's youngest son, to prove their mettle as *Thunderbirds*. This involves fighting a red-eyed, kimono-wearing devil named the Hood, played by Ben Kingsley, who channels *Flash Gordon*'s Ming the Merciless and *Temple of Doom*'s Molai Ram but not a PG-rated smidgen of his former F-A-B self as the baddie in *Serj Beest*. **C+**—Gregory Kirschling

GARDEN STATE

Zach Braff, Natalie Portman
R, 102 mins. (Fox Searchlight)

Zach Braff is Large and in charge in New Jersey

The indie comedy *Garden State* takes the official nickname of New Jersey as its title—which makes sense, since Zach Braff's toothily winsome coming-of-age story is set in the

suburbs of that great underdog of a state. But there's something of the Edenic, lowercase meaning that the writer-director-star is after, too, something gummy that gets at nostalgia for the garden state of childhood—however less-than-perfect that childhood actually was. Braff, best known as Dr. John "J.D." Dorian on the NBC sitcom *Scrubs*, suggests that even if you can't go home again, the great thing about the U.S. of A. is that you can at least stop by your folks' house for an extended postgraduate adolescence. And whether or not one believes this theory (I prefer the rarer promise of postgraduate American adulthood as a plot device, myself), it's to Braff's credit as a first-time filmmaker with a suburban-laughing-boy soul that his story is as warm and unforced as it is.

Certainly *Garden State* is a very American specimen of debut indie form, its loose, goof-about scenes of comic melancholy reinforced with the glue of quirkiness over cracks in the narrative development. In the case of Andrew "Large" Largeman (Braff), an aspiring actor relocated to Los Angeles, it's the death of his mother that brings the 26-year-old boy-man back east to the iconic N.J. sub-

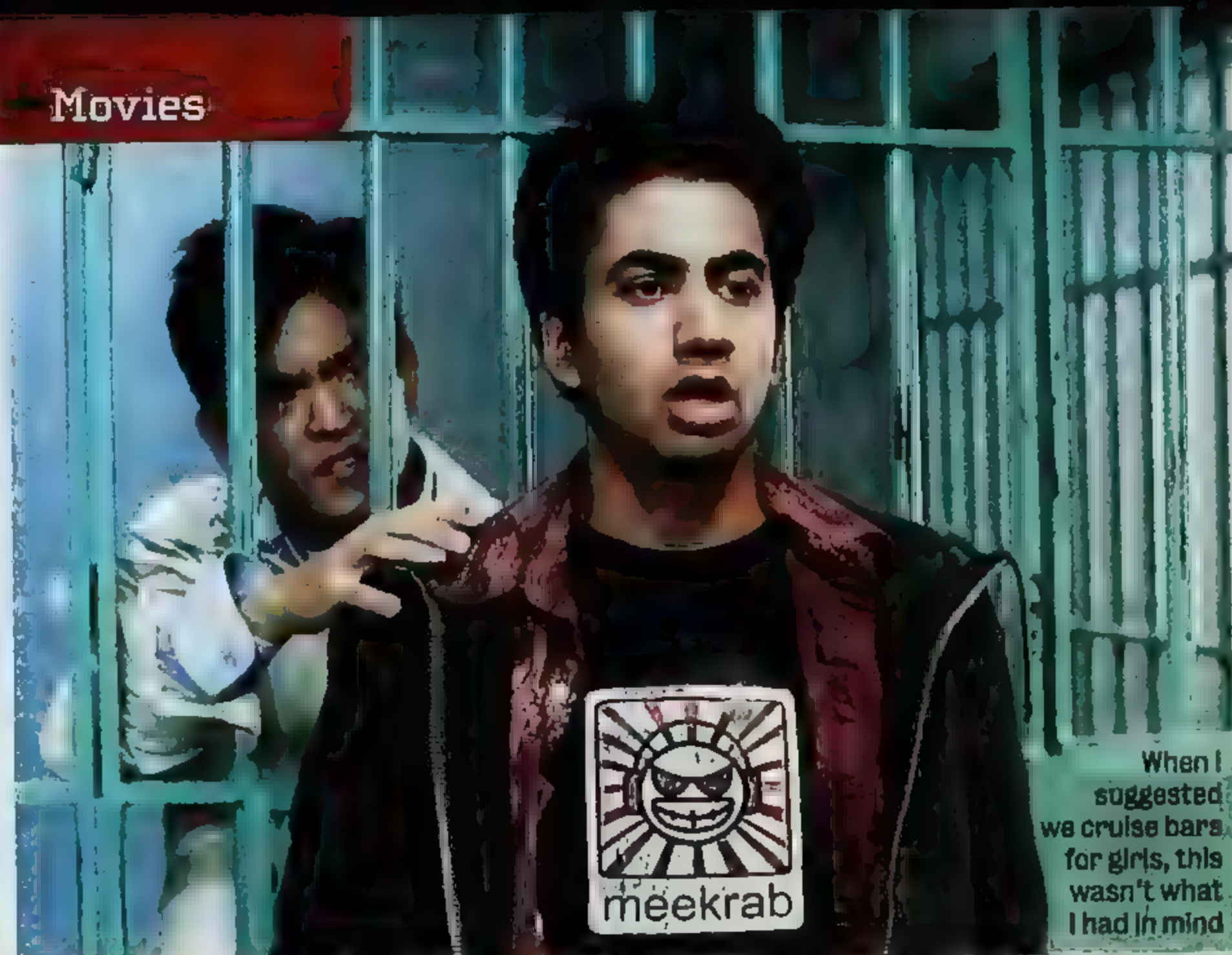
Critical Mass

Here's how a sampling of critics from across the country grade 10 current releases.

	IAN BERNARD (NY Daily News)	TY BURR (Boston Globe)	MIKE CLARK (USA Today)	JOANNA CONNORS (Cleveland Plain Dealer)	ROGER EBERT (Chicago Sun-Times)	LIAM LACEY (Toronto Globe and Mail)	MICK LASALLE (San Francisco Chronicle)	TODD MCCARTHY (Variety)	CARRIE RICEY (Philadelphia Inquirer)	RENE RODRIGUEZ (The Miami Herald)	ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY	EW READERS*	CRITICS AVERAGE
ANCHORMAN	B	B-	B-	D	B	B	C+	C-	B	C+	C+	B	C+
THE BOURNE SUPREMACY	B-	B+	-	-	B	B+	B-	B	B-	B+	A	A-	B
GATWOMAN	D	-	F	-	D	D	B	-	D	D	B-	C-	D+
A CINDERELLA STORY	C-	C	D-	-	D	C-	C+	D+	D+	D	C-	C+	D+
FAHRENHEIT 9/11	B	B	B+	A	B+	B	A	C	B	B	B+	A-	B+
A HOME AT THE END...	C	-	-	-	A-	C	C+	C+	-	-	C+	B+	C+
▲ I, ROBOT	A-	C+	-	B-	C	B	B-	C-	B	C+	B-	B	B-
KING ARTHUR	C	B-	B-	C	B-	C	C-	B	C	C+	B-	B-	C+
MARIA FULL OF GRACE	B+	-	-	-	B+	-	-	B	-	A-	A	A-	B+
METALLICA: SOME KIND...	B+	A-	-	-	B+	-	-	-	-	-	A	B+	A-

*EW READER GRADES come from the Front Row, EW's online reader panel. If you'd like to join, go to frontrowpanel.com/join.

Movies



When I suggested we cruise bars for girls, this wasn't what I had in mind

urban averageness Braff himself knew as a kid. Large lives small, tranquilized by drugs prescribed for him since childhood by his psychiatrist father (Ian Holm, taking a Jersey Turnpike detour to play a Jewish shrink). But something about the prodigal's return triggers Large's desire to feel. For one thing, he meets a spunky sprite of a local girl (Natalie Portman) who matches him cute for cute. For another, he hooks up with old neighborhood friends living cozy lives of grungy underachievement (led by Peter Sarsgaard in a great, sleepy-eyed performance as a perpetually stoned grave digger).

And thus, via nonnarcotic growth and big hugs, Large finds a kind of paradise in N.J., while strong efforts from a jovial cast (including cameos by Tony-winning actor Denis O'Hare and theater director George C. Wolfe) help Braff find a way to say "Hi" to the folks back home. **B** —LS

HAROLD & KUMAR GO TO WHITE CASTLE

John Cho, Kal Penn, Paula Garcés
R, 87 mins. (New Line)

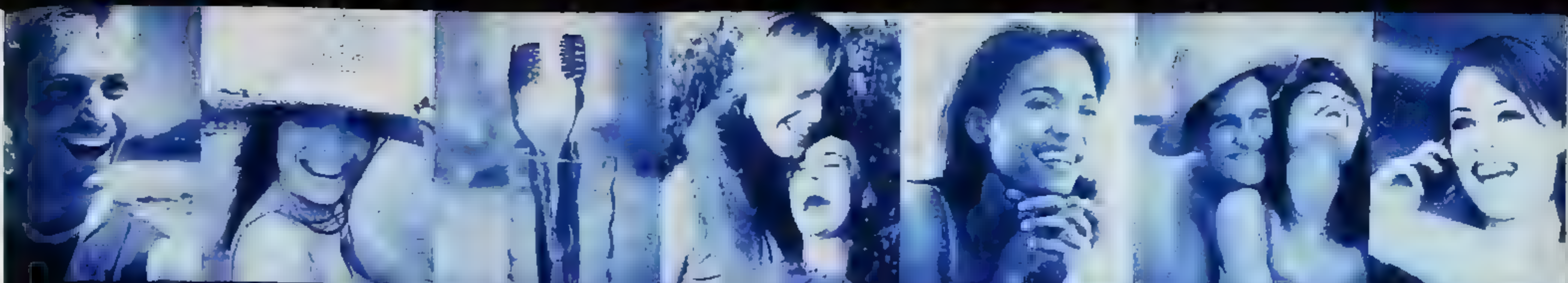
**Dude, where's my burger?
And pass the joint.**

At a glance, the heroes of *Harold & Kumar Go to White Castle* have a lot in common with Bill and Ted, Wayne and Garth, and other youth-movie slacker-hedonists. They say "dude" a lot, and they're perpetually on the prowl for great weed and rockin' babes. The movie, however, has a terrific twist, and the

characters' overt ethnicity is only part of it. Harold (John Cho), an investment banker of Korean descent, and Kumar (Kal Penn), whose Indian family is desperate for him to go to medical school, share a quality the overgrown adolescents in films like this are never allowed to possess: They're witty, focused, and highly aware. They make having a brain look hip.

Out to score some dope in their native New Jersey, they stop off at Princeton, attending a meeting of the Asian student club, and the hilarious scene that follows is a perfect example of how the movie exploits cultural stereotypes only to transcend them. The bookish losers in the room may be rude caricatures, but they're a joke, as well, to the stoically acerbic Harold. His attitude is, Get over the geekiness, folks—join the party. Kumar is even more ebullient in his hostility, and Kal Penn plays him with a motormouth as assaultive as Howard Stern's.

Directed by Danny Leiner (*Dude, Where's My Car?*), *Harold & Kumar* takes place over one picaresque all-night-long road trip in which the two stoners search for a White Castle to douse their craving for those luscious little oniony burgers. Their adventures range from the gross (a defecation contest between college girls) to the porno-surreal (a mock horror-film encounter with a boil-laced monstrosity named Freakshow and his nubile wife). They also run into a band of racist punks who look at Harold and Kumar and see a couple of outsiders. The punks couldn't be more wrong. In its defiantly lowbrow way, *Harold & Kumar Go to White Castle* celebrates the pursuit of pleasure as the grand unifier of America, with everyone in the melting pot fused in burger heaven. **B+** —OG



REACTION

FEEL IT. SEE IT.



Mentadent
Advanced
Whitening
Fluoride
Toothpaste
with
Baking
Soda &
Peroxide

See the difference in 14 days.
Feel the difference in one.

Mentadent® Advanced Whitening toothpaste activates the hypodermis, a recommended paste for a white smile and a whole-mouth clean you have to feel to believe. Its multi-action formula combines to release thousands of powerful oxygen bubbles that break down and lift away stains to begin whitening teeth in as little as 14 days. For healthy, white teeth, get Mentadent. You'll Love the Reaction.

Use Mentadent **WHITE & CLEAN** toothbrush for healthy, noticeably whiter teeth. A unique whitening ribbon helps remove stains, giving you a clean, confident feel.



Joplin has a wail of a time

FESTIVAL EXPRESS

R, 90 mins. (THINKFilm)

What a long, strange trip it was for '60s musicians on tour

In the summer of 1970, a collection of rootsy musicians—The Band, the Grateful Dead, and others—spent a week traveling across Canada by train to do a series of concerts. *Festival Express*, which is basically a performance doc, features footage of the journey as well as interviews with the participants, who recall what transpired on that train as if it were the ultimate cosmic effusion of brother-and-sister good vibes. All we really see, however, is a bunch of skinny young musicians jamming in a jovial backstage way that wouldn't be worth a second thought if it weren't offered up as some sort of privileged end-of-the-'60s be-in. *Festival Express*

is a likable time capsule inflated with counterculture hot air. The best reason to see the movie is Janis Joplin, whose volcanic stage presence erupts right out of her dazed instability. **B-** —OG

INTIMATE STRANGERS

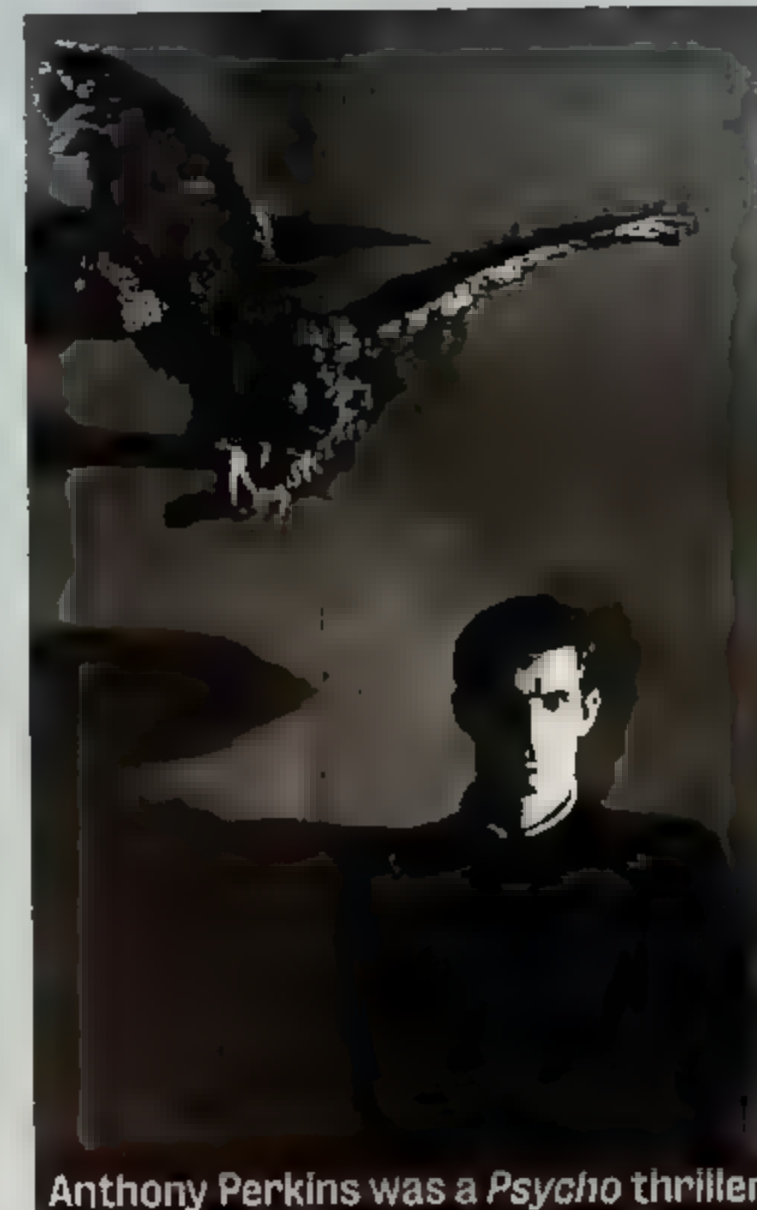
Sandrine Bonnaire, Fabrice Luchini R, 104 mins. (Paramount Classics)

Never underestimate the allure of a tax accountant

In the half-Hitchcockian French love thriller *Intimate Strangers*, an unhappy woman (*La Cérémonie*'s alluringly grave Sandrine Bonnaire) begins recounting her marital woes in an office she mistakes for that of a psychiatrist. But she doesn't stop, even when she discovers that her confidant (Fabrice Luchini) is no shrink, just a mild, bachelor tax accountant stunned into obsession by the erotic restlessness that has blown his way. Patrice Leconte (*The Man on the Train*) claims that this slight but satisfyingly slinky tale may be his last love story. Let's hope it isn't, since the director of *Monsieur Hire* (which also starred Bonnaire) is such a dependable connoisseur of oddballs who complete one another. **B+** —LS

ASK THE CRITIC Owen Gleiberman

Slash Hits



Anthony Perkins was a *Psycho* thriller

The slasher genre has long been dismissed by critics. Other than *Psycho*, *Halloween*, and *Scream*, what are your favorite slasher films and why? —Brian First of all, let's not make critics sound more myopic than they are. *Psycho*, the granddaddy of the slasher film, is universally recognized as a masterpiece—though there's no denying that the reviews in 1960 weren't so kind.

Personally, I wouldn't count *Halloween* as a favorite slasher film. It's scary and fun, though in a mechanical, windup-demon way that set the tone for all of the interchangeable Freddy and Jason bloodfests that followed. What marks a great slasher movie is that it has *mystery*. The dark wonder of *Psycho* is that its reigning monster—Mrs. Bates—doesn't even exist, and *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre* (1974) gave a fresh coat of fear to the threat of homicide as the snuffing out of *Identity*. Beyond that, I dare you to watch *I Spit on Your Grave* or Takeshi Miike's *Audition*—a very sick and brilliant Japanese horror movie with a bit of the *Psycho* spirit.

SEND QUESTIONS TO ASKTHECRITIC@EW.COM, OR POST THEM ONLINE AT EW.COM/ASKTHECRITIC

Now Playing

ANCHORMAN: THE LEGEND OF RON BURGUNDY PG-13, 91 mins. Will Ferrell does a variation on his specialty: the completely unjustified egomaniac. There are some laughs, but not enough of them. **C+** (#774, July 16) —OG

THE BLIND SWORDSMAN: ZATOICHI R, 115 mins. Takeshi Kitano revives the hero of Japanese action cinema. Zatoichi is faster than Zorro, Achilles, or Freddy Krueger. When he draws his blade, the movie turns into slasher heaven, but as storytelling it's awful. **B** (#776, July 30) —OG

THE BOURNE SUPREMACY PG-13, 108 mins. Pure excitement. The director, Paul Greengrass, shoots the action from a dozen angles at once, surrounding the moment in all its adrenaline and chaos. As Jason Bourne, who's on the run from both the CIA and a Russian gangster, Matt Damon is a tightly wired image of grace under the pressure of awareness. **A** (#776, July 30) —OG

CATWOMAN PG-13, 91 mins. Halle Berry gives Catwoman a happy coo of a snarl and a startlingly sinuous kitty-cat posture, as if her center of gravity were double-jointed. She sparkles, but most of *Catwoman* has a generic, death-by-franchise atmosphere. **B-** (#776, July 30) —OG

A CINDERELLA STORY PG, 96 mins. Hilary Duff stars in a contemporary take on the old tale. When not indistinguishable from undistinguished teen TV, it's unnecessarily coarse and dumbed down. **C-** (#775, July 23) —LS

THE DOOR IN THE FLOOR R, 111 mins. Robust and compelling. As Ted Cole, a famous author-illustrator of children's books, Jeff Bridges knows how to play a

haunted, hard-drinking local literary star so that you see the slightly debauched arrogance of his charm yet like him a lot anyway. **B+** (#775, July 23) —OG

FLAVORS Unrated, 114 mins. Led by Reef Karim and Pooja Kumar as pals who pretend they're not completely made for each other, the Indian Americans in this English-language comedy feel like characters in a B movie rather than real people. **C+** (#776, July 30) —Gregory Kirschling

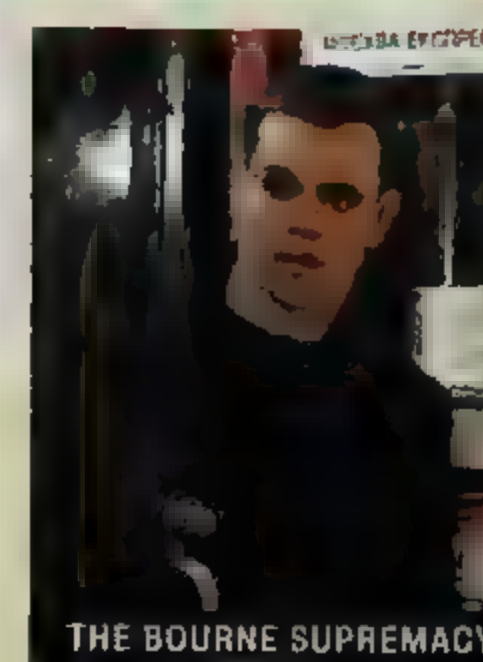
A HOME AT THE END OF THE WORLD R, 95 mins. Colin Farrell is Bobby, a wonderstruck 24-year-old virgin who comes to New York to visit his childhood friend (Dallas Roberts), only to be drawn into a complex emotional and erotic triangle. There are moments of fine acting, but the film never grounds its unorthodox relationships in a bedrock of dailiness. **C+** (#776, July 30) —OG

I, ROBOT PG-13, 115 mins. Del Spooner (Will Smith), a detective in 2035, suspects a robot of murder. Sonny the polysynthetic droid is (mildly) charming, but the film lacks imaginative excitement. **B-** (#775, July 23) —OG

MARIA FULL OF GRACE R, 101 mins. The extraordinary Spanish-language drama about a pregnant Colombian teen transporting drugs to New York in her gut unfolds with a simplicity as breathtaking as its inevitability is harrowing. Catalina Sandino Moreno plays the title role with tenacious dignity. **A** (#775, July 23) —LS

METALLICA: SOME KIND OF MONSTER Unrated, 140 mins. In 2001, the members of Metallica let Joe Berlinger and Bruce Sinofsky film them recording an album. The result is one of the most revelatory rock portraits ever made. **A** (#774, July 16) —OG

Box Office



THE BOURNE SUPREMACY

'SUPREMACY' RULER

As a fleet-footed amnesiac assassin in *The Bourne Supremacy*, Matt Damon is helping everyone forget what a nonkiller he once was at the box office. His spy sequel's surprisingly huge \$52.5 million No. 1 opening was the biggest premiere of Damon's solo-starring career (almost doubling *The Bourne Identity*'s 2002

opening), and it beats top bows by the likes of Will Smith, Bruce Willis, Adam Sandler, and James Bond. Smith's *I, Robot* (No. 2), meanwhile, dropped 58 percent, but still edged Halle Berry's expensive comic adaptation *Catwoman* (No. 3), which clawed to an unmemorable \$16.7 million debut after critics hissed.

TOP 20

		WEEKEND GROSS*	NUMBER OF SITES	WEEKEND PER-SITE AVERAGE	PERCENTAGE CHANGE	WEEKS IN RELEASE	GROSS TO DATE
1	THE BOURNE SUPREMACY	\$52.5	3,165	\$16,595	—	1	\$52.5
2	I, ROBOT	\$21.7	3,494	\$6,219	-58	2	\$95.1
3	CATWOMAN	\$16.7	3,117	\$5,367	—	1	\$16.7
4	SPIDER-MAN 2	\$15.0	3,753	\$4,001	-39	4	\$328.5
5	A CINDERELLA STORY	\$7.8	2,625	\$2,984	-42	2	\$29.6
6	ANCHORMAN	\$7.0	2,936	\$2,378	-50	3	\$71.1
7	FAHRENHEIT 9/11	\$4.8	1,855	\$2,566	-34	5	\$103.1
8	THE NOTEBOOK	\$4.3	2,003	\$2,131	-24	5	\$62.3
9	KING ARTHUR	\$3.0	2,104	\$1,443	-58	3	\$45.2
10	SHREK 2	\$2.3	1,559	\$1,486	-28	10	\$429.4
11	DODGEBALL: A TRUE...	\$2.0	1,373	\$1,473	-47	6	\$109.3
12	HARRY POTTER...	\$1.7	1,008	\$1,664	-38	8	\$241.8
13	THE TERMINAL	\$1.7	1,254	\$1,316	-48	6	\$74.5
14	DE-LOVELY	\$1.6	333	\$4,895	+9	4	\$5.0
15	WHITE CHICKS	\$1.6	1,152	\$1,409	-53	5	\$66.8
16	NAPOLEON DYNAMITE	\$1.6	389	\$4,135	+114	7	\$6.5
17	GARFIELD	\$0.7	680	\$1,005	-35	7	\$71.9
18	THE CLEARING	\$0.6	429	\$1,498	-50	4	\$4.9
19	THE DOOR IN THE FLOOR	\$0.6	119	\$4,805	+25	2	\$1.4
20	BEFORE SUNSET	\$0.5	140	\$3,732	-10	4	\$2.5

SOURCE: NIELSEN EDI. WEEKEND OF JULY 23-25. *WEEKEND-GROSS AND GROSS-TO-DATE FIGURES IN MILLIONS. †INCLUDES SOME MULTISCREEN THEATERS AND PRINTS SHIPPED AS WELL AS INDIVIDUAL SITES.

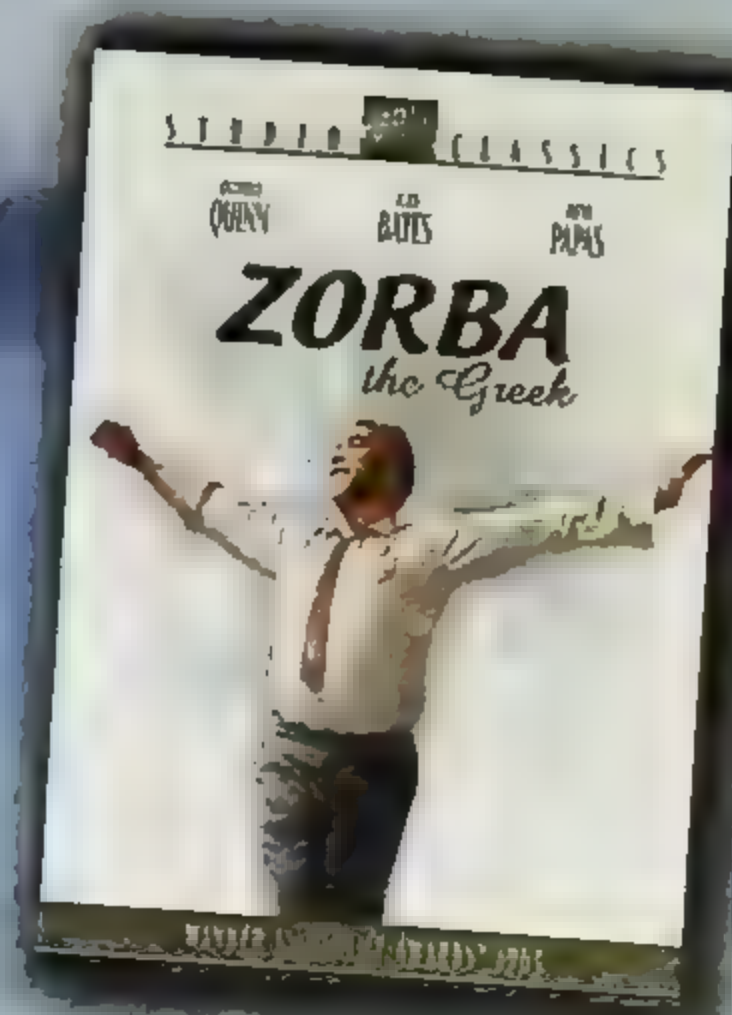
MERYL STREEP Top Grossers

		WEEKEND GROSS*	NUMBER OF SITES	WEEKEND PER-SITE AVERAGE
12/19/79	KRAMER VS. KRAMER	N/A	N/A	\$106.3
12/18/85	OUT OF AFRICA	N/A	N/A	\$88.1
8/28/01	A.I. ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE	\$29.4	3,242	\$78.6
8/2/95	THE BRIDGES OF MADISON COUNTY	\$10.5	1,805	\$71.0
7/31/92	DEATH BECOMES HER	\$12.1	1,409	\$58.4
1978	THE DEER HUNTER	N/A	N/A	\$49.0
9/30/84	THE RIVER WILD	\$10.2	2,074	\$46.8
12/27/02	THE HOURS	\$0.3	11	\$41.7
1983	SILKWOOD	N/A	N/A	\$39.5
9/12/90	POSTCARDS FROM THE EDGE	\$7.8	1,013	\$39.1

SOURCE: EXHIBITOR RELATIONS CO. *WEEKEND-GROSS AND GROSS-TO-DATE FIGURES IN MILLIONS

LIFE. LUST. LOVE. ZORBA.

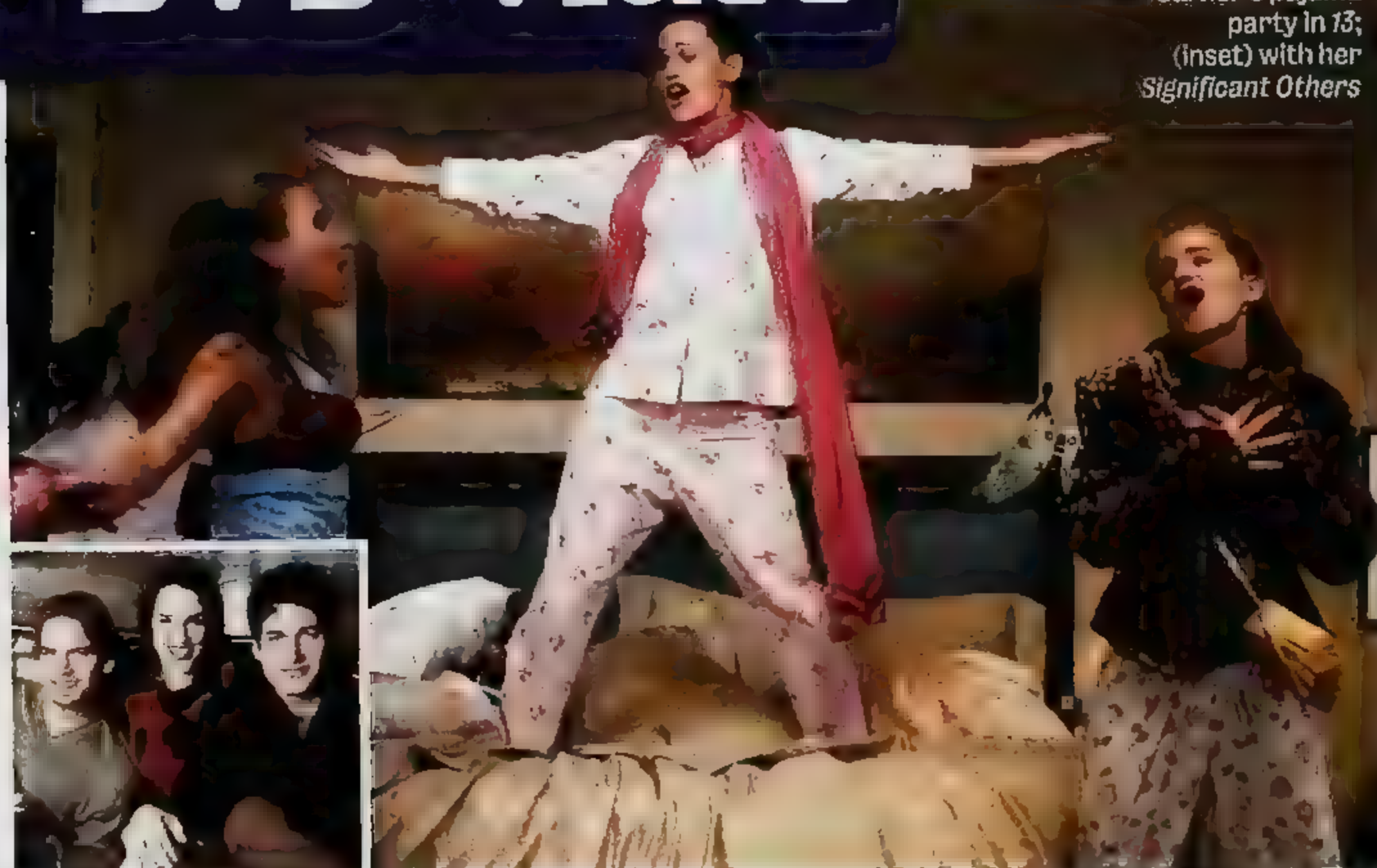
NEW TO DVD
WITH EXCITING EXTRAS:
Director's Commentary
A&E Biography on Anthony Quinn
Fox Movietone News Footage
Deleted Scenes and More!



Bring It Home From
BARNES & NOBLE
BOOKSELLERS

DVD & Video

Garner's pajama party in *13*; (inset) with her *Significant Others*



Forever Young

Jennifer Garner's bubbly inner child beguiles more than her young adult growing pains. by Dalton Ross

13 GOING ON 30

PG-13, 98 mins., 2004
(Columbia TriStar)

SIGNIFICANT OTHERS: The Series

Unrated, 4 hrs., 33 mins., 1998
(Columbia TriStar)

For a woman who spends the majority of her time either wielding three-pronged daggers or blowing away members of the Covenant, Jennifer Garner is pretty damn perky. Why, I'd even go so far as to say she has all the

charm and charisma of a giddy 13-year-old! Which works out swell for a movie called *13 Going on 30*. Yes, it's just a female version of *Big*, and yes, the story is fairly disposable, but gosh if Garner doesn't somehow pull it off.

Whether she's squirming during a striptease or persuading a clubful of hipsters to reenact Michael Jackson's "Thriller" dance sequence, Garner does dorky to a tee. Maybe it's because she's had some practice: Somewhere in between the plentiful

but uneven crop of deleted scenes and the video for Rick Springfield's "Jessie's Girl" lies the bonus feature "I Was a Teenage Geek!" in which the star talks about being a band nerd in high school, with photos backing up her claim...irrefutably. (She's lived it, people!)

And she lived through a disappointing coming-of-age TV dramedy called *Significant Others* (also being released this week)—an experience she recalls in the aptly titled extra "Jennifer Garner Recalls *Significant Others*." Since she doesn't have the whole kid-trapped-in-an-adult's-body excuse to fall back on here, Garner comes off as more flaky than fun in the Fox series about twentysomethings trying to make it in the big bad world. Seems some made it better than others. *13*: **B** *Others*: **C+**

DVD Q&A

James Darren



Gidget is making waves again, with *The Complete Gidget Collection* (Unrated, 300 mins., 1959-63, Columbia TriStar). Sandra Dee, Deborah Walley, and Cindy Carol may have played the irrepressible surf mascot in *Gidget*, *Gidget Goes Hawaiian*, and *Gidget Goes to Rome*, but James Darren kept the series afloat as surfer boyfriend Moondoggle. Forty-five years later, he is still the absolute ultimate. —Donald Liebenson

Interesting for the title character of a film series to be played by different actors but the costar to stay the same. They had me under contract. I was a prisoner. But with those lovely young ladies, it was the best prison I think I'll ever be in. Between you and *Beach Party*'s Frankie Avalon, who's the big Kahuna? I'll give Cliff Robertson (who played the original Kahuna in *Gidget*) that title. Frankie is a real good friend. Did you ever date your Gidgets? No, but I was in love with Sandra. I thought she was absolutely perfect as Gidget. She had tremendous charm. But her mom was very protective, to say the least.

OUTFOXED: Rupert Murdoch's *War on Journalism* Documentary
Unrated, 78 mins., 2004
(Disinformation Co.)

Welcome to the No Journalism Zone—where reporters seem to investigate stories that affect the country and the world while espousing the right-wing political agenda of News Corp. head Rupert Murdoch and Fox News chairman and CEO Roger Ailes. That's the primary conceit of this controversial doc, funded by political advocacy group MoveOn.org and the Center for American Progress. (The DVD shot to No. 1 on Amazon after its release, and has sold more than 50,000 copies in its first two weeks.) Relying on former Fox employees and media watchdog groups to make its case,



Outfoxed exposes ethically dubious practices—such as internal memos dictating how to spin the day's news—at the network self-christened "fair and balanced." Whether you find the film itself fair and balanced may depend on your political persuasion, but one thing's certain: It's as highly charged as a Bill O'Reilly rant. **A-** —Amy Fintelberg

KNIGHT RIDER: *The Complete First Season*
David Hasselhoff, K.I.T.T.
Unrated, 19 hrs., 45 mins., 1982-83
(Universal)

I see the network meeting now: "We like the *Dukes of Hazard* dynamic, good ol' boys fighting injustice, but we're after



something a little less...what's the word? Right, racist." Enter *Knight Rider*, in which a good ol' boy who likes country music and cowboy boots drives a fancy car—one without the Confederate flag

on the roof—and fights injustice. *Knight Rider* is a relic from a simpler time, when audiences demanded less from their TV. Stunts! Cool. Talking Trans-Am! Neat. Not-so-vaguely autosexual

relationship between Hasselhoff's Michael Knight (who invariably only righted wrongs that happened to pretty girls) and his car, K.I.T.T. (who was perpetually peeved that Michael spent so much time with the ladies)! Um, okay. Goes to show that all it takes to mint nostalgia is a catchy theme song. **EXTRAS** Recent interviews with *Knight Rider* "experts," commentary from the show's star and creator, and the forgettable 1991 TV movie *Knight Rider 2000* remind you how ridiculous, and yet simultaneously awesome, a show about an indestructible talking car could be. **B** —Marc Bernardin

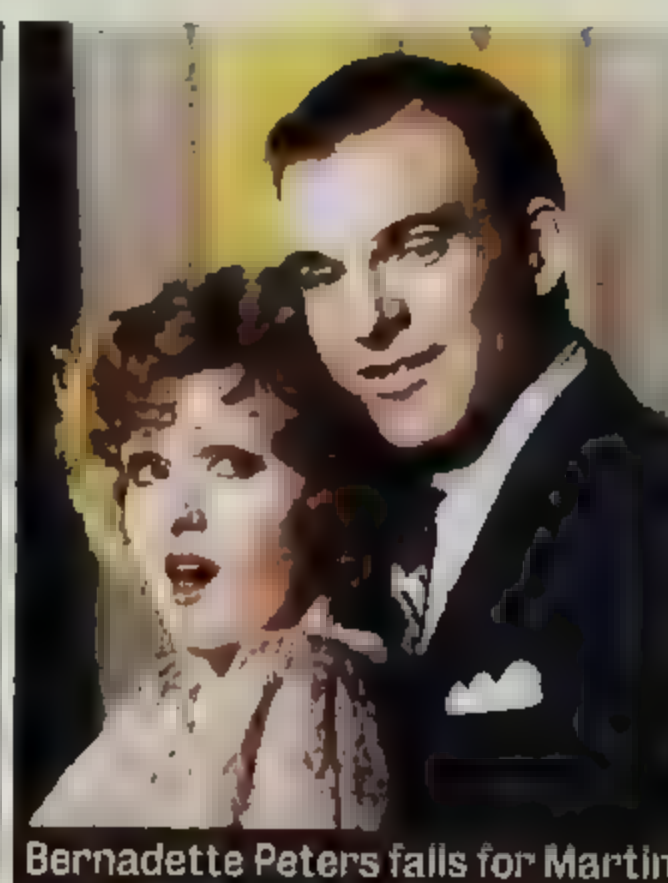
DOUBLE TAKE

'Pennies From Heaven'

No one knew the potency of cheap music better than writer Dennis Potter, who explored the underside of big-band pop in the 1978 miniseries (Unrated, 8 hrs., 37 mins., Warner). A down-on-his-luck sheet-music salesman whose wife prefers tea to sex, Arthur Parker (Bob Hoskins) is lured away from home by the siren song of the gramophone, but finds that life at 78 rpm isn't all it's cracked up to be. Arthur's dreams (and less noble sentiments) are expressed musically, as he poses as a songwriter to seduce small-town schoolteachers. Watching the unglamorous characters mime period pop hits is like rediscovering a childhood ditty and realizing the words held adult secrets all along. Directed by Herbert Ross, the 1981 film version (*R*, 107 mins., Warner) revives the glory of big-screen musicals, even as it recalls the Depression-era squalor they helped audiences forget. Gordon Willis' rapturous photography trumps the series' shoestring

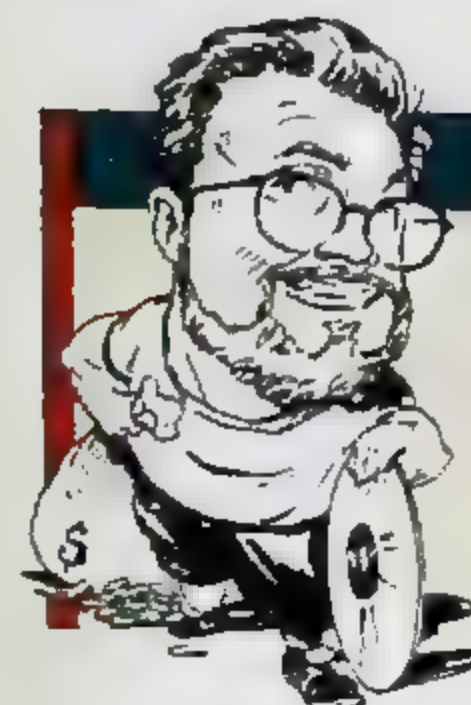


Hoskins woos Cheryl Campbell



Bernadette Peters falls for Martin

video, but the movie is as flat and shiny as an LP, with a hole in the center to boot. Still, Christopher Walken's "Let's Misbehave" tap dance is masterful, and if Steve Martin can't match Hoskins in plumbing Arthur's perverse depths, you believe it when he says, "They tell the truth, songs do." **EXTRAS** TV: In their commentary, producer Kenith Trodd and director Piers Haggard trash the film but allow that the musical numbers are "bloody marvelous." Movie: Spotty commentary by critic Peter Rainer and a chummy but uninformative cast-and-crew reunion. **TV: A-** Movie: **B+** —Sam Adams



Quote of the Week

DIRECTOR KEVIN SMITH

"It's very easy for me to outgross myself on video. So DVD allows me to continue doing what matters to me and, like, 10 other people."

FOR YOUR COLLECTION

'Three Films by Renoir'



Bergman plays the field in Elena

With the release of *The Rules of the Game*, *The Lower Depths*, and now *Stage and Spectacle: Three Films by Jean Renoir* (Unrated, 103/105/95 mins., 1953/1955/1956, Criterion), this is turning out to be something of a banner year for the influential French director.

Though not as famous as *Rules* or *Grand Illusion*, *The Golden Coach* is an unqualified delight with a larger-than-life Anna Magnani as an 18th-century commedia dell'arte actress juggling a trio of suitors. Beneath the comedy's puff-pastry layers of artifice lurk deeper truths about men and women, and life and art. *French Cancan*, another homage to the theater, stars Renoir alum Jean Gabin as a nightclub impresario who nurtures and woos his attractive talent with a modern frankness. It's also a visual stunner with a dazzling climactic dance sequence (the cancan, natch). And in *Elena and Her Men*, a buoyant Ingrid Bergman plays a liberated Polish princess who juggles even more suitors than Magnani. Refreshingly, Renoir clearly applauds her breezy empowerment, which is not surprising—in a 1961 interview, the portly dynamo sparkles with bighearted bounce. *Coach*: **A** *Cancan*: **B+** *Elena*: **B+** —Tim Purtell

HIDALGO

Viggo Mortensen, Omar Sharif
PG-13, 136 mins., 2004 (Touchstone)

All the horsemanship Viggo Mortensen picked up as Aragorn in the *Lord of the Rings* trilogy clearly paid off. Here, he's back in the saddle as Frank T. Hopkins, a down-and-out cowboy enticed into entering the "Ocean of Fire," a treacherous 3,000-mile race across the Arabian Desert, by Sheikh Riyadh (played with the usual panache by Sharif) for a \$100,000 prize. If only it were that easy. Instead, Hopkins and the equine of the movie's title battle sandstorms, conniving competitors, and even a cheetah before crossing the finish line. Director Joe Johnston doesn't let the CGI effects overwhelm either the action or Mortensen's aw-shucks performance, and no steed has displayed this much star presence since Mr. Ed. **EXTRAS** Plenty of horsing around on the



Mortensen rides again

"Sand & Celluloid" featurette, which includes a how-to on creating edible locusts. But while Viggo's strong and serene disposition may work on the big screen, it renders him apathetic during the interviews. **B** —Paul S. Katz

NED KELLY

Heath Ledger, Orlando Bloom
R, 110 mins., 2004 (Focus)

In the great tradition of *The Marrying Man* and *Gigli* comes another dud lending credence to the maxim that on-set romantic sparks result in inexplicably chemistry-free movies.

Aside from getting Naomi Watts out of the deal, Ledger might wish he'd filmed the story of Ned Beatty or Ned Flanders, any Ned but the real-life 19th-century outlaw who's an icon in Australia and a nonentity in the rest of the world—a disparity only enhanced by this dully serious "Western." A 1970 version was loopy enough that Mick Jagger's casting as the gunslinger with a bushy beard Down Under his chin was out-weirded by the Waylon Jennings-sung score. The tip-off to how dreadfully straight and pallid the latest take is: nearly nonstop orchestral swelling that foreshadows the beloved antihero's martyrdom. **EXTRAS** A featurette examines Kelly biopics dating back to the silent era, and a still gallery spotlights an ad campaign focusing on individual stars—even Watts and Geoffrey Rush, who merited their own posters despite turning in virtual cameos. **C-** —Chris Willman

ASK THE CRITIC Dalton Ross

Sound of Music



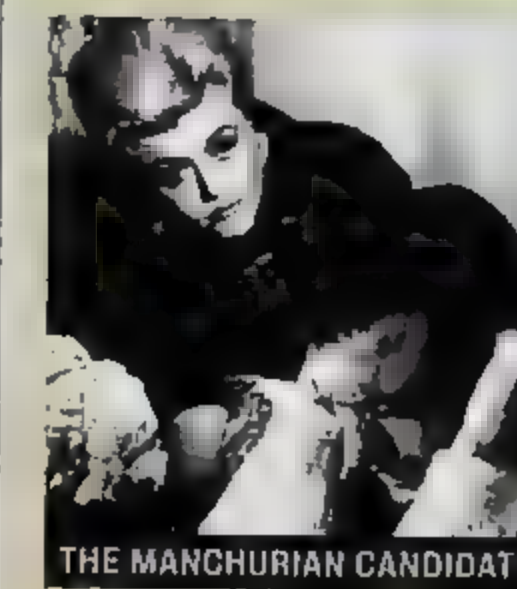
Geek John Francis Daley

Why is it that many TV-show DVD releases edit songs from the show? Is it really that costly for the studio to pay a song royalty, so they'd prefer to release an edited version of a classic episode? —Peter Unfortunately, shows often sacrifice quality for cost. The epic

showdown that wrapped up *Wiseguy*'s Sonny Staelgrave arc is now a little less epic without the Moody Blues' "Nights in White Satin" playing in the background. (The generic soundtrack inserted in its place packs nowhere near the same punch.) On the flip side, *Freaks and Geeks* executive producers refused to release a DVD set until every music clip was cleared—at a cost of one million dollars. That's a lot of money for a show that was canceled after only 11 episodes. And every penny was worth it.

SEND QUESTIONS TO ASKTHEDVDCRITIC@EW.COM, OR POST THEM ONLINE ■ EW.COM/ASKTHEDVDCRITIC

The Charts



THE MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE

SPY KIDS

This week saw an extraordinary rate of turnover as *LOTR*, *Secret Window*, *Chappelle's Show*, and *50 First Dates* were all fired from the sales chart. But with *Identity*'s "Explosive" opening at No. 2, the original *Manchurian Candidate*'s surprise top 10 spot, and *Cody Banks* also being invited to the secret-agent solree, it seems that in an unstable job market espionage is the only sure shot. Gollum, are you listening?

TOP 10 DVD SALES

	LAST WEEK		TO DATE*	WEEKS ON CHART	
1	1	THE BUTTERFLY EFFECT	\$57.8	2	C-
2	—	THE BOURNE IDENTITY—EXPLOSIVE EDITION	\$121.7	1	C+
3	—	NEVER DIE ALONE	\$5.6	1	B-
4	—	AGENT CODY BANKS 2: DESTINATION LONDON	\$23.6	1	C-
5	4	BARBERSHOP 2: BACK IN BUSINESS	\$65.1	3	B+
6	3	BAD SANTA—UNRATED (WIDE)	\$60.1	4	D+
7	2	COLD MOUNTAIN	\$95.6	3	A-
8	—	THE DREAMERS—UNCUT	\$2.5	1	C+
9	—	THE MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE	—	1	—
10	—	AGAINST THE ROPES (WIDE)	\$5.9	1	D

TOP 10 TAPE RENTALS

			LAST WEEK	THIS WEEK	WEEKS ON CHART	WEEKS ON CHART
1	THE BUTTERFLY EFFECT	\$3.1	\$57.8	2	C-	
2	COLD MOUNTAIN	\$4.3	\$95.6	3	A-	
3	SECRET WINDOW	\$6.1	\$47.8	4	B	
4	50 FIRST DATES	\$7.7	\$120.8	5	C-	
5	MYSTIC RIVER	\$8.1	\$80.1	1	B	
6	AGENT CODY BANKS 2: DESTINATION...	\$0.6	\$23.6	1	C-	
7	ALONG CAME POLLY	\$5.8	\$87.9	6	B-	
8	BARBERSHOP 2: BACK IN BUSINESS	\$2.5	\$65.1	3	B+	
9	NEVER DIE ALONE	\$0.5	\$5.6	1	B-	
10	BAD SANTA	\$3.4	\$60.1	4	D	

SOURCES: VIDEO BUSINESS; RENTALS FOR THE WEEK ENDING JULY 18, 2004; WEEKS ON CHART: '04 MILLIONS

NOW IN STORES

AQUA TEEN HUNGER FORCE: VOLUME TWO (Unrated, 156 mins., 2002-03, Warner) Lo the trials and tribulations of being a human-size fast-food 'toon living in the dirty Jerz. Suffice it to say, this Adult Swim fave is pretty trippy.

BRAKHAGE; IN THE MIRROR OF MAYA DEREN (Unrated, 75/103 mins., 1999/2003, Zeitgeist) A pair of impressive docs on monumental avant-garde filmmakers Stan Brakhage and Maya Deren. Featuring archival interviews with scholars and directors along with rare movie excerpts.

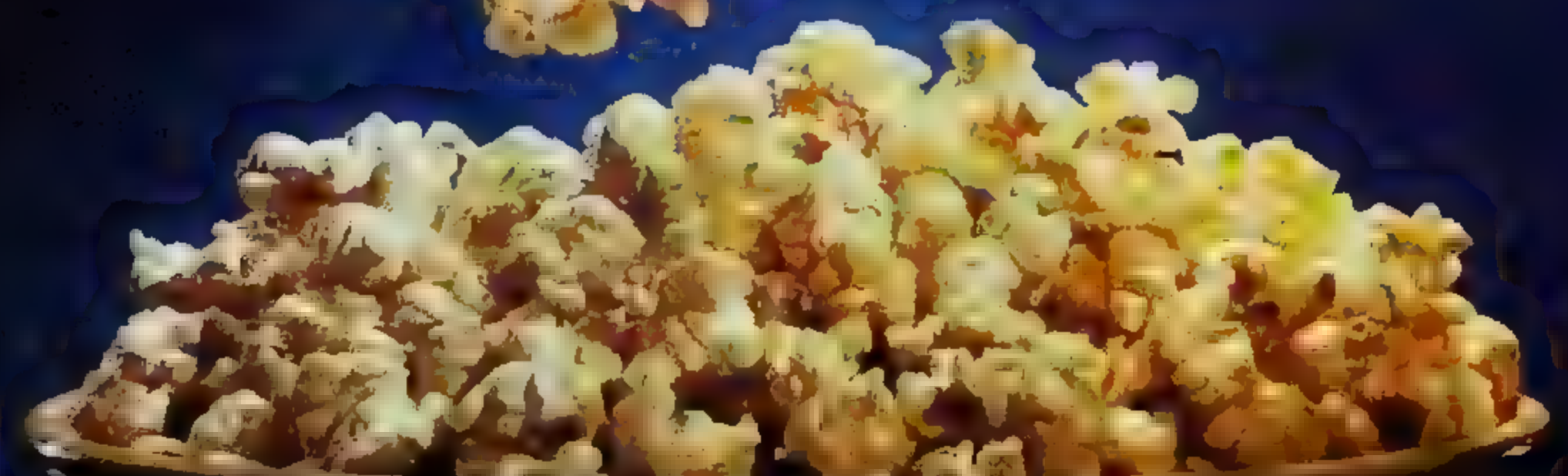
LA CÉRÉMONIE; MASQUES; STORY OF WOMEN (Unrated, 102/98/108 mins., 1995/1987/1988, Home Vision) Long overdue, these three thrillers by Claude Chabrol—a.k.a. the Gallic Hitchcock—hit stores, with scholarly essays and even a *Women* commentary from the mystery master himself.

DIAL H-I-S-T-O-R-Y (Unrated, 88 mins., 1997, Other Cinema) Johan Grimmonprez splices a collage of plane-hijacking footage from the 1960s and '70s with home movies and disco music in his oddly comical yet tragically prophetic doc.

20 YEARS AFTER: THE WOODSTOCK REUNION CONCERT (Unrated, 147 mins., 1994, SRO) The three-volume set—divided into "The Peace," "The Love," and "The Consciousness"—documents the 1969 reunion rock show, with Timothy "Psychodelic Tour Guide" Leary serving as host.

1 ORIGINAL THEATRICAL GRAB

INTRODUCING TWO THINGS
YOU NEVER HAD IN
MICROWAVE POPCORN
CRISPY AND GLAZED



Now there's Pop Secret Crispy Glazed. The only popcorn that pops up crispy and glazed right in your microwave, then melts right in your mouth. Available in Caramel and Kettle Corn. JUST CAN'T WAIT TO

POP-SECRET

+Television

Scott and Jase are *Brothers* in bad hair; (right) *Race*'s Charla and Mirna think big

Great Escapes

Summertime and the viewing is easy for Ken Tucker, thanks to campy *Big Brother* and its classy companion, *Amazing Race*

THE AMAZING RACE
Tuesdays, 10 p.m. (CBS)

BIG BROTHER 5
Tuesdays and Saturdays, 9 p.m.;
Thursdays, 8 p.m. (CBS)

There are times when reviewing TV shows is just a job: I get paid to tear down *Still Standing* for the same reason a demolition man sets dynamite to a condemned building—for the money, and for the public good. But there are times when my work is inseparable from pleasure. So it has

been recently with *The Amazing Race 5* and *Big Brother 5*. Because of them, I have a professional excuse to avoid barbecues, hikes in the hot sun, and bad summer action movies. I have to stay in my house and watch other people (in the case of *Race*) run around in foreign countries with heavy backpacks and plead for taxis and seats on airplanes. It's my duty to watch other people (in the case of *Big Brother*) relive the worst aspect of summer-camp life—being forced to live among

bullies and weirdos—and occasionally hear someone say something wonderfully pungent. So it was recently on *BB5* when Marvin the mortician noted that some tuna had been left in the fridge too long: "That fish smelled stronger than pee in a nursing home." Ah, the pleasures of encountering new people without actually having to talk to them!

Really, these two shows are flip sides on the coin of

The *Race* contestant getting the most attention is Charla, a little person teamed with her cousin Mirna. Charla won many hearts in the debut episode by showing moxie ("People love to help me," she said blithely) and by carrying a 55-pound side of beef on her small back in a ridiculous competition. Charla had better watch it, though: Using her tiny stature to wangle priority standby status at an airport on the July 20 episode, she risked seeming, oh, a little cynical, maybe? But the least likable couple, squabbling Donny and Alison—the latter a contestant in *BB4*—has already been eliminated, so it's clear sailing for adventure now. Fans may want Charla and Mirna to win, but I'm putting my money on Linda and Karen—middle-aged, sensible, cagey, and able to eat large quantities of caviar.

Meanwhile, in the *BB5* house, a bunch of overmuscled frat boys are terrorizing the rest of the housemates with their frighteningly gelled hair accessorized with headbands ripped from shirtsleeves. One contestant, Holly, presents herself as a blond bimbo and confides to the camera, "Ditz is my strategy." Another woman, Jennifer, currently sporting a green Mohawk, prefers to be called Nakomis for no apparent reason. And Martin has given contestant Adria the nickname Big Bootylicious because...well,



escapism: One gives you the world, one locks you in a tickytacky house, but both keep you occupied. The Emmy-winning *Race* is the prestige act, of course. Even though it's a game show that pits disparate couples (coltish blond twins; two suburban "bowling moms") against each other to win a million bucks, *Race* has a gloss of classiness because, as they sweat and berate each other, they do it against such settings as the Egyptian Sphinx.

Winner of the Week

KIRSTIE ALLEY

Big is beautiful! The zaftig former *Cheers* star is embracing her un-Hollywood curves by starring in *Fat Actress*, a semiautobiographical unscripted comedy to air next year on Showtime.



Television

no explanation needed there.

The series always threatens to become a porn film with no sex—all lolling bodies and numbingly banal chatter—and so the producers have to keep introducing twists. This season, it's "Project DNA," which stands for "do not assume." So far, the assumption that Big Bootylicious—excuse me, Adria—is one woman has proved false: Unbeknownst to the household, she regularly switches places with her twin sister, Natalie, or as I call her, Imperceptibly Smaller Bootylicious. Oh, and Jennifer/Nakomis has discovered that one guy in the house, Michael, is a half brother she never knew she had. Host Julie Chen presides over it all with the grim, frozen smile of an S&M mistress visiting her torture chamber. After one grueling eviction session (the last remaining houseguest will win \$500,000), even the hardest, most gelled player, Jase, admitted, "Thank God I'm drunk right now, 'cause I couldn't have handled it if I was sober." Amen, brother.

To be a *BB* fan is to enjoy watching people get on each other's nerves, fail at the food competitions, and subsist on PB&J for a week. If this be pleasure, I plead guilty. **Race: A BBs: B**



Fire Power

The FDNY dramedy *Rescue Me* smolders with humor and grief. by Gillian Flynn

RESCUE ME
Wednesdays, 10 p.m. (FX)

Denis Leary, with his rat-a-tat delivery and Irish wise-guy persona, has too often jabbed right up to the line of self-parody. With *Rescue Me*, he redeems himself by doing what we always suspected he could do: really act. As New York City firefighter Tommy Gavin, a heavy drinker in the throes of a divorce, Leary has created a hilarious, depress-

ing, and surprisingly endearing character. The guy's haunted, literally, by the 9/11 death of his cousin Jimmy (James McCaffrey), a fellow firefighter—and rather than forge workable relationships with the living, Gavin hangs out with Jimmy's ghost.

The premise isn't as precious as it sounds, mainly because the station house is steeped in spirits: The 9/11 fallout is everywhere, from Gavin's soon-to-be ex (Andrea Roth), who wants to escape

her widow-packed neighborhood so desperately she's looking at farmhouses in Kansas, to the introverted fireman (John Scurti) who writes bad smoke-and-girder-laced poetry in his basement. These are death-weighted people, a fact gracefully underscored by the image of Gavin, heading home after a binge, dogged by a line of ghosts of those he failed to save.

For the most part, *Rescue Me*'s writers (who include Leary and Peter Tolan, the cocreator of Leary's short-lived ABC comedy, *The Job*) have kept this otherworldly vein subtle—aside from cousin Jimmy, the show's spirits are so silent and illusory they could be mere memories. Unfortunately, the July 28 episode slid into gimmickry when a girl who died in a car accident turned her gore-smeared face to Leary and pleaded, "I want to go home!" Gavin needs to confine his ghostly meet and greets to Jimmy—if he starts chatting up the undead regularly, he'll become Haley Joel Osment with suspenders and a flask. Besides, such plotlines detract from the show's piquant flesh-and-blood world. Like its FX brethren, *Nip/Tuck* and *The Shield*, *Rescue Me* is fascinated by nasty, charismatic machismo. Misogyny is practically institutionalized in this firehouse (the station's hated alarm system—a computerized female voice that sends the men off to work—is the ultimate intrusive nag). Bonding often comes in the form of cynical—and very funny—banter (one firefighter fondly recalls "all that p---y I was getting after 9/11").

But *Rescue Me* always dips back into the pain fueling each day. Leary's Gavin is an endless heart-breaker: taking a nip of now-needed courage before a fire; reaching out to his estranged wife—jerkily, jokily—and botching it; talking to his closest friend, a ghost. He's the very definition of a man being purified by fire. **B+**

they hired a designer with vision.
a designer with style.
a designer with one semester to go before graduation.



ASK THE CRITIC Ken Tucker

Screen Savers

TV shows like *Bewitched* and *The Love Boat* are making big-screen comebacks. What old TV show would you like to be brought back as a movie, and which actors would you like to see play the parts? —Ami Arellano Here's my surefire-hit concept, Ami: Revive a TV show that started out as a movie—*M*A*S*H*—but use the smart-aleck tone TV writer Larry Gelbart brought to the property, not the black-humor one film director Robert Altman deployed. Cast deadpan jokers Vince Vaughn and Will Ferrell in the Hawkeye and Trapper John roles, and some studio will have itself one big box office smash.

SEND QUESTIONS TO ASKTHECRITIC@EW.COM, OR POST THEM ONLINE AT EW.COM/ASKTHECRITIC



VAUGHN

DESIGNER FINALS

SATURDAYS 9pm/8c STARTING AUGUST 14th

YOU SHOULD SEE WHAT'S ON

HGTV
HGTV.com

SCRIPPS NETWORKS

Sometimes they're forced to drink cow-eye juice. Occasionally they race camels in the desert. All too often they forage for food while stranded on an island. But for this latest crop of reality show contestants, a more daunting task awaits: They've got four minutes to deliver a stump speech about the war on terror to a savvy group of citizens in Keene, N.H., and persuade these voters to elect them.

One by one, the hopefuls from Showtime's political reality series *American Candidate*—think *American Idol* meets *The Amazing Race* meets *Crossfire*—ascend the stage and address the audience of 300. "We are in the middle of a fight, and we are not done yet!" trumpets conservative middle-school teacher Park Gillespie. Declares African-American gay-rights activist Keith Boykin: "The White House said we were going there to find weapons of mass destruction, but instead they were finding weapons of mass distraction!" Lisa Witter, a progressive consultant, is also in full effect: "Restore moral authority in

this great nation! Repeal the Patriot Act! Spend money on priorities here! Vote for me!" *Candidate* creator R.J. Cutler stands nearby, grinning at his ambitious experiment. "It is massive, glorious, and entirely uncontrollable," he says. "Welcome to democracy, right?"

If *Candidate*, which debuts Aug. 1 at 9 p.m., isn't the loftiest reality show ever created, it's certainly the wonkiest: Ten contestants compete in cross-country political challenges like debating, street politicking, and focus grouping. Every week, one person is cut ("You're off the ballot," grimly intones host Montel Williams), and the last one standing gets \$200,000 and a TV special to outline his/her platform, which could trigger a presidential write-in campaign this fall. But can a civic-minded cable series featuring sexy guest stars like Howard Dean's former campaign manager Joe Trippi truly rock the vote? Odds are as slim as a Dennis Kucinich presidential bid. But Cutler, an accomplished political documentarian who produced 1993's *The War Room* and 1996's *A Perfect*

Spotlight on AMERICAN CANDIDATE



- Candidate's Bob Vanech channels Nixon on the campaign trail in N.H.

Party People

Showtime puts aspiring politicians through the reality TV wringer with *American Candidate*. by Dan Snierson

Candidate, thinks this reality TV quest for the next Clinton will be as compelling as the search for the next Clay Aiken. "Candidates have to battle with the choice between what they believe in and what it takes to win," he says. "And winning sometimes means compromising yourself or pulling out the rug from under somebody." Adds Showtime entertainment president Robert Greenblatt: "It gets into the reality genre in a way that's smarter.... We could actually change the world a little bit with this show—more so than *Survivor*."

Among the 10 finalists competing for political immunity: Chrissy Gephardt, the lesbian social-worker daughter of ex-House leader Dick; Bruce Friedrich, PETA's director of vegan campaigns; James Strock, a conservative author proposing a 50-cent-per-gallon gas tax (if you'll just let him explain!); Bob Vanech, an L.A. venture capitalist preaching education reform; and Richard Mack, a libertarian Mormon ex-sheriff seeking to decriminalize marijuana. (Asked how he'll justify this

platform to Mormons, he whispers, "I'm not gonna tell them.") This combustible cocktail of ideologies leads to bonding (over tax policy) and screaming matches (about selling out during a focus group). "I was humbled," says Gephardt. "The guy I debated last night went to Oxford and Harvard and he was in the [George H.W.] Bush administration!" The amateur politicos may be in awe, but will viewers dismiss this TV contest to find the next free-world leader as an exercise in futility? Trippi, at least, has high expectations: "I bet you see at least three or four officeholders out of these candidates."

Speaking of which, after four days of speech spouting and flesh pressing, the remaining candidates in Keene board the campaign bus. Mack notices the driver leaning against the door and chats him up. Afterward, he confides: "I want him to have a good impression of Richard Mack. He might be well connected to some group I need help with. You never know." Then he disappears on a bus that's about to chug down a barely paved road.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER



Alexander as Jackson

Flex Alexander (UPN's *One on One*) wants to be startin' something: He's playing the King of Pop in VH1's *Man in the Mirror: The Michael Jackson Story*, airing Aug. 6 at 9 p.m. —DS

Why take on this role? [When] I sat down with the producers and saw that it wasn't a Michael-bashing movie, I was all in. I've always been a Michael fan. I wanted to become a Jehovah's Witness—that's how

much of a fan I was. How did you nail the voice? Tight underwear? Nobody pinching me, none of that. I watched tapes to get his cadence. He's very soft-spoken. In interviews, with questions that are more difficult or irritate him, he goes in a deeper register. How's your moonwalk? I was doing that back in the day—the electric boogie and the break dancing—so that was easy. What was the makeup process like? [His current face] was my least favorite because that took the longest. We didn't do any prosthetics because I wanted people to pay attention to the movie and not say, "Oh, man, look at the chin!" By the way, are you expecting quadruplets? I have a son and a daughter. That's it. The shop is closed.

Sound Bites



"I have a friend who gets pretty dark in the summer." AMISH GIRL MIRIAM, AFTER BEING ASKED BY "CITY KID" WHITNEY IF THERE ARE ANY BLACK AMISH PEOPLE, ON *AMISH IN THE CITY*

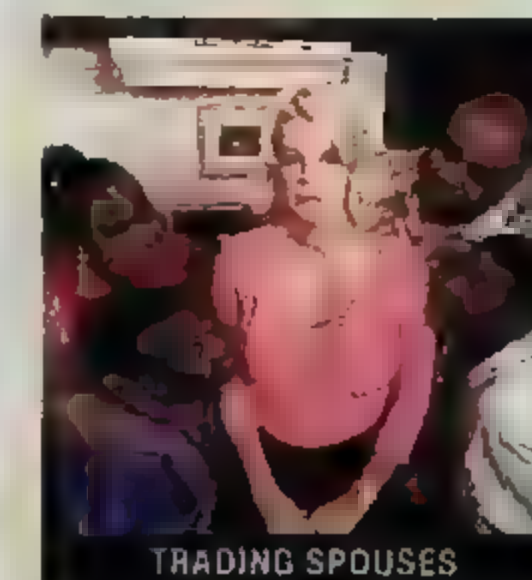
"Late last night the Coors brewing company announced plans to merge with the Molson company. However, this morning when Coors woke up and took a good look at Molson, suddenly Molson didn't look so hot." CONAN O'BRIEN ON *LATE NIGHT*

"It looks kinda hot and sexy. I mean, if you're into that—if you like a green-haired chick with a Mohawk." MARVIN, TALKING ABOUT NAKOMIS' NEW HAIRCUT, ON *BIG BROTHER 5*

"A British man was found guilty of smuggling cocaine inside two Labrador retrievers. Police became suspicious when the dogs sniffed each other's butts, then spent two days dancing to techno." CRAIG KILBORN ON *THE LATE, LATE SHOW*



The Ratings



TRADING SPOUSES

'TRADING' UP

Fox's sly move of airing *Trading Spouses: Meet Your New Mommy* two months before ABC's *Wife Swap* paid off: The debut of the family-switcheroo series (22nd) lured in 7.5 million train-wreck watchers Tuesday. The week's other notable premiere—The WB's

game show—reality hybrid *Studio 7* (116th)—flunked out with 1.8 million viewers. Despite strong showings by summer staples *The Amazing Race* (4th), *Big Brother* (11th, 14th, 58th), and *The Simple Life* (11th), repeats remain all the rage, including the *CSIs* (1st, 3rd) on CBS, all those *Law & Orders* (7th, 8th, 19th) on NBC, and the *Extreme Makeover* franchise (15th, 25th) on ABC.

TOP 25

	VIEWERS*		LAST WEEK
1	13.1	CSI (R) CBS, Thursday, 9 p.m.	2
2	12.6	WITHOUT A TRACE (R) CBS, Thursday, 10:01 p.m.	4
3	11.5	CSI: MIAMI (R) CBS, Monday, 10 p.m.	3
4	11.1	THE AMAZING RACE 5 CBS, Tuesday, 10 p.m.	11
5	10.7	TWO AND A HALF MEN (R) CBS, Monday, 9:31 p.m.	9
6	10.7	EVERYBODY LOVES RAYMOND (R) CBS, Monday, 9 p.m.	13
7	10.6	LAW & ORDER (R) NBC, Wednesday, 10 p.m.	9
8	9.9	LAW & ORDER: SVU (R) NBC, Tuesday, 10 p.m.	14
9	9.5	GOLD CASE (R) CBS, Sunday, 8 p.m.	5
10	9.5	60 MINUTES CBS, Sunday, 7 p.m.	6
11	9.2	THE SIMPLE LIFE 2 Fox, Wednesday, 9 p.m.	18
12	9.2	BIG BROTHER 5 CBS, Tuesday, 9 p.m.	21
13	8.8	NAVY NCIS (R) CBS, Tuesday, 8 p.m.	15
14	8.6	BIG BROTHER 5 CBS, Thursday, 8 p.m.	20
15	8.4	DATeline NBC, Friday, 8 p.m.	—
	8.4	EXTREME MAKEOVER: HOME... (R) ABC, Sunday, 9 p.m.	12
	8.4	60 MINUTES II (R) CBS, Wednesday, 8 p.m.	8
	8.4	CROSSING JORDAN (R) NBC, Sunday, 10 p.m.	22
19	8.3	LAW & ORDER: CRIMINAL INTENT (R) NBC, Sunday, 9 p.m.	23
20	8.2	HOURS MYSTERY (R) CBS, Wednesday, 9 p.m.	—
21	7.6	LAW & ORDER (R) NBC, Wednesday, 9 p.m.	16
22	7.5	AMERICA'S FUNNIEST HOME VIDEOS (R) ABC, Sunday, 8 p.m.	34
	7.5	TRADING SPOUSES: MEET... Fox, Tuesday, 8 p.m.	—
	7.5	TWO AND A HALF MEN (R) CBS, Wednesday, 9:30 p.m.	—
25	7.4	EXTREME MAKEOVER ABC, Tuesday, 8 p.m.	—

NETWORK RANKINGS

	VIEWERS*		LAST WEEK
1	7.9	CBS	1
2	6.6	NBC	2
3	5.7	ABC	4
4	5.1	FOX	3
5	2.4	UPN	5
6	2.2	THE WB	6

* IN MILLIONS ** AVERAGE IN MILLIONS WEEK OF JULY 29–31, 2004

SOURCE: NIELSEN MEDIA RESEARCH

What to Watch

A day-to-day guide to notable programs.* BY ALYNDA WHEAT

MONDAY AUGUST 2

7:45-7:46PM
One Minute Soap (SOAPnet) Finally acknowledging the genre's natural limits.

SERIES DEBUT
8:30-9PM
Balderdash (PAX) B-list celebs (whee! Tim Meadows!) try to bluff contestants on this game

show. Somewhere, Charles Nelson Reilly searches frantically for his agent's phone number.

9-10PM
Animal Games (Discovery Channel) Fauna of all types compete in Olympic-style events in a "virtual stadium." I don't know what they're smoking at the Discovery Channel, but they could at least share.

9:30-10PM
Growing Up Gotti (A&E) This half-hour reality-com follows Star gossip columnist/former Mob princess Victoria Gotti as she deals with her recent divorce and raises three teen sons. Hilarity presumably is supposed to ensue as the blond bombshell preps her messy mansion to go up for sale (watch her trade contrived cleavage compliments with her well-preserved Realtor!) and goes on a blind date (watch her protective, surly boys grunt in protest!). But it all comes off phonier than a platinum dye job. **C** —Jennifer Armstrong

SEASON FINALE

10-10:59PM
Who Wants to Marry My Dad? (NBC, TV-PG) The Oakland girls aren't done torturing the soon-to-be Mrs.: Now they're welcoming her into the family.

10-11:30PM*
IT: A Phish Concert Special (PBS) And in a final puff, they were gone. *check local listings



Series premiere



Brittany Murphy

THE GUEST LIST

Look Who's On the Couch

JAY LENO Monday Brittany Murphy, Ron Reagan Jr. **Tuesday** Dennis Miller, Nicole Richie **Wednesday** Quentin Tarantino **Thursday** Musical guest Jamie Cullum **Friday** Steve-O and Chris Pontius (*Wildboyz*)

DAVID LETTERMAN Monday Pamela Anderson, Al Franken **Tuesday** Chris Kentis (*Open Water*) **Wednesday** Tom Cruise, musical guest Natalie Merchant **Thursday** Jada Pinkett Smith **Friday** Musical guest Jessica Simpson

THE VIEW Wednesday Ty Pennington, Thalia **Thursday** Peter Krause **Friday** Tom Cruise

WEDNESDAY AUGUST 4

8-9PM
Amish in the City (UPN, TV-PG-L) Better idea: Send a bunch of spoiled urban brats to go live among the Amish. That I'd watch.

10-11PM
Jesus, Mary and da Vinci (ABC) If only it were as kinky as it sounds. (R)

SEASON FINALE

10:30-11PM
The Ashlee Simpson Show (MTV) Like ex-beau Josh, we're just not that sorry to see her go.

11-11:30PM
Family Guy (Cartoon Network, TV-14-D) Stewie goes all *Fantastic Voyage* shrinking to slug it out with Peter's sperm. All together now: *Ewww!!!* (R)

8-9PM
Secrets of the Dead: Amazon Warrior Women (PBS) After a 10-year quest, an American archaeologist proves that the myth of sultry, horse-riding huntresses has a basis in fact. Not only do 2,500-year-old artifacts from burial sites in southern Russia match ancient Greek representations of the Amazons, but the female skeletons link genetically to a modern, young, blond Mongolian nomad named Meirangul (above). Science + serious use of the term "warrior priestess" = **A-** —Mandi Bierly



Wonder woman

FRIDAY AUGUST 6

8-9:30PM
Tiger Cruise (Disney Channel, TV-PG) Inspired by actual events, *Tiger Cruise* tells the story of Navy brat Maddle Dolan (*Remember the Titans'* Hayden Panettiere), who participates in a special civilian trip called Operation Tiger aboard her daddy's aircraft carrier. As executive officer Gary Dolan, Bill Pullman (above with Panettiere) phones it in here as an absentee parent who's eager to run his own ship someday. It's Maddle's hope to dry-dock her pop and get him back home for good, until the events of Sept. 11 change her opinion of dear ol' Dad and how much his country needs him (yup, she even unfurls a huge flag on the flippin' flight deck). Production values for this original movie are impressive—the telefilm was shot primarily on aircraft carriers in San Diego and at sea—but *Tiger Cruise* never leaves shallow waters. **C** —Lynette Rice



What's that out there? A decent script?

WHAT TO WATCH

THURSDAY AUGUST 5

7-8PM
Chicago Hope (Discovery Health, TV-PG) See? You can get a regular hit of Mandy Patinkin without resorting to *Dead Like Me*. (R)

7:30-9PM
My Uncle Berns (HBO, TV-PG) A documentary by Lindsay Crystal, Billy's daughter, about her great-uncle. Don't you hate it when celebs force their home movies on you?

SERIES DEBUT
9:30-10PM
Designer Finals (HGTV) CHINTZ: CHINA: (A) tulle: fabulous (B) Isaac Mizrahi: Target (C) leather: gimp (D) none of the above

11PM-12AM*
Soundstage: Cyndi Lauper (PBS) Thanks to her, we know money changes everything.

bopping doesn't lead to blindness, and it's okay to just want to have fun. The last two are kind of the same when you think about it. *check local listings



That crown is so mine

10-11PM
The Ultimate Hollywood Blonde (E!, TV-PG-D) It's Blonde Week and E! is feting the flaxen-haired in high style. Capping a five-night special on all things peroxide is tonight's crowning of the Ultimate Hollywood Blonde. Will the Straw Queen have Blonde Ambition like Apple's mommy, Gwyneth Paltrow (above), or be a Party Blonde à la Cameron Diaz? Until now, only their stylists knew for sure.

SERIES DEBUT
9-9:30PM
Snapped (Oxygen, TV-PG) True-crime show about women who kill their husbands. Listen, not everyone believes in divorce.

9-10PM
Stargate SG-1 (Sci Fi, TV-14-V) SG-1's appearance on a planet sets off a civil war. This is why dominant species who care have prime directives.

9-11PM
Miss Teen USA 2004 (NBC, TV-G) Unsolicited advice for the new teen queen: Keep your panties up, your boobs natural, and your finger out of your throat, and you'll be just fine.

10-11PM
Monk (USA, TV-PG) Episode title: "Mr. Monk and the Employee of the Month." Hmm...that couldn't be Sharona. Then it'd be "Mr. Monk and the Employee Qualifying for Sainthood."

TUESDAY AUGUST 3

9-10PM
Big Brother (CBS) Right now this game is being dominated by two pretty boys, a punk, and a lunkhead. I'm not saying the women ought to be embarrassed, but—okay, you're right. That is what I'm saying.

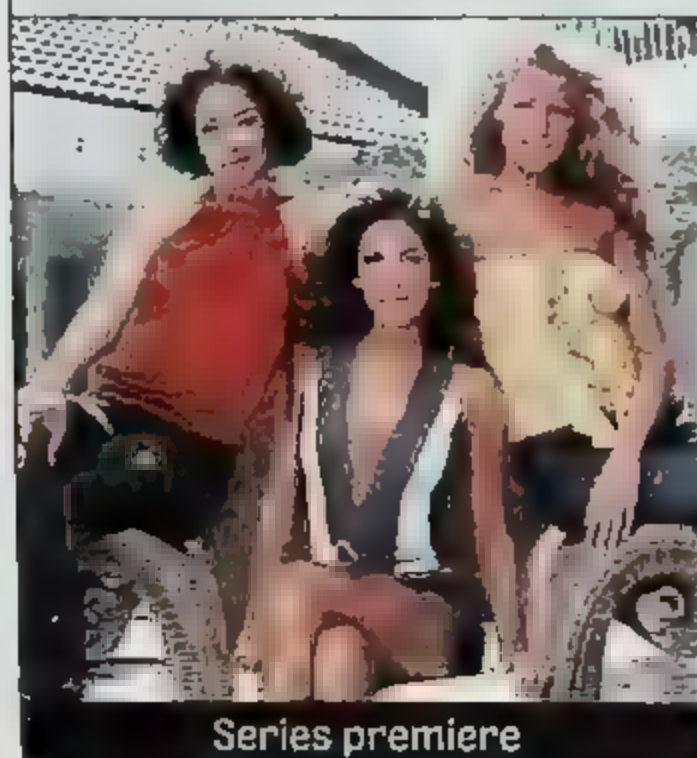
SERIES DEBUT
9-10PM
Interpol Investigates (National Geographic, TV-PG) Damn. They're onto us.

9-10PM*
The Real Olympics (PBS, TV-14-V) There are two ways you can handle this: Enjoy all the

piggybacking ersatz Olympic specials, or spend the summer dealing with real life. Take some time. Mull it over. *check local listings

SEASON FINALE
10-11PM
NYPD 24/7 (ABC) No Henry Simmons and no nudity. Understandably, I strayed.

9-10PM
The Player (UPN) This cringeworthy reality dating exercise follows Miami hottie Dawn (left, flanked by friends Ananda, far left, and Janelle) as she picks a suitor—but there's not even a Mr. Right Now to be found in this crop of losers. One Player looks like a *Scarface* reject, another tries to put his tongue down Dawn's throat minutes into their first date. Just as laughable is the Player Operator, a Billy Dee Williams-esque voice piped through a gold-plated phone, keeping the Players informed about the game. But the biggest annoyance isn't the guys, it's the premise. To wit, the show's mantra: "Don't hate the player, hate the game." Couldn't agree more. **D+**



Series premiere

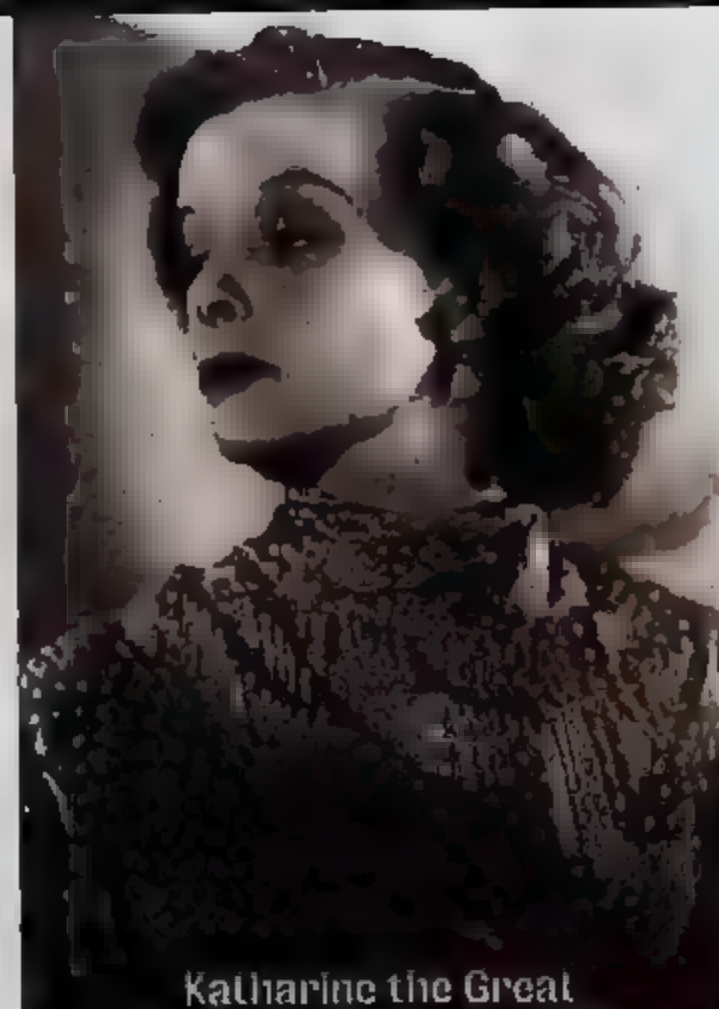
SATURDAY AUGUST 7

11AM-NOON
The Directors (Encore) We'll salute Penny Marshall for her films—but we're still bitter that she tricked us into trying that toxic swill, milk and Pepsi.

8-9PM
Miracle Continent: Antarctica, U.S. (Science Channel) It's so sad. The climate is shifting. The polar ice caps are melting. And Jake Gyllenhaal so won't be there to rescue us.

10-11PM
Unsolved History: D.B. Cooper (Discovery Channel, TV-G) Make you a deal: You find his stolen \$200,000, bring it to me, and I'll hand you \$50,000, tax-free, no questions asked. Yeah, I know. I'm a giver.

SERIES DEBUT
11-11:30PM
The Venture Brothers (Cartoon Network, TV-14) Try to be happy for Patrick Warburton. It's hard, but at some point we have to let *The Tick* go.



Katharine the Great

6-7:15AM
Morning Glory (TCM) She's passed gracefully into that good night, and her stuff's been auctioned off, so there's nothing left to do but enjoy the Katharine Hepburn retrospectives. This one starts with the 1933 film for which she won her first Oscar, as a would-be Broadway actress. Also included in the 24-hour marathon are classics like *Little Women*, *The Philadelphia Story*, and *The Lion in Winter*. All in all, not a bad way to spend a Saturday.

SUNDAY AUGUST 8

6:30-7PM
NBC Nightly News (NBC) Ever wonder what's really going through the anchor's head? Here's one guess: *Hey! Condoleezza Rice and Lucy from Peanuts totally have the same hairdo.*

7-7:30PM
The Fabulous Life of Usher (VH1, TV-14) Sure, like having a top-selling album and goo-gobs of money makes up for losing his girlfriend. Well, wait a sec. How much money? (R)

OLYMPICS ALERT!
8-9PM
Chasing the Dream (TV Guide Channel) Opening ceremonies are still five days away and already with the touching stories of obstacles overcome.

9-11PM
The Hollywood Mom's Mystery (Hallmark Channel, TV-PG) Murder-mystery spoof starring Justine Bateman, Angie Everhart, Andrew McCarthy, and George Hamilton as "sitcom icons, trophy wives, has-beens, and wannabes," um, respectively.

9-10PM
Extreme Makeover: Home Edition (ABC, TV-PG) If any of you live near my editor, we'd be much obliged if you offered her a shoulder to cry on. See, she digs

this show. And this episode's about a soldier returning from Iraq to a newly renovated home, so she'll need your support. (R)

SEASON FINALE
9-10PM
The 4400 (USA) Just so long as

their whole ordeal doesn't force us to learn any deeper truths about the human condition. I hate that.

9-10PM
Six Feet Under (HBO, TV-MA) How hard can it be to make one



I'm in a Lone Star State of mind

9-10PM
Texas: America Supersized (Trio) "Texas is like America on steroids," says one interviewee in Journalist Christopher Hitchens' too-brief exploration of the home of Enron, 10-gallon hats, and George W. Bush. By any means, that's an understatement. Striving to understand the basis of the President's ethics and behavior, Hitchens tours the second-largest state, speaking with Lone Star natives like liberal columnist Molly Ivins, filmmaker Richard Linklater, and author Larry McMurtry, as well as the occasional cowboy, oil tycoon, and right-wing mercenary. What he finds is an all-American land brimming with vitality, exaggerations, and contradictions, where the Alamo and the high school football field are similarly sacrosanct, and schoolchildren pledge allegiance to two flags—one belonging to the United States and the other to the would-be nation within it. **B**—Joshua Rich

right decision? Just one? Once in a while? Is it really too much to ask that the Fisher gang not run full-out, headfirst into that brick wall known as what-did-you-think-would-happen-you-moron? Apparently, it is.

10-11PM
Fat City (Trio) Dallas baddie Larry Hagman narrates this documentary about obesity in Houston. Weird, because J.R. wasn't exactly the poster boy for healthy livin'.

10-11PM
Dead Like Me (Showtime, TV-14) This Mandy Patinkin obsession of yours is getting way out of control.

10-11PM
Crossing Jordan (NBC, TV-14) The victim is exsanguinated, with bite marks on his neck. Didn't we already do the phony vampire thing on *CSI*? Wasn't it on, like, three months before this episode aired? Are we the only people actually watching TV? (R)

10:30-11PM
Da Ali G Show (HBO, TV-MA) The best 15 minutes on television—'cuz that's about as long as I can take it.

11PM-MIDNIGHT
Al Roker Investigates: katie.com (Court TV, TV-14) Not what you think. But trust me, it's more fun this way. (R)



1 box. 3 meal ideas. 30 minutes.



That's Kraft Cooking.



Taco Bake

Prep: 15 min. Cook: 20 min.

1 pkg. (14 oz.) KRAFT® Deluxe Macaroni & Cheese Dinner
1 lb. ground beef
1 pkg. (1-1/4 oz.) taco seasoning mix
3/4 cup BREAKSTONE'S® Sour Cream
1-1/2 cups KRAFT® Shredded Cheddar Cheese, divided
1 cup salsa
1. PREPARE Dinner as directed on package. Brown meat in skillet; drain. Add taco seasoning mix and 3/4 cup water to meat; simmer 5 minutes.
2. STIR sour cream into prepared Dinner. Spoon half of the Dinner mixture into 2-quart baking dish; top with layers of the meat mixture, 1/2 cup of cheese and remaining Dinner mixture. Cover.
3. BAKE at 400°F for 15 minutes. Top with salsa and remaining 1/2 cup cheese. Bake, uncovered, 5 more min. Makes 6 servings.

Cheesy Chicken & Broccoli Mac

Prep: 10 min. Cook: 25 min.

1 lb. boneless, skinless chicken breasts, cut into bite-size pieces
1 cup milk
1 pkg. (14 oz.) KRAFT® Deluxe Macaroni & Cheese Dinner
1 pkg. (10 oz.) frozen broccoli florets, thawed
1. SPRAY skillet with cooking spray. Add chicken; cook on medium-high heat 5 minutes or until cooked through, stirring occasionally.
2. ADD 1-1/2 cups water, milk and macaroni; stir. Bring to boil. Reduce heat to medium-low; cover. Simmer 15 minutes or until macaroni is tender, stirring occasionally.
3. ADD Cheese Sauce and broccoli; cook until heated through, stirring occasionally. Makes 4 servings.

Cheesy Bacon & Tomato Mac

Prep: 5 min. Cook: 15 min.

1 pkg. (14 oz.) KRAFT® Deluxe Macaroni & Cheese Dinner
1/4 cup OSCAR MAYER® Real Bacon Bits
1 tomato, chopped
1. PREPARE Dinner as directed on package.
2. ADD 1/4 cup OSCAR MAYER® Real Bacon Bits and 1 chopped tomato along with Cheese Sauce. Stir ingredients until well blended. Makes 4 servings.



Maroon 5 and (top, right) Wainwright appreciate the little things in life

Mini Revolution

EPs are emerging as the secret weapon for artists like Maroon 5 and Metallica. by David Browne

The EP has never been an especially satisfying configuration: It lacks both the ambitious sweep of an album and the heady rush of a single. It's appetizer or dessert, but rarely the meal. Partly for that reason, the EP has wasted away; in 2003, the format was even vastly outsold by the now-scorned cassette.

Suddenly, though, the EP has returned, and this time with a more market-friendly reason for being. Generally containing anywhere between four and eight songs and costing less than a full CD, it's ideal for an era in which the song, not the album, rules. (Sorry, Yes and Coheed and Cam-

bria fans.) A batch of fresh EPs demonstrates how this vintage format is being newly exploited for the ADDD (audio digital deficit disorder) age.

EP AS STOPGAP Padded with two alternate takes of "Volcano"—one a rough-hewn demo and another a fiery instrumental—Damien Rice's *B-Sides* (Vektor, seven songs, \$9.99) achieves one of the EP's time-honored goals: keeping fans at bay until a new album arrives (next year, in Rice's case). This one isn't without its pleasures: A live version of Rice's tour de force "Woman Like a Man" captures the Irish trouba-

dour's aggressive, enraptured live shows, even if the mannered "The Professor & La Fille Danse" exposes his most gratingly faux-poetic tendencies. **B+**

EP AS CONCERT SOUVENIR, ESPECIALLY OF INTIMATE



Hot Herbivore of the Week

Andre 3000

First the three Grammy wins, now this. OutKast's resident bohemian—and sartorial savant—has been voted World's Sexiest Vegetarian in an online poll run by PETA. Take that, Moby!



SHOWS YOU MISSED The music of alt-country longhairs My Morning Jacket evokes a drive down a foggy mountain road. And the band still manages to sound murky when stripped down to semi-unplugged basics on the live *Acoustic Citsuoca* (ATO/RCA, five songs, \$5.98). Lead singer Jim James' fragile songs and marshmallow voice are more pronounced in this context—sometimes for better (a lofty version of "The Bear," from their indie days) and sometimes for worse (a wimpier take on "Golden," originally on last year's *It Still Moves*). Ultimately, the disc benefits from brevity: A full album might have put Tylenol PM out of business. **B**

Maroon 5 also go the nonelectric route on *1.22.03 Acoustic* (Octone/J, seven songs, \$9.98). From their crisply played but blandly facile songs to a weak-kneed cover of the Beatles' "If I Fell," Maroon 5 cement their reputation as

kings of the new faceless pop. Remember when Journey and Styx were derided as generic corporate rock? In retrospect, Steve Perry and Dennis DeYoung were idiosyncratic oddballs compared with Maroon singer Adam Levine, whose voice sounds more grating than usual without the much-needed studio gloss. **C**

EP AS MOVIE SOUVENIR Despite sharing a title with the behind-the-scenes documentary, Metallica's *Some Kind of Monster* (Elektra, eight songs, \$9.98) isn't what one would expect: It doesn't contain any of the outtakes from *St. Anger* that we see and hear in the film. Instead, the EP is dominated by concert recordings from last summer. As if the band wanted to shore up its thrash cred after being filmed in group therapy, the repertoire is taken exclusively from their first three speed-metalling albums. But Metallica are older, and it shows. They can still riff hard through "The Four Horsemen," but the youthful, apocalyptic zeal of the originals is gone, replaced by numbing monotony. Some kind of letdown. **C**

EP AS EXPERIMENTAL WAY STATION For some musicians, EPs have been dumping grounds—outlets for rejected or leftover material too out-there to fit onto an album. Such is the case with Rufus Wainwright's "electronic EP" *Waiting for a Want*, four songs available exclusively on iTunes (\$0.99 each). Even odder than last year's *Want One*, *Waiting* is a series of pop-opera reveries more rococo than Wainwright's norm. Its highlights are the hazy, truly dreamlike "Waiting for a Dream" and the grand, Muzak-choir-driven "Gay Messiah," who, Wainwright notes, will be "reborn from 1970s porn/Wearing tube socks with style." Such inspired rambles are truly the stuff of EPs. **B+**

SWEDISH POLITICAL PUNDIT CORNER

The Hives Vote on Kerry



Sure, health-care reform and Middle East foreign policy are hot-button topics. But when it comes to choosing a President, what we really want to know is: Who rocks harder? George W.'s musical abilities remain cloaked in secrecy, but it's recently been revealed that Sen. John Kerry more than knows his way around a Fender P Bass. Earlier this year, astute vinyl collectors realized that a rare album by New England teenage garage-rock band the Electras boasted none other than the long-faced Bostonian on the four-string. The self-titled effort, recorded by Kerry and his prep-school pals in 1961 and featuring covers of "Three Blind Mice" and "Summertime Blues," has just been reissued (available on *theelectras.rockandrollband.com*). We recused ourselves from reviewing *The Electras* (no media bias here) and instead asked garage-rock authorities the Hives to assess the senator's sonic skills. —Michael Endelman

Pelle Almqvist (singer) It's really good. Probably the best-ever band with a presidential candidate in it.... It doesn't really show a lot of intelligence, and I mean that in a good way, of course.... It sounds like they're having fun, and that's the main point of this kind

of music. It almost sounds like they're drunk.
EW What does being a bass player say about Kerry's leadership qualities?
Dr. Matt Destruction (bass) I think it's a strike against him. Chris Dangerous (drums) There's only four strings on a bass, so, you know, it doesn't take much intelligence. Almqvist Well, it's not usually where you find the leader in the band.

Vigilante Carlstrom (guitar) Though it's not the kind of thing a candidate could use against him. Almqvist If you're gonna choose a President out of a band, you don't really want the drummer, because he's an animal.

You don't want a singer either, because he's an egotistical maniac. The guitar players, well, they're all about their guitars, they just want to be the loudest: "Turn me up!" The bassist is a solid foundation, a good person. Maybe bass players don't have the strongest leadership qualities, but they are good at negotiating, they have a basic fairness, which is very important if you're gonna run a country.

EW Would you guys let them open for you?
All of them Definitely! Yes!

EW What advice would you have for the group?
Almqvist Nothing at all, don't change anything. It's loose and sloppy, that's the appeal. Maybe more originals and fewer instrumentals. Dangerous A few more songs with vocals wouldn't hurt.

EW How would you grade the album?
Nicholaus Arson (guitar) I think a B- would be good.

Almqvist Yeah, B-. Though half of what makes this good was probably unintentional. It's just something in the way you can tell that they're so enthusiastic and kicking it. In a good way. Dangerous Yeah, it's more heart than brain.

KNIGHT RIDER NOW ON DVD



BONUS DVD
Features the Movie Sequel

**TRICKED-OUT WITH
BRAND-NEW BONUS MATERIALS**
Interviews with **DAVID HASSELHOFF**
and series creator **Glen Larson**
+ 3 Featurettes
Interactive K.I.T.T. Owner's Manual
and more!



OWN IT ON DVD
8.3.04

NOT RATED

UNIVERSAL www.universalstudios.com
© 2004 Universal Studios. All Rights Reserved.



Kings: summoning the
sounds of silence



Gough: needs more
than math lessons

Pop/Rock

KINGS OF CONVENIENCE
Riot on an Empty Street (Astralwerks)

BADLY DRAWN BOY
One Plus One Is One (Astralwerks)



The Kings of Convenience weren't kidding when they named their 2001 second album *Quiet Is the New Loud*. Thanks to such hush-voiced pioneers as Belle & Sebastian and the late Elliott Smith, acoustic-guitar wussiness had

colonized the once-raucous rock underground—where it's since become a permanent and unquestioned fixture. Among those riding the gentle wave: Brit singer-songwriter Badly Drawn Boy (a.k.a. Damon Gough), who hit his artistic peak with 2002's elegantly tuneful *About a Boy* soundtrack. Gough begins his fourth album, *One Plus One Is One*, with its promising title tune, a dead-on evocation of *Imagine*-era John Lennon. From there, however, the CD becomes a snoozy muddle, dominated by underwritten, over-orchestrated ballads (think children's choirs and "Aqualung"-style flutes). In contrast, Gough's labelmates the Kings—a Simon & Garfunkel-aping duo from Norway—earn their crown with their third and strongest album yet, drawing the right lessons from forebears who also include Nick Drake and Burt Bacharach. Aside from the misstep "I'd Rather Dance With You" (these are the wrong dudes to sing about dancing), *Riot's* tales of lost loves and existential confusion shimmer with precise

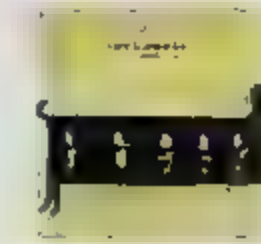
harmonies, memorably melancholy melodies, and rich but restrained arrangements. It's enough to send Gough back to the drawing board. *One Plus One Is One*: **C** *Riot on an Empty Street*: **B+** —Brian Hiatt

TAKING BACK SUNDAY
Where You Want to Be (Victory)



Fueled by the dual angst of vocalists Adam Lazzara and Fred Mascherino, TBS are the emo band best suited for multipart campfire sing-alongs. On their second album, the Long Island group hook up with ace producer Lou Giordano (the Ataris) and strike rock-radio gold. The driving first single, "A Decade Under the Influence," will have jaded romantics swooning—in the mosh pit. **B+** —Sean Richardson

TANYA DONELLY
Whisky Tango Ghosts (4AD/Beggars Group)



Donelly, once the flamethrower behind the alt-rock bands Throwing Muses and Belly, has grown older and learned the benefits of restraint. Where she once declaimed atop a fortification of amplified buzz, Donelly is now content to strum an acoustic guitar and work through relationship issues in a weary but never harried soprano. The low-key context suits her well: On songs like "Every Devil" and "Butterfly Thing," she reveals herself to be a more self-assured singer than even her most ardent fans could have guessed. **B+** —Marc Weingarten

BARBARA COOK
Barbara Cook's Broadway (DRG)



In the song "In Buddy's Eyes," septuagenarian Cook sings "I'm young, I'm beautiful," and in our eyes, she certainly is. On the ovation-worthy *Broadway*, the still-stellar soprano trills and thrills her way through Great White Way gems like "A Wonderful Guy" (*South Pacific*), "Till There Was You" (*The Music Man*), and "Time Heals Everything" (*Mack & Mabel*). Cook may be 76, but that voice is positively ageless. **A** —Melissa Rose Bernardo

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Por Vida: A Tribute to the Songs of Alejandro Escovedo (Or Music)



In his 30-year career, Escovedo has been a punk rocker, alt-country pioneer, garage-band leader, singer-songwriter, and composer, all culminating in the 2000 musical *By the Hand of the Father*, a bittersweet meditation on his Mexican-American heritage. Just as eclectic as his sonic explorations are the covers on this superb two-CD set created to benefit Escovedo, who's been debilitated by hepatitis C. Among

the gems: Lucinda Williams' bluesy "Pyramid of Tears" and Los Lonely Boys' rockin' "Castanets." But no matter who's singing, Escovedo's remarkable songcraft shines through. **A** —Holly George-Warren

L.P.
Suburban Sprawl & Alcohol (Light Switch)



NYC moptop songwriter L.P. has toured the country and back, but nothing much spins her wheels off their axles. Her dusty-blue-jeans alt-country spiked with rugged electric riffs conveys a frustrated disillusionment, especially on the aptly titled "Get Over Yourself." But there is one thing that puts a smile on her face. On "Little Death"—a butch ode to a skilled lady lover—L.P. finally gets some satisfaction. **B-** —Jeanne Fury

R&B/Rap

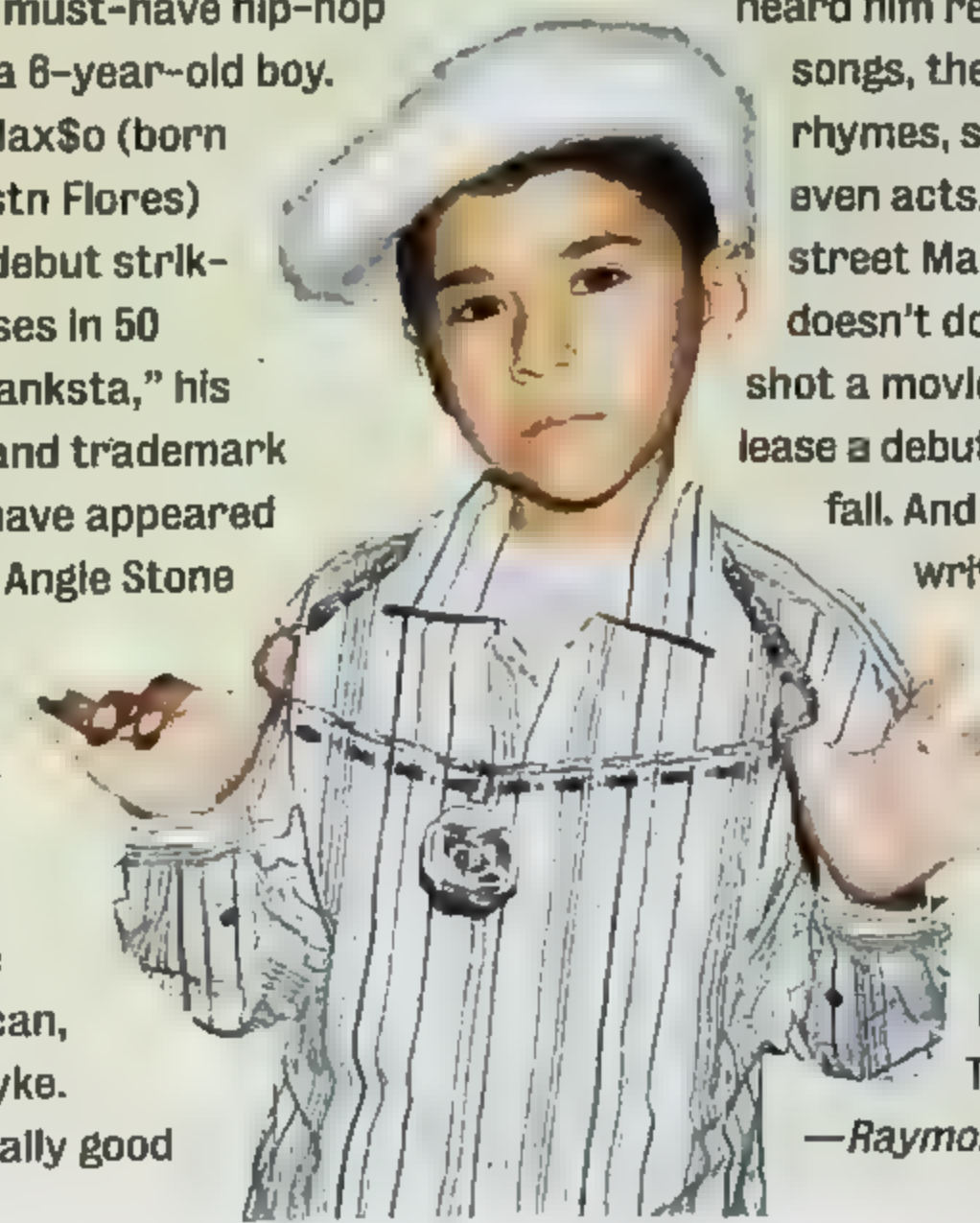
LLOYD
Southside (The Inc./Def Jam)



The Inc.'s Ja Rule and Ashanti perfected the rugged-but-smooth thug ballad, so it's fitting that the debut from 18-year-old Atlanta

WHO THE HECK IS...LIL MAX\$O?

Plimped-out Escalades, bubbling Cristal, and Jigglin' booties are so two years ago. The latest must-have hip-hop video prop is...a 6-year-old boy. Ever since Lil Max\$o (born Maximillian Justn Flores) made his MTV debut striking gangsta poses in 50 Cent's 2002 "Wanksta," his adorable mug and trademark tipped Kangol have appeared in clips by Nas, Angie Stone with Snoop Dogg, and Mase. So who's his favorite rapper? "50 Cent," says the half-Puerto Rican, half-Mexican tyke. "'Cause he's really good



and nice." A performer since age 2½, when dad (and manager) J.R. Flores heard him reciting entire rap songs, the 40-pound Max\$o rhymes, sings, dances, and even acts. Only thing this street Macaulay Culkin doesn't do is take naps: He's shot a movie (*Gas*) and will release a debut 14-song rap CD this fall. And while he's not yet writing his own lyrics, his dad thinks he's close—to which Max\$o quips, "Uh, I don't know about that." Pay heed, wankstas: That's keepin' it real. —Raymond Fiole

SLIDERS NOW ON DVD



"Fox's hottest cyber-buzz show since *The X-Files*."

—TV Guide

BRAND-NEW BONUS MATERIALS
Featuring stars **JERRY O'CONNELL**
and **CLEAVANT DERRICKS** plus
the series creators



OWN IT ON DVD
8.3.04

NOT RATED

UNIVERSAL www.universalstudios.com
© 2004 Universal Studios. All Rights Reserved.

SONY



AEROSMITH



MACY GRAY



WALK THIS WAY.

Hear Macy Gray's remake of the Aerosmith classic on any of the new generation Sony Walkman players and Sony's Connect.com music store. The HD Network Walkman. Never before has so much music fit in such a small space.



LIKE NO OTHER

crooner and recent Inc. signee Lloyd alternates between menacing, clap-happy tales of hustling ("Take It Low") and flattery, lilting ones about baby making (the title cut). But Lloyd's breathy, almost girlish coos are best suited for romance, meaning the rest of the time he sounds like a lathery thug in need of a hug. **C+** —Hua Hsu

Country

WAYLON PAYNE

The Drifter (Republic/Universal)



Being Waylon Jennings' godson gives this aspiring neo-outlaw automatic cred, but Payne seems hamstrung by country mythology. Though he tries on "Ain't Got No Match," he can't out-party Hank III. And covering mediocre Shelby Lynne ("Jesus on a Greyhound") is no way

to out-Christian Johnny Cash. **D+** —Nick Marino

THE NOTORIOUS CHERRY BOMBS

The Notorious Cherry Bombs (Universal South)

Rodney Crowell indulged in high-minded middle-aged introspection on his last two CDs, and Vince Gill has been known to solemnize a little himself. So it's a surprise to find them imploring an overstuffed pal to "loosen up before you're too damn old" in the opening chorus of their Wilburysque supergroup's debut. The cobweb-clearing's a blast, whether they're gently detonating jam-night pop-R&B, straight-up Johnny Cash homages, or the old-school "It's Hard to Kiss the Lips at Night That Chew Your Ass Out All Day Long." **B+** —Chris Willman

DOWNLOAD THIS



► Do Creed suck less with a brand-new lead singer? Satisfy your morbid curiosity with "Open Your Eyes," the gloomy first single from the Scott Stapp-less ALTER BRIDGE. ALTERBRIDGE.COM



► PRINCE's creative renaissance continues unabated with the new "The United States of Division," a "virtual B side" that marries Chill Peppers-esque funk-rock to politically conscious lyrics. PGMUSICCLUB.COM



► Lollapalooza may be no more, but you can still hear MORRISSEY live. Mope to the ex-Smiths singer's new online-only concert version of his wry "First of the Gang to Die." MORRISSEY.MUSIC.COM



► Want to Indulge in '70s and '80s nostalgia simultaneously? Try Clinton-era rapper MASE's typically mush-mouthed comeback single, "Welcome Back," which samples the Welcome Back, Kotter theme. ITUNES.COM

The Chart



SING OUT, SISTER! Blonds may have more fun, but dark-haired Ashlee Simpson (baby sis of golden-tressed ditz Jessica) has the No. 1 album, moving 398,000 copies of her *Autobiography*—so there! Speaking of (unnatural) blonds, Van Halen's greatest-hits set, *The Best of Both Worlds*, with both Diamond Dave and Hammy Sammy, captures the No. 3 slot, with 138,000 sold. Meanwhile, R&B singer Lloyd (not to be confused with No. 6's Lloyd Banks) just missed the top 10, selling 67K and taking No. 11. By the way: Lloyd? Not a blond.

POP ALBUMS

LAST WEEK	THIS WEEK	ALBUM	WEEKS ON CHART
1	1	ASHLEE SIMPSON <i>Autobiography</i> , Geffen	1
2	1	JIMMY BUFFETT <i>License to Chill</i> , RCA Nashville/Mailboat	2
3	—	VAN HALEN <i>The Best of Both Worlds</i> , Warner Bros.	1
4	2	USHER <i>Confessions</i> , LaFace/Zomba	18
5	5	GRETCHEN WILSON <i>Here for the Party</i> , Epic Nashville	11
6	3	LLOYD BANKS <i>The Hunger for More</i> , G-Unit/Interscope	4
7	6	AVRIL LAVIGNE <i>Under My Skin</i> , Arista/RCA	9
8	8	PRINCE <i>Musicology</i> , NPG/Columbia	14
9	7	BIG & RICH <i>Horse of a Different Color</i> , Warner Bros. Nashville	12
10	9	VARIOUS ARTISTS <i>A Cinderella Story</i> soundtrack, Disney	2
11	—	LLOYD <i>Southside</i> , Island Def Jam	1
12	10	LOS LONELY BOYS <i>Los Lonely Boys</i> , Or/Epic	22
13	11	JADAKISS <i>Kiss of Death</i> , Interscope	5
14	12	JOJO <i>JoJo</i> , Blackground/Universal	5
15	4	THE ROOTS <i>The Tipping Point</i> , Geffen	2

©2004 VNU BUSINESS MEDIA, INC./NIELSEN SOUNDSCAN. USED WITH PERMISSION FROM BILLBOARD. JULY 31, 2004.

IN THE STUDIO

DURAN DURAN are in London, finishing up their first studio album in 21 years. Dallas Austin (Janet Jackson, Pink) helms the October release.

FAITH EVANS is in L.A. and New York City, working on her late-'04 CD with producers Scott Storch, Jermaine Dupri, and the Neptunes.

NINE INCH NAILS are in New Orleans and Van Nuys, Calif., laying down tracks for *Bleed Through*, their follow-up to 1999's *The Fragile*. Bonus: Dave Grohl has added drum tracks to the disc, due late this year.

WHAT'S THAT SONG...

...In the commercial for TBS' scrubbed-up editions of *Sex and the City*? The très catchy "My Heart Goes Boom," by dance-pop act **FRENCH AFFAIR**.

...In that creepy spot with the mannequin hunting down the guy who stripped him of his Levi's? **SCREAMIN' JAY HAWKINS'** "I Put a Spell on You."

...featured in the trailer for *The Notebook*—but not on the romance flick's big-band-flavored soundtrack? "Tonight and the Rest of My Life," by former Veruca Salt singer **NINA GORDON**.



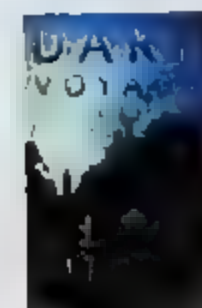
WANT MORE MUSIC? If you're a subscriber, check out Listen2This, our free monthly music supplement. Recent issues of L2T have featured stories on the Beastie Boys and the Cure, and CD recommendations from Sofia Coppola. PLUS: the best in new music and reviews of videogames and comics. To sign up, visit ew.com/register2listen.

+Books

Furst World War

In his latest WWII thriller, *Dark Voyage*, Alan Furst tracks a heroic sea captain. by Jennifer Reese

Thriller (Random House, \$24.95)



Exotic locations, an intellectual hero swept up by historical events, mysterious women with sexy accents, Nazis. These are the reliable if increasingly shopworn hallmarks of the Alan Furst World War II thriller. A sophisticated and subtle writer who cares more about language and nuance than he does action sequences, Furst has often been compared to Graham Greene and John le Carré. And he belongs in that exalted company, if not for *Dark Voyage*, his listless 12th novel, then for 2002's *Blood of Victory* or 1983's marvelous *Shadow Trade*. *Voyage* begins in 1941 at a glamorous, secretive Tangier dinner party, where Eric DeHaan, captain of the Dutch tramp freighter *Noordendam*, is recruited to "carry on the war." Here-

after, rather than transport wood and phosphates, the *Noordendam* will perform sensitive and dangerous undercover missions for the Allies. First up: Help some British commandos raid a German observation station in Tunisia.

The novel, which tracks DeHaan's travels around the Mediterranean and up to the Baltic, contains a handful of discrete, loosely connected adventures. DeHaan goes ashore in Tunisia and almost dies in a gunfight; he smuggles arms to Crete; he agrees to transport an inscrutable secret agent heading to Sweden; he drops by Alexandria and takes up with a voluptuous Greek headmistress (who may also be a spy); he has an affair with an alluring Ukrainian journalist; he dodges Nazi mines off the coast of Estonia.

Furst seems to be trying to capture the incidental nature of real experience with his mean-

Author Furst spins another tale of Nazis and intrigue

dering travelogue of a plot; but it's an unrewarding slog for the reader. Furst never grabs a story line and commits. None of the scenarios lead anywhere interesting; a few peter out abruptly and completely. Nor does Furst seem to have much conviction about his characters. Literate and thoughtful, DeHaan is a stock Furst protagonist who shows grace under pressure but, in this case, little charisma. His love affairs, complete with coyly suggestive bedroom scenes, seem manufactured to fulfill a formula.

It's a formula that's losing its potency. Furst has set his last seven novels in the 1930s and '40s. But for a taste of just how excellent and irreverent he can be, for my money you need to go back to the wild, twisty *Shadow Trade*. An early story of identity theft, assassination, and blackmail set in Manhattan during the shag-carpeted, amaretto-swalling 1970s, *Shadow*

Trade has a wonderful, rollicking vitality that makes you wonder why Furst ever let himself get stuck in World War II. **C+**

SAINTS AT THE RIVER

Ron Rash
Novel (Holt, \$24)



After 12-year-old Ruth Kowalsky accidentally drowns in South Carolina's Tamassee River, she becomes the epicenter of a small-town power struggle in Rash's captivating second novel. Newspaper photographer Maggie Glenn reluctantly returns to her sleepy hometown to cover the tragedy and finds herself torn between Ruth's parents, who want to dam the river and salvage their daughter's body, and her environmentally minded neighbors, who want to protect the sanctity of their land. Though

Rash occasionally hypes the tension between Maggie and the townsfolk she left behind (her concluding skirmish with her father is particularly anticlimactic), his clear, concise prose and regional voice add an authentic veneer to this rich tableau of Southern life. **B+**—Michelle Kung

YOU CALL IT MADNESS

Lenny Kaye
Nonfiction (Villard, \$25.95)



Kaye—poet, rock critic, guitarist for Patti Smith for three decades—has written a gorgeously authoritative history of crooning reaching back to the 1930s. Beginning with Russ Columbo, moving on through Rudy Vallée and Bing Crosby, and including surprises like Iggy Pop ("in the lower registers, the horse

latitudes of melody"), Kaye delivers scholarship through daringly impressionistic prose that can even describe crucial sounds: "Yoo hoo. Boo hoo. The double o of crooning. A circle squared. Times two, or should we say too..." Entrancing. **A**—Ken Tucker

VAMPED

David Sosnowski
Novel (Free Press, \$24)



Though vampires have taken over the world, it's not easy being undead. For suicidal Martin Kowalski, immortality's just no fun when you have to warm up manufactured blood in a Mr. Plasma machine each morning. But his mood changes when he runs across a young human orphan. She plunges a knife into his belly and he finds a reason to live again (sort of). This darkly comic tale ventures precariously close to schmaltz (at

one point, Kowalski refers to "the guppy of my heart"), but provides intriguingly offbeat insights into the world of a vamp dad and his mortal daughter: Just imagine a bloodsucker's particular struggle with his daughter's first period. **B**—Gilbert Cruz

HARK!

Ed McBain
Novel (Simon & Schuster, \$24.95)



Since the plot features (not entirely convincingly) both rap and Google—neither of which was a twinkle in anybody's eye when McBain introduced his astonishingly durable 87th Precinct mystery series in 1956—nobody can accuse *Hark!* of being behind the times. But like *Law & Order*, which it fondly name-checks, some installments are more compelling than others, and this one (the 54th) suffers from a rickety

wordplay-driven story involving anagrams and palindromes as well as the return of the Deaf Man, a guest villain who bedevils the boys of the 87th every decade or so. It's no place for newcomers to jump aboard; as for the faithful who have been around since the days when the only other crime-drama choice was *Dragnet*, they won't need an invitation. **B-**—Mark Harris

SOMETHING ROTTEN

Jasper Fforde
Novel (Viking, \$24.95)



When Starbucks tries to open another coffee shop—its 17th—with in the pages of the Hardy Boys series, Thursday Next cracks down. She's the literary detective keeping the peace in this fourth installment of Fforde's hyperimaginative sci-fi comedy series set in an England where every-

CHICK LIT 101: SAVORY SUMMER DISHES



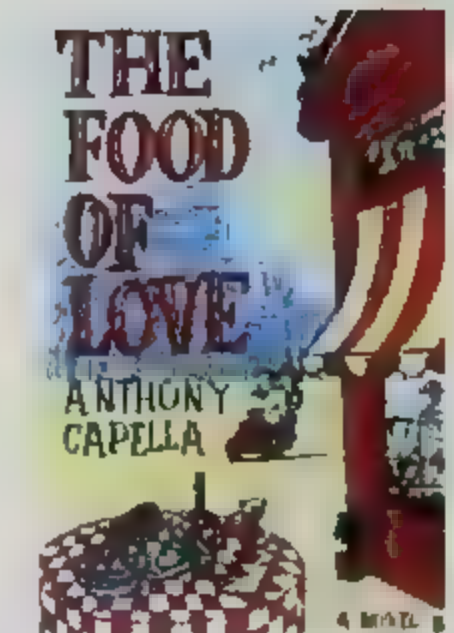
THE VILLAGE BRIDE OF BEVERLY HILLS Kavita Daswani (Putnam, \$23.95) After an arranged marriage in India, Priya moves to L.A., home of her ultratraditional in-laws.

Source of Angst She stumbles into a dream job as an entertainment reporter but must keep it secret. **Celeb Cameo** Priya lands an interview with an actress with a "million-dollar smile," a history of failed romances, and a new nobody of a husband who worked on the crew of one of her films. Julla Roberts, anyone? **Lowdown** Would megastars invite her to casual lunches and send birthday flowers? Um, no. But the culture-clash dilemmas ring heartbreakingly true. **B+**

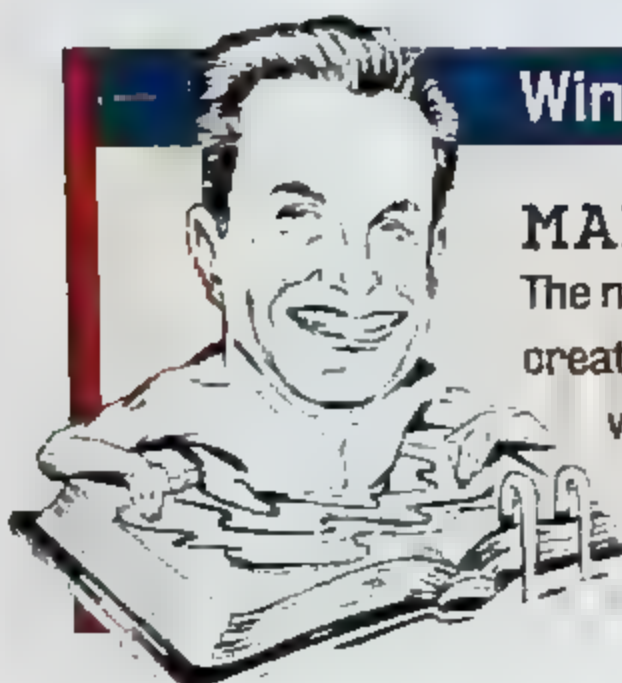
Donna Kauffman



DEAR PRINCE CHARMING Donna Kauffman (Bantam, \$11) Uptight publicist Valerie (implausibly) hires Eric, a gorgeous but reclusive advice columnist, to write for a new magazine...and then learns he's gay. **Source of Angst** Eric gets his ruggedly handsome (and straight) best friend Jack to be his public face, forcing Jack and Valerie to pull off the stressful charade. **Celeb Cameo** When Jack's newfound celebrity lands him in the tabloids, David Letterman wants him to read a Top Ten list. **Lowdown** The mistaken-identity theme—not to mention the driven-career-woman-who's-softened-by-love plot—couldn't be more clichéd. **C-**



THE FOOD OF LOVE Anthony Capella (Viking, \$21.95) Idealistic American college student Laura goes to Rome and falls in lust with sexy cad Tommaso after he woos her with sensual, expertly prepared feasts. **Source of Angst** Said meals are actually prepared by Tommaso's best friend Bruno, who's secretly in love with Laura. **Celeb Cameo** Italian cooking maestro Marcella Hazan is quoted liberally throughout the book. **Lowdown** Though the breezily romantic plot steals shamelessly from *Cyrano de Bergerac*, the scrumptious descriptions of the carb-heavy repasts are food porn at its best. **A-**—Jennifer Armstrong and Clarissa Cruz



Winner of the Week

MARK BURNETT

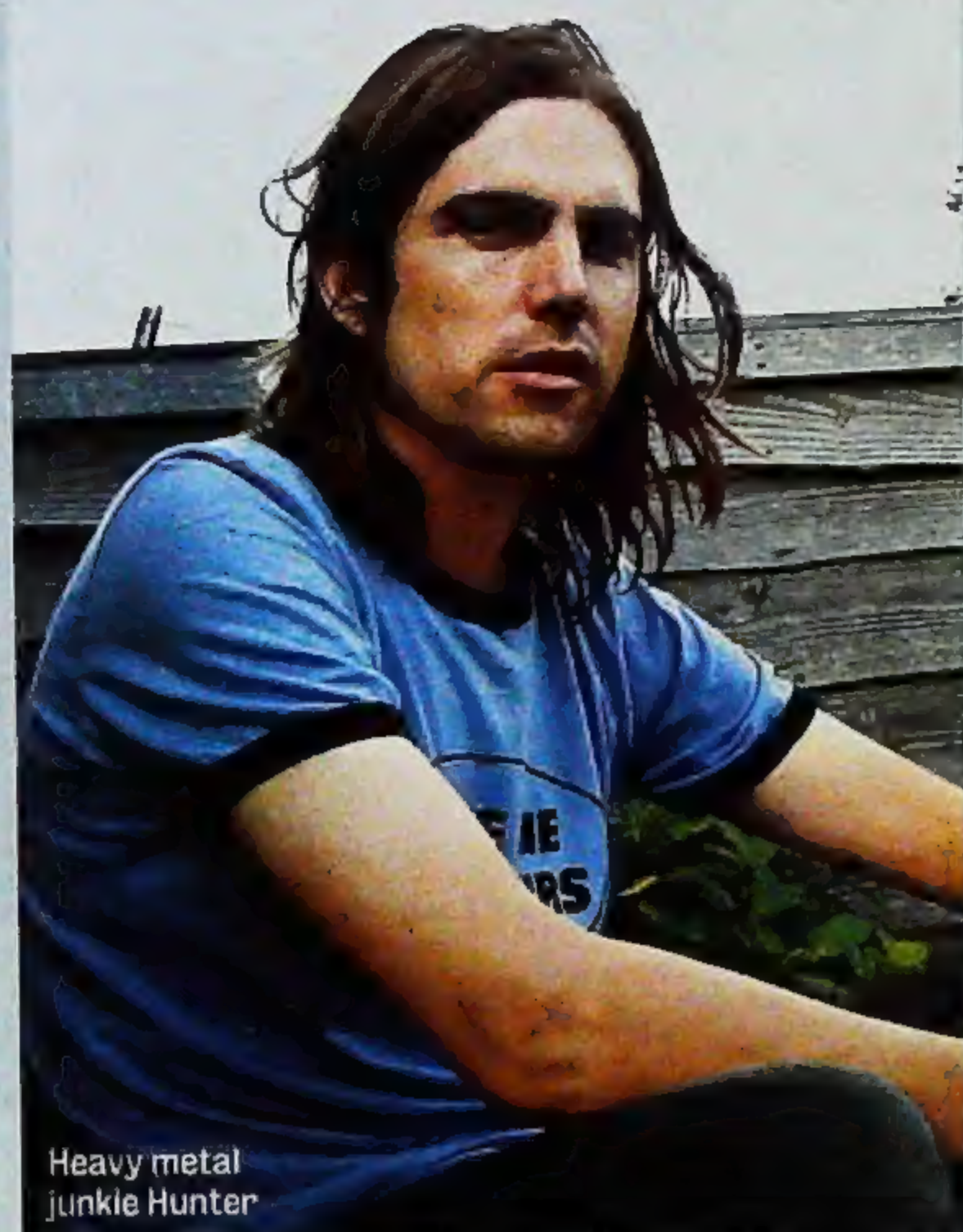
The nanny-turned-reality TV guru (who created *The Apprentice* and *Survivor*) will pen *Jump In! Even if You Don't Know How to Swim* for Ballantine, due in stores this February.

BETWEEN THE LINES

Metal Contender

What do you do when your dog rocks out to Twisted Sister and you find yourself pitching an entry on Judas Priest to Encyclopædia Britannica? If you're an English chap named Seb Hunter, 33, you spend your formative years jamming in failed bands (Rag 'n' Bones, the Trash Can Junkies) and then come clean in a new memoir, *Hell Bent for Leather: Confessions of a Heavy Metal Addict* (Fourth Estate, \$26.95). —Dan Snierson

Why an obsession with metal and not, say, bluegrass? AC/DC's "Let's Get It Up," off the pretty terrible *For Those About to Rock* album, was literally an eye-opening moment. It's a physicality that you just kind of get. After that, the only music you care about has that distorted, loud guitar sound. And then you discover the outlaw aspect of it and the long hair and it's us against the world. You really don't need to think about it at all, just sit there and let it blast at you. What's your most ridiculous tale of chemical excess? There's a silding economic scale. The smaller your band, you take speed and mushrooms. Then you get a bit bigger and you take cocaine and so on, until you've got a full-blown heroin habit and that's when you know you've made it. We never really got beyond amphetamine sulphate. We used to put speed in our tea like sugar. It's quite English. You named your two kittens after Ratt's Warren DeMartini and Aerosmith's Joe Perry. Why no love for Eddie Van Halen,



Heavy metal junkie Hunter

who blows both of those cats away? Although he was genius and invented it all, he didn't have that low-down, dirty, eyellner-y, gunslinger, f---ing rock & roll thing.... And Eddie's not a very nice name for a cat. My editor, Thom, isn't rocking hard enough. Can you suggest a quick metal makeover? You need to put "Riff Raff" by AC/DC on his stereo, turn it up extremely loud, and play it on repeat. Put a headband on him, like Ilie Nastase or John McEnroe used to wear. Jack Daniel's straight from the bottle. Marlboro Reds. And get some pneumatic, fake blond birds to drive by the window listening to Warrant. I think that should do it. [Editor's note: Fat chance.] Death by choking on your own vomit, heroin overdose, or plane/copter/bus crash? Definitely choking on my own vomit. It's just the ultimate metal way. That or a gardening accident.

body is jumping in and out of books. Facing off against an evil "escaped fictionaut" named Yorrick Kaine, Next must find a cloned Shakespeare, pronto (or else *Hamlet* is lost forever), and help the good guys win a climactic match of a Quidditch-y game called SuperHoop (or else thermonuclear war ensues). Fforde has churned this quartet of books out at a clip—the first, *The Eyre Affair*, hit in 2002—and the essential one-jokeness of the premise is starting to show. But he compensates with enough furious daft invention to sate his cult fan base. **B** —Gregory Kirschling

ASSEMBLING MY FATHER

Anna Cypra Oliver
Memoir (Houghton Mifflin, \$25)



Oliver was 5 when her cocaine-addled, failed-architect father killed himself. And she spent most of her young life moving from a primitive New Mexico cabin to a nearby commune to a Hawaii beach and back again. Her hippie-turned-Christian-fundamentalist mother's entourage included her adopted brother, her mother's rabble-rousing boyfriend, and, following the boyfriend's death, her control-freak stepdad. At 25, though, she set out with nothing but a trunk full of photographs to discover her late dad. Her painstaking (sometimes a bit too painstaking) excavation of his life is both an absorbing rumination on the forces that shape and change identity and a moving tribute to a deeply flawed man who couldn't live with "the creeping ordinariness of [his] choices." **A-** —Emily Mead

PRIME TIMES

Douglas Bauer, editor
Essay Collection (Crown, \$12.95)



Lotsa well-known writers, including Nick Hornby, Henry Louis Gates Jr., and Barry Hannah pick TV shows they dig. Most write as though they were the first to discover significant cultural elements in TV junk (*Lost in Space*, *Gilligan's Island*, etc.), but the best—like Nora Ephron on *The Mary Tyler Moore Show* and the poet/music critic Lloyd Schwartz on Burns and Allen—come up with fresh takes on the ways television can matter emotionally and intellectually. **B** —KT

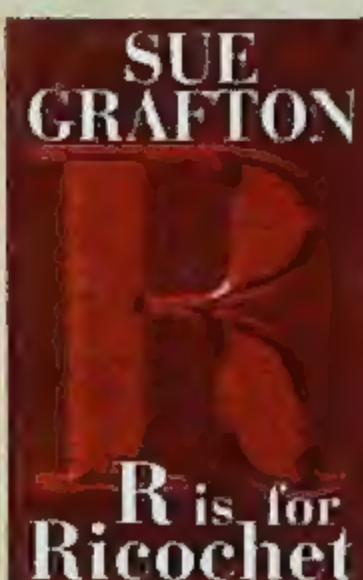
RAIN STORM

Barry Eisler
Thriller (Putnam, \$24.95)



If Quentin Tarantino ever got to take a crack at the James Bond franchise as he's been angling to do, chances are the resulting film would resemble one of Eisler's novels about Japanese-American CIA freelancer John Rain. Colorful dialogue far outweighs action—but when violence does erupt, it's furious and creative. In the topically engrossing *Storm*, the expert assassin gets caught in a power struggle between rival CIA factions. Despite an almost comical tendency to overprepare for every possible contingency, Rain is still a ruthlessly creative killer and—when he encounters an Israeli Mata Hari—a master of verbal seduction. Rain's combination of quirks and proficiency is the stuff great characters are made of. **B+** —Andrew Johnston

Best-Sellers



ALPHABET SOUP

Two mystery veterans make big splash- es in their debut weeks. Sue Grafton tops the chart with *R Is for Ricochet*, the 18th title in her alphabetically obsessed detective series starring Kinsey Millhone. And in his first mystery in two and a half years, Carl Hiaasen dives in at No. 3 with the Miami-set *Skinny Dip*.

FICTION

		WEEKS ON LIST
1	R IS FOR RICOCHET Sue Grafton, Putnam, \$26.95	1
2	THE DA VINCI CODE Dan Brown, Doubleday, \$24.95	69
3	SKINNY DIP Carl Hiaasen, Knopf, \$24.95	1
4	SAM'S LETTERS TO JENNIFER James Patterson, Little, Brown, \$24.95	3
5	THE RULE OF FOUR Ian Caldwell and Dustin Thomason, Dial, \$24	10
6	THE FIVE PEOPLE YOU MEET IN HEAVEN Mitch Albom, Hyperion, \$19.95	42
7	TEN BIG ONES Janet Evanovich, St. Martin's, \$25.95	4
8	ANGELS & DEMONS Dan Brown, Atria, \$19.95	29
9	THE DARK TOWER VI: SONG OF SUSANNAH Stephen King, Donald M. Grant/Scribner, \$30	6
10	THE JANE AUSTEN BOOK CLUB Karen Joy Fowler, Putnam, \$23.95	9

NONFICTION

		WEEKS ON LIST
1	MY LIFE Bill Clinton, Knopf, \$35	4
2	THE SOUTH BEACH DIET Arthur Agatston, M.D., Rodale, \$24.95	66
3	DRESS YOUR FAMILY IN CORDUROY AND DENIM David Sedaris, Little, Brown, \$24.95	7
4	SHADOW DIVERS Robert Kurson, Random House, \$26.95	7
5	EATS, SHOOT & LEAVES Lynne Truss, Gotham, \$17.50	14
6	THE PURPOSE-DRIVEN LIFE Rick Warren, Zondervan, \$19.98	76
7	FATHER JOE: THE MAN WHO SAVED MY SOUL Tony Hendra, Random House, \$24.95	7
8	THE SOUTH BEACH DIET COOKBOOK Arthur Agatston, M.D., Rodale, \$25.95	14
9	WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH KANSAS? Thomas Frank, Holt/Metropolitan, \$24	1
10	RIG FLAIR: TO BE THE MAN Ric Flair with Keith Elliot Greenberg World Wrestling Entertainment, \$26	2

SOURCE: PUBLISHERS WEEKLY, WEEK OF JULY 13-19, 2004

OPENING ACTS

"Sometimes it felt as if he were prowling the roof of heaven, riding high through the night, the stars close above him, nobody about, the teeming masses with their petty concerns tucked safely into their beds." —Opening line of Garry Disher's mystery *THE DRAGON MAN* (Soho, \$23)

"When we were children, David and I used to catch things just to look at them, and sometimes kill them to see what was inside." —From the first chapter of Susan Brind Morrow's nonfiction book *WOLVES AND HONEY: A HIDDEN HISTORY OF THE NATURAL WORLD* (Houghton Mifflin, \$18.95)

Now starring
in laptops
everywhere.

High performance meets wireless. Get a laptop powered by Intel® Centrino™ mobile technology. Find out more at intel.com/unwire.

intel

The Great American

Pop Culture Quiz



WIN PRIZES!

HERE'S ANOTHER THING TO DO IN AUGUST: Take this trivia quiz. A lucky winner will claim a bunch of CDs and DVDs that celebrate our favorite season. Eddie Cochran was wrong: There *is* a cure for the summertime blues. Write your answers on 3" x 5" paper, and send them to The Great American Pop Culture Quiz Sweepstakes, P.O. Box 9212, Medford, NY 11763-9206. Entries must be postmarked between July 29 and Aug. 5, 2004. The winner will be randomly selected from a pool of correct entries. (No purchase necessary.) The answers will run on the back page of next week's issue. Please read the official sweepstakes rules on page 10.

1 1975's *Jaws* is credited as being the first-ever summer blockbuster—eventually grossing \$260 million. Can you name these other interesting figures associated with Steven Spielberg's shark thriller?

A How many people does the killer great white actually kill?

B What's the bounty on the shark's head?

C But what price does Quint agree to catch it for?

2 Summer means reading on the beach. It may even mean reading *The Beach*. What heartthrob starred in the movie adaptation of Alex Garland's 1997 novel?

3 Match the summer sleepaway camp to its movie:



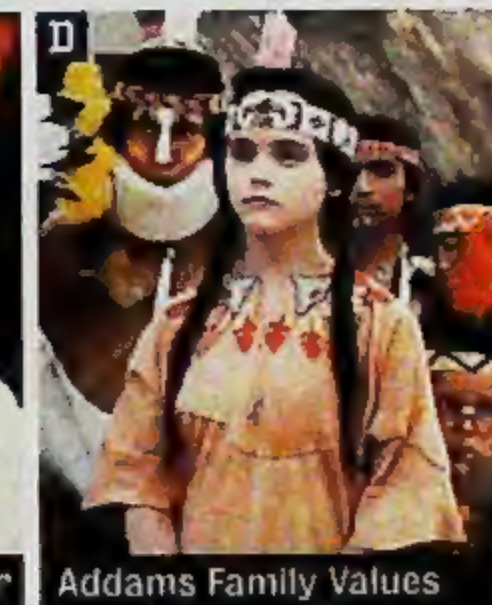
Meatballs



Friday the 13th



Wet Hot American Summer



Addams Family Values

☐ 1 Camp Chippewa

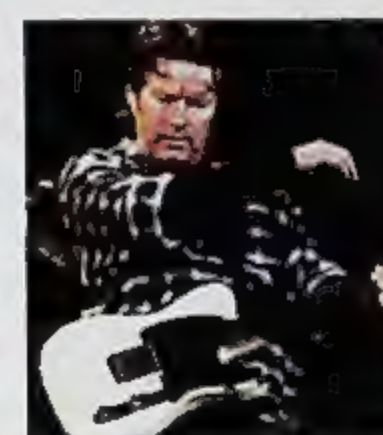
☐ 2 Camp Firewood

☐ 3 Camp Crystal Lake

☐ 4 Camp North Star

4 What well-known summer pop tune featured this lyric: "Boop-boop-ba-boop-boop when I want to..."?

5 "If you're going to bury the truth, make sure it stays buried" was the tagline to what seasonal teen thriller?



6 What popular style of sunglasses does Don Henley sing about in 1984's "The Boys of Summer"?

7 During their summer cross-country jaunt, what tourist attraction do the Griswolds NOT visit in *National Lampoon's Vacation*?

- A** The Grand Canyon
- B** Dodge City
- C** The basement of the Alamo
- D** Walley World

8 What magical 734-page best-seller broke bookstore records when it went on sale in the summer of 2000?



9 The Drifters got down (and up) with these two essential summer-themed hits:

10 Despite an ankle injury, I dramatically stuck my landing at the 1996 Summer Olympic Games in Atlanta—I also landed a guest appearance on *Saturday Night Live*. Who am I?

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S POP CULTURE QUIZ (EW '776)

1. (a) *Psycho*, (b) *Clueless*, (c) *The Godfather*, (d) *The Abyss*; 2. "No," ironically said by mime Marcel Marceau; 3. (a) Both Billy Crystal and Meg Ryan as Harry and Sally in *When Harry Met Sally*, (b) Hugh Grant as William Thacker in *Notting Hill*, (c) Anthony Hopkins as Hannibal Lecter in *The Silence of the Lambs*, (d) Jeff Goldblum as an unnamed party guest in *Annie Hall*; 4. (1) a stress pill, (2) espresso, (3) kicked its ass, (4) the flowers; 5. C



HELLO CEREAL

for breakfast, lunch and dinner.

Hello world. Hello freedom. Hello my own roof with my own rules. Hello doing the dishes whenever. And music 'til all hours. Hello State Farm agent. The same one who was there when I started driving. Helping me now with things I never thought about before. Like buying a car and making investments. Hello adventure. Hello life. *We live where you live.* What more can your State Farm agent do for you?

Call today or visit statefarm.com.



LIKE A GOOD NEIGHBOR

STATE FARM IS THERE.

Providing Insurance and Financial Services



**FUN GENERALLY FOLLOWS IT AROUND.
OF COURSE, SO DO ITS COMPETITORS.**

RAV4

With second-row seats that you can fold down, split or remove, the RAV4 is ready for anything. And thanks to features like Vehicle Stability Control¹ + Traction Control and an Anti-lock Brake System, wherever you go, we'll help get you there safely, which is always much more enjoyable.

GET THE FEELING



TOYOTA

Vehicle shown with available equipment. ¹Toyota Vehicle Stability Control (VSC) is an electronic system designed to help the driver maintain vehicle control under adverse conditions. It is not a substitute for safe driving practices. Factors including speed, road conditions and driver steering input can all affect whether VSC will be effective in preventing a loss of control. Please see your Owner's Manual for further details. ©2003 Toyota Motor Sales, U.S.A., Inc.

**Purchased, Scanned and
Uploaded by:**

**Lost Library
of the
Atypical
and
Unobtainable**

Send requests and
appreciation to:

www.patreon.com/LLAU

Other social media

COMING SOON